THE

CHAIR

FOR

Sunday Schools

BY

P. P. BLISS.

CHICAGO:
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THE CHARM:

A COLLECTION OF

SUNDAY SCHOOL MUSIC.

BY

P. P. BLISS.

LIBRARY OF PRINCETON
JUL 5 1921
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

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PREFACE.

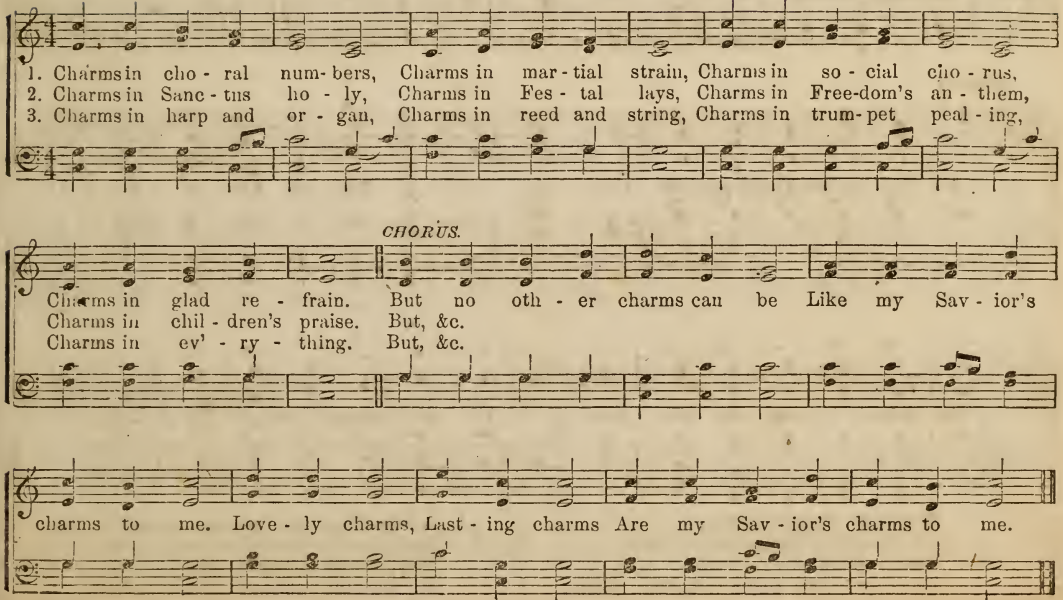
T o "Him from whom all blessings flow,"
H igh praise from all above, below
E ternally be given!

C hildren, accept the offering,
H elp me Our Savior's praise to sing;
A nd may these songs prepare His way—
R ichly repaid am I if they
M ay win one soul to heaven.

THE CHARM.

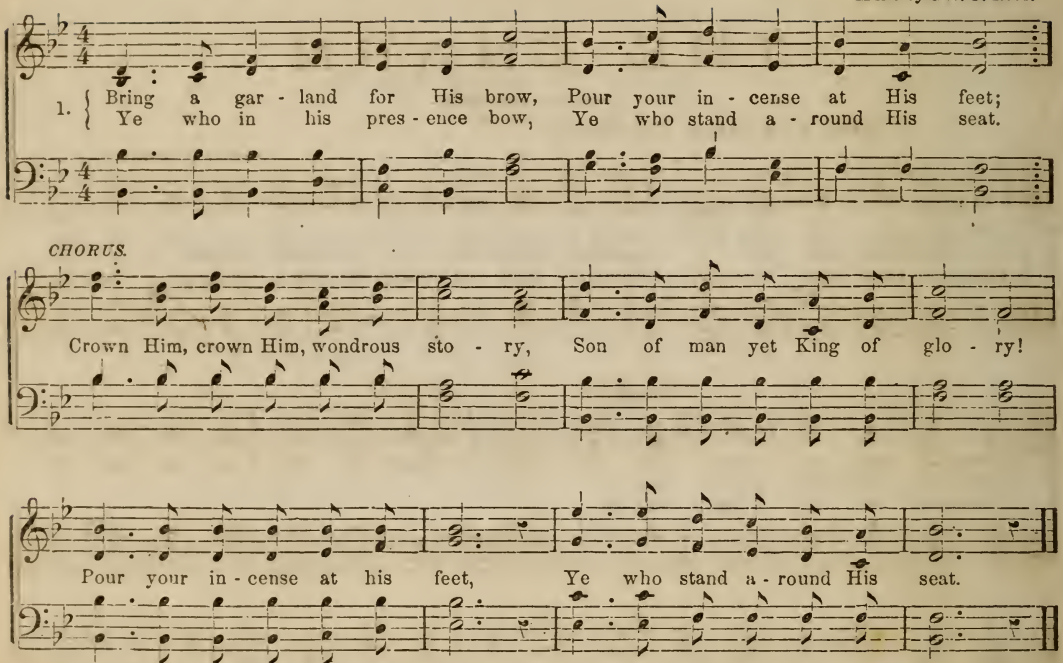
MY SAVIOR'S CHARMS.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.



CROWN HIM.

Music by Geo. F. Root.

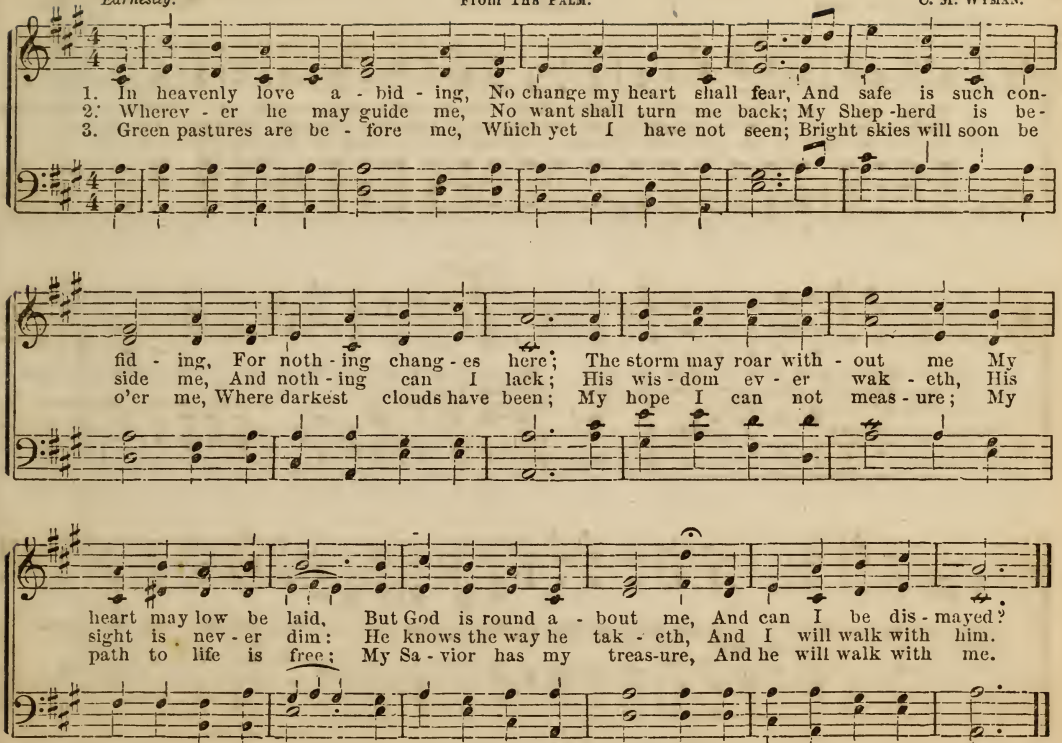


2. Weave for Him a diadem,
Ye who know His mighty love;
Gather every priceless gem
From the world below—above. *Chorus.*

3. All the Church in heaven and earth
Cast your crowns before his throne,
Magnify His matchless worth,
He redeemed you—He alone. *Chorus.*

TREASURE.

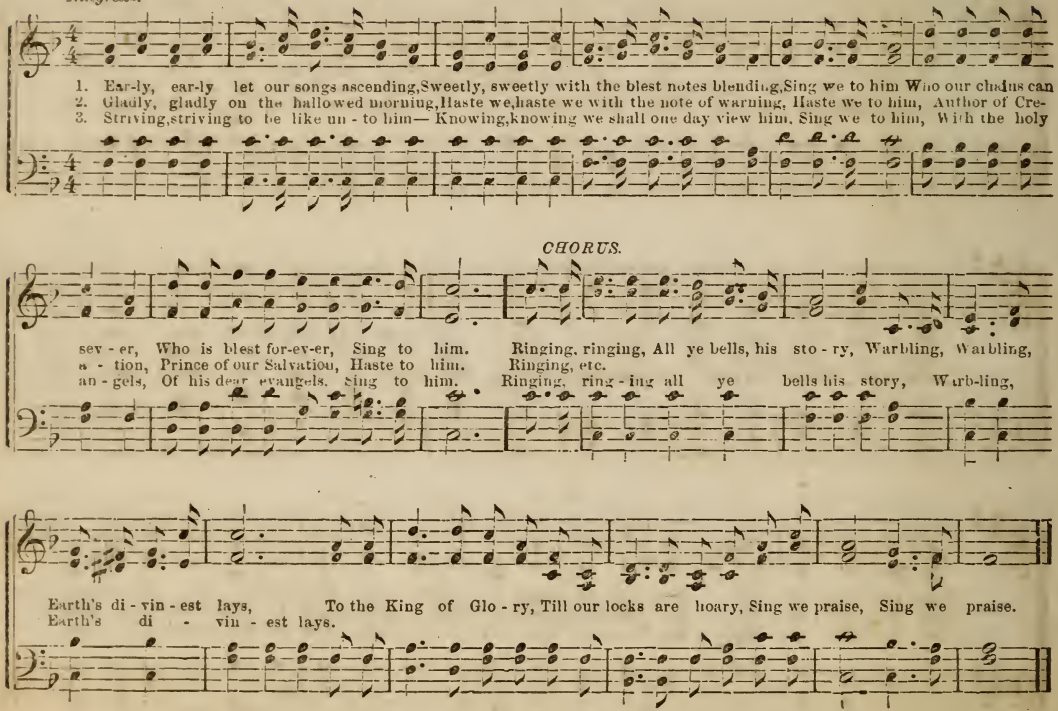
Earnestly. From The Palm. C. M. Wyman.



EARLY LET OUR SONGS ASCENDING.

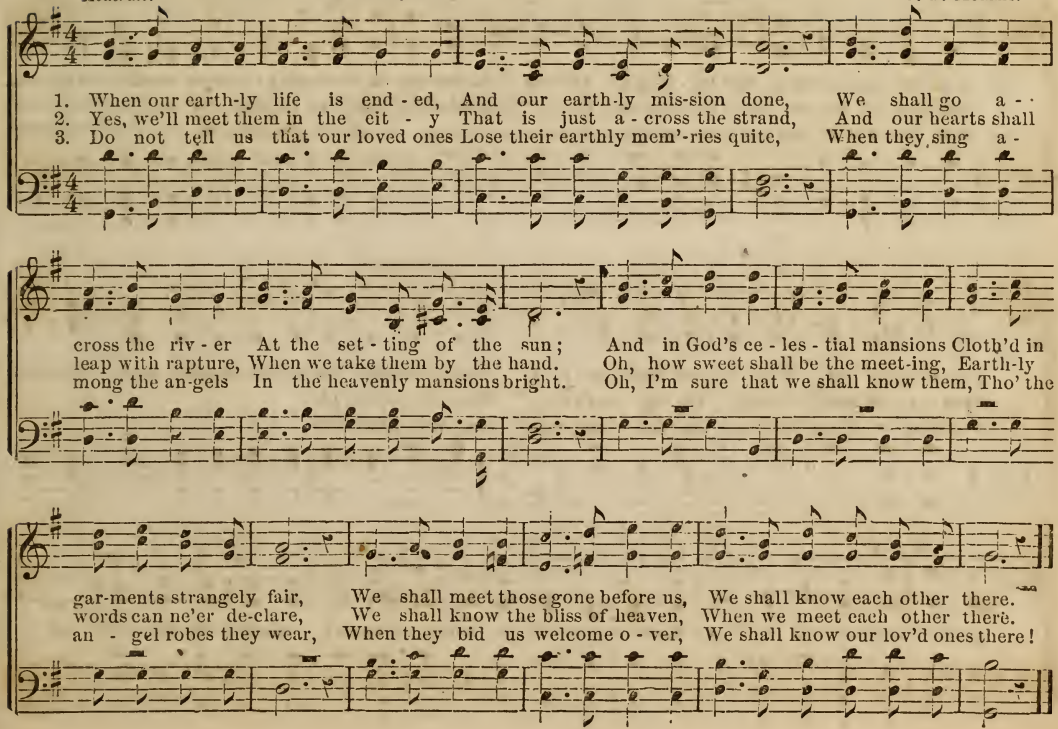
Words by PAULINA. *(Opening Chorus.)* Music by F. W. ROOT.

Allegretto.



WE SHALL KNOW EACH OTHER THERE.

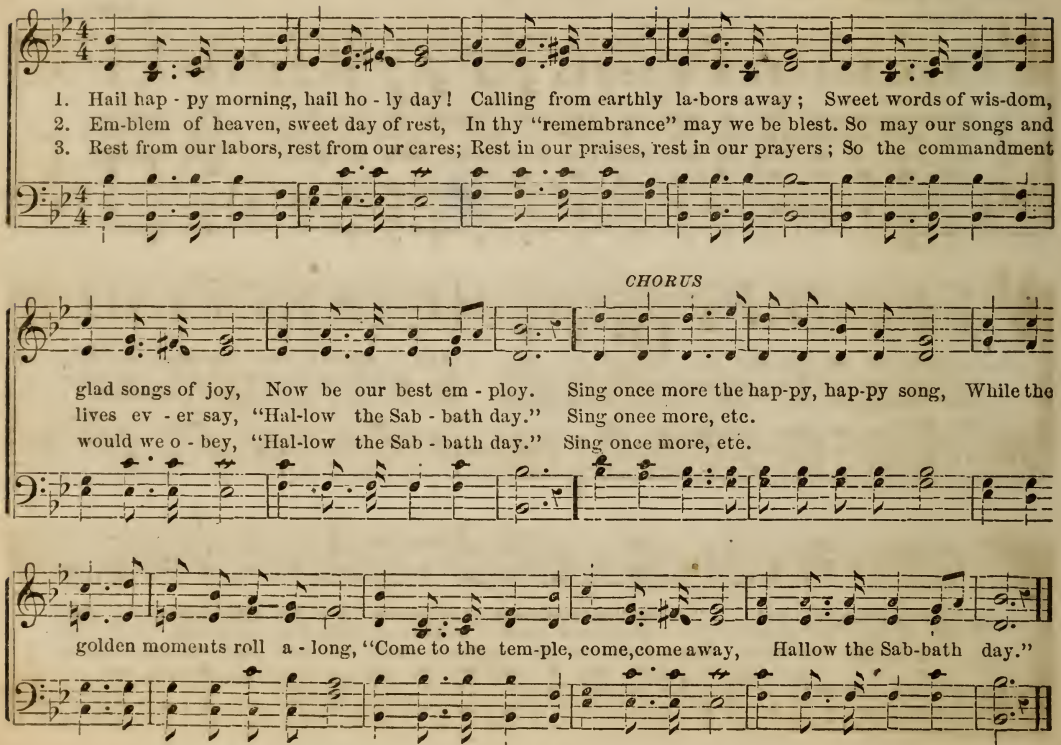
Moderato. J. R. MURRAY.



HALLOW THE SABBATH DAY.

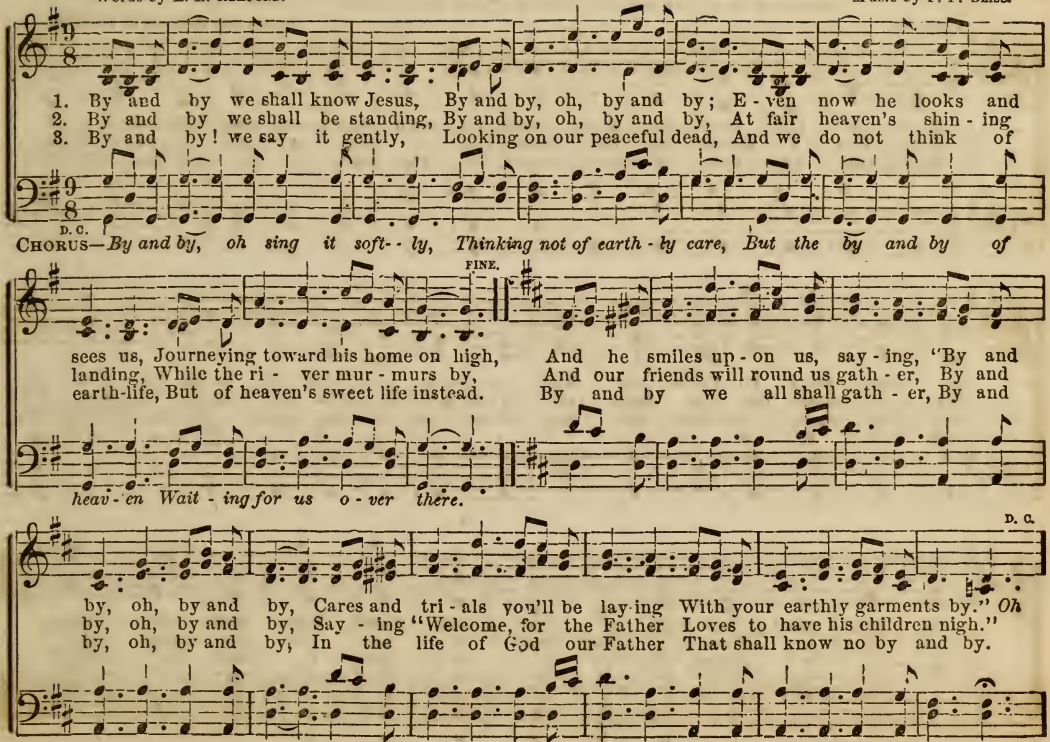
Joyfully.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.



BY AND BY.

Words by E. E. Rexford. Music by P. P. Bliss.

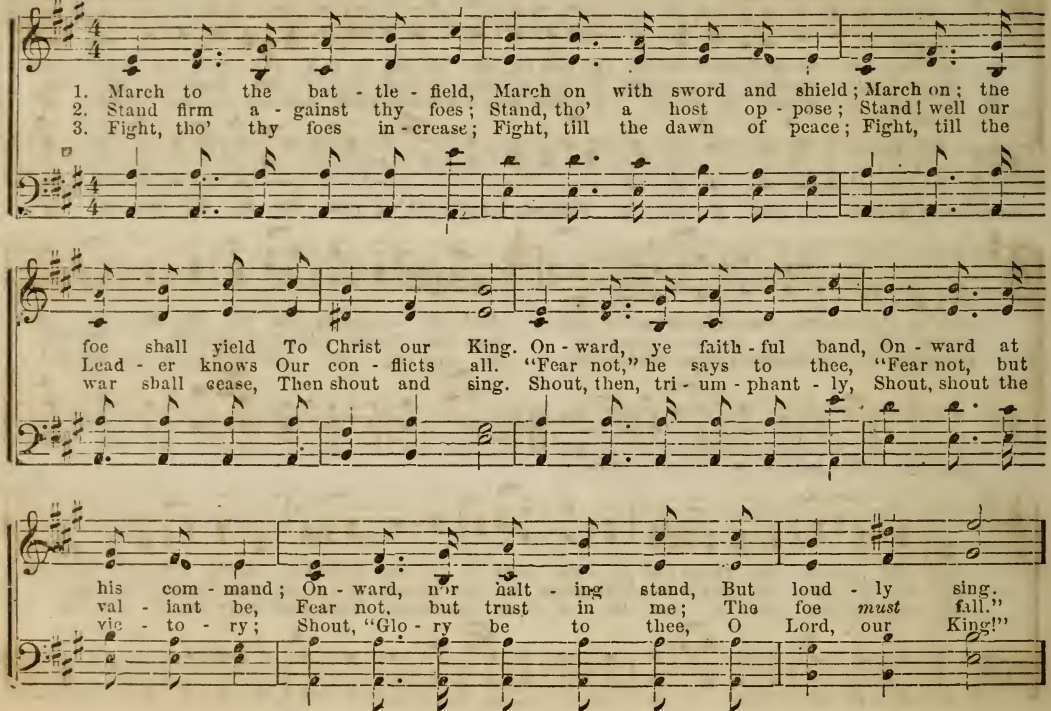


THIS IS THE VICTORY.

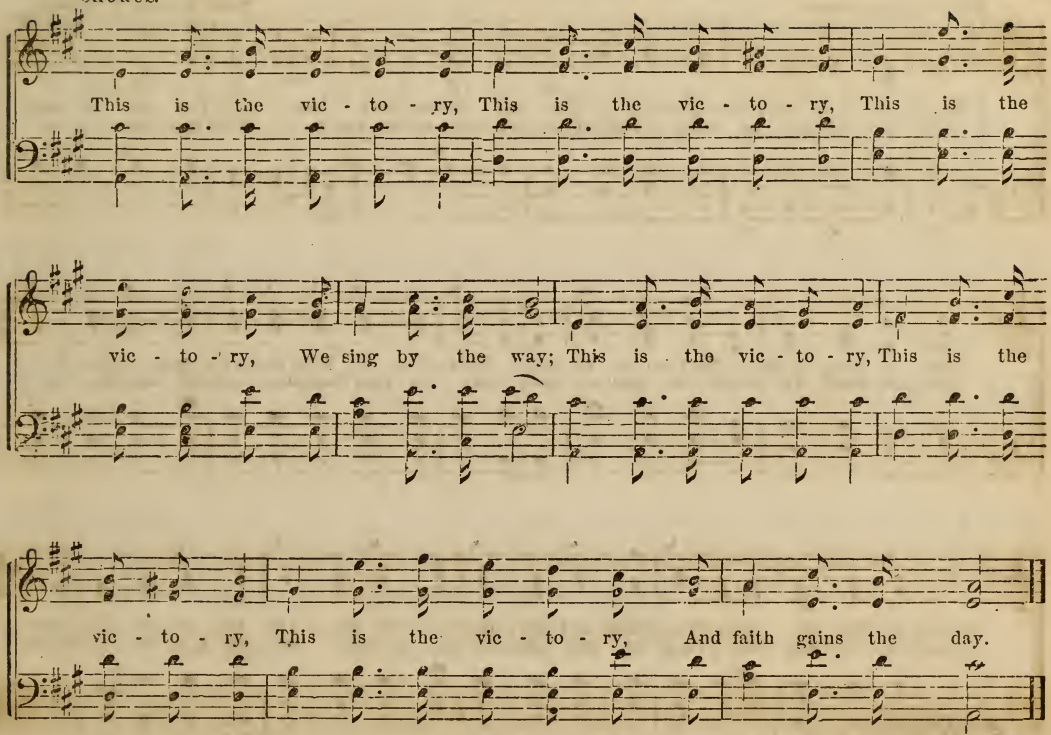
"And this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."—1st JOHN, v: 4."

Vigorously.

Words and Music by P. P. BLISS.

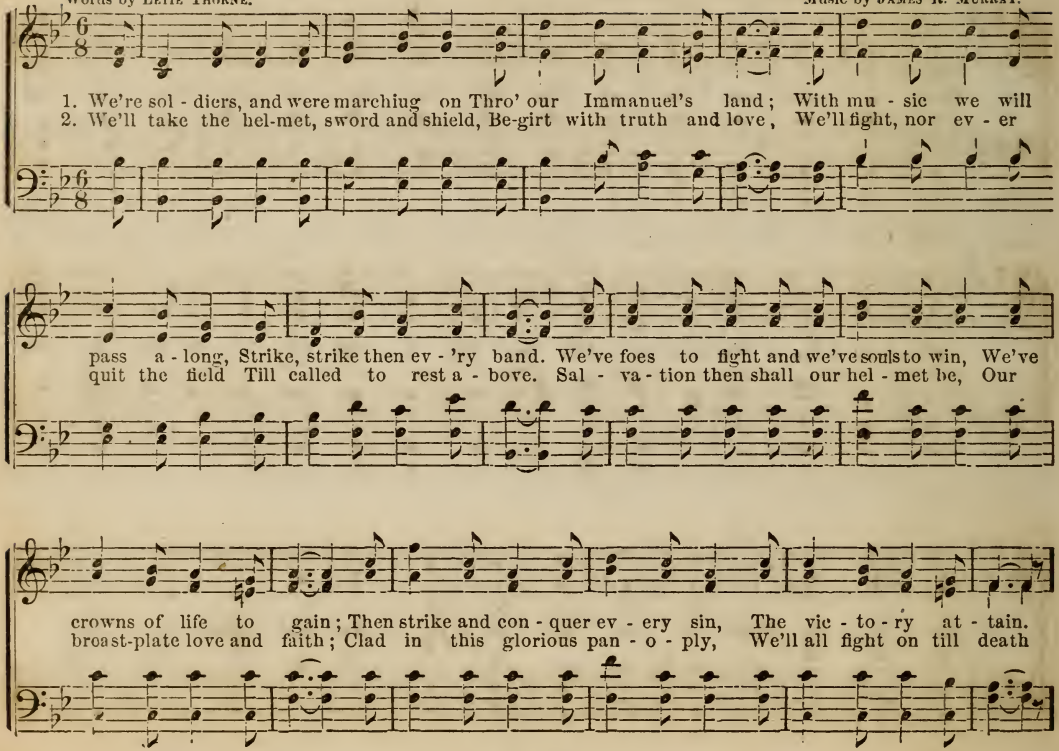


CHORUS.

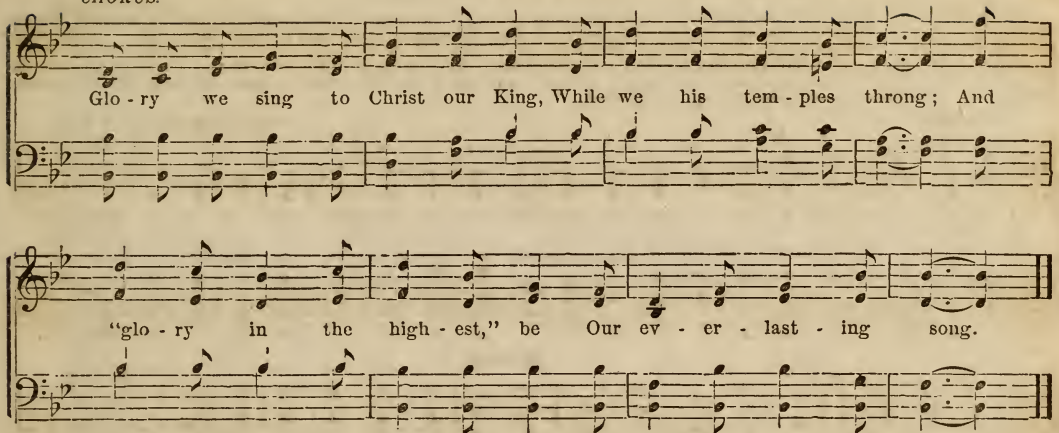

This is the vic - to - ry, This is the vic - to - ry, This is the
vic - to - ry, We sing by the way; This is the vic - to - ry, This is the
vic - to - ry, This is the vic - to - ry, And faith gains the day.

SONG OF CHRIST'S SOLDIERS.

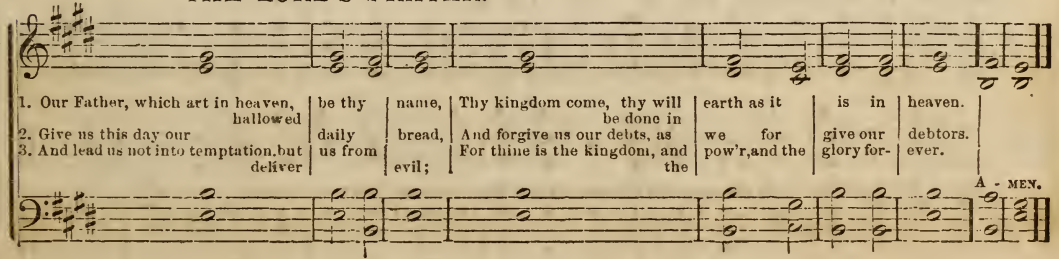
Words by LETIE THORNE. Music by JAMES R. MURRAY.



CHORUS.



THE LORD'S PRAYER.

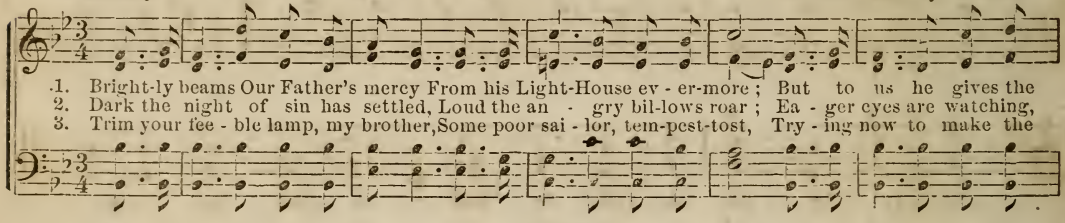


LET THE LOWER LIGHTS BE BURNING.

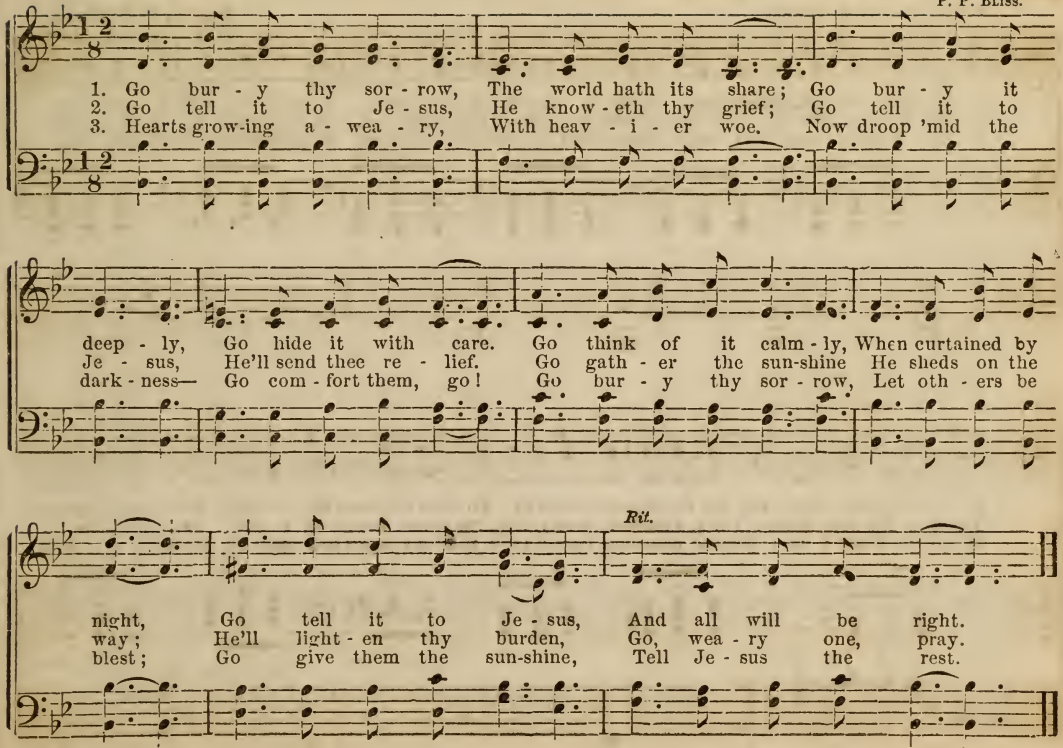
ON A DARK, STORMY NIGHT, when the waves rolled like mountains, and not a star was to be seen, a boat, rocking and plunging, neared the Cleveland harbor. "Are you sure this is Cleveland?" asked the captain, seeing only one light from the light-house. "Quite sure, sir," replied the pilot. "Where are the lower lights?" "Gone out, sir." "Can you make the harbor?" "We *must*, or perish, sir!" And with a strong hand and a brave heart, the old pilot turned the wheel. But alas, in the darkness he missed the channel, and with a crash upon the rocks the boat was shivered, and many a life lost in a watery grave. Brethren, the Master will take care of the great light-house: *let us keep the lower lights burning!*—D. L. MOODY.

Earnestly.

Words and Music by P. P. BLISS.

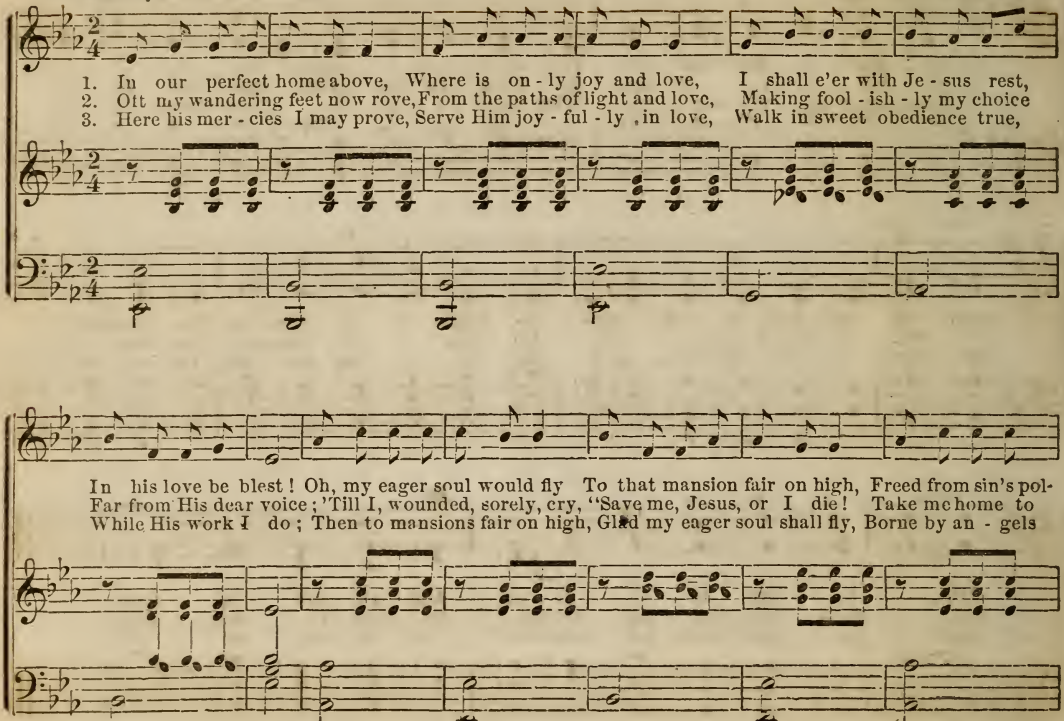


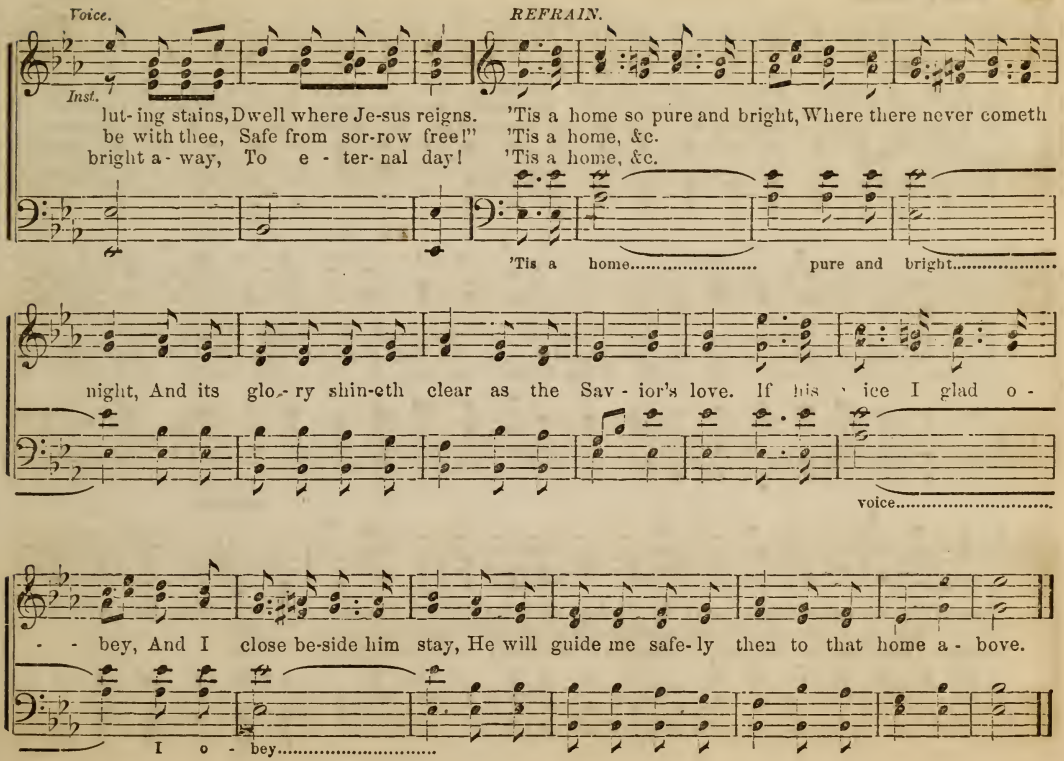
P. P. Bliss.


1. Go bur - y thy sor - row, The world hath its share; Go bur - y it deep - ly, Go hide it with care. Go think of it calm - ly, When curtained by night, Go tell it to Je - sus, And all will be right.
2. Go tell it to Je - sus, He know - eth thy grief; Go tell it to Je - sus, He'll send thee re - lief. Go gath - er the sun-shine He sheds on the way; He'll light - en thy burden, Go, wea - ry one, pray.
3. Hearts grow-ing a - wea - ry, With heav - i - er woe. Now droop 'mid the dark - ness— Go com - fort them, go! Go bur - y thy sor - row, Let oth - ers be blest; Go give them the sun-shine, Tell Je - sus the rest.
Rit.

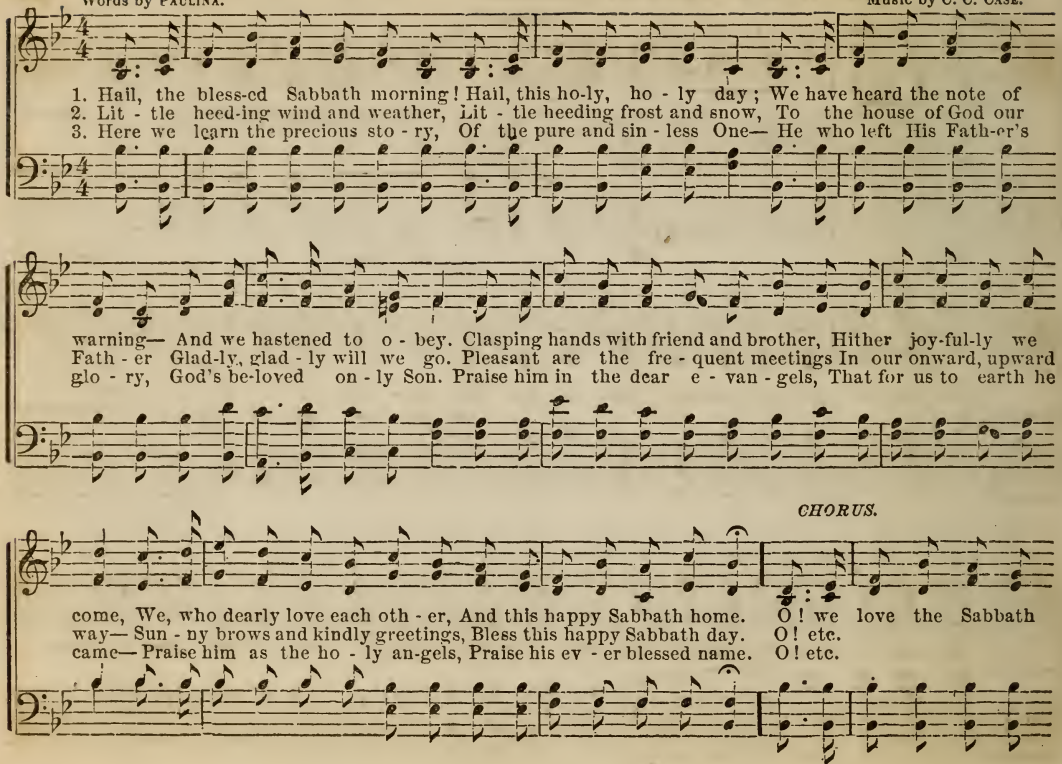
MY HOME ABOVE.

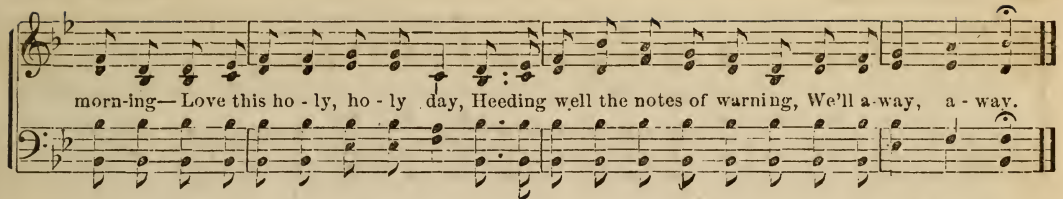
Words by Dr. C. R. Blackall. Music by H. R. Palmer.




Voice.
Inst.
REFRAIN.
lut-ing stains, Dwell where Je-sus reigns.
be with thee, Safe from sor-row free!"
bright a-way, To e-ter-nal day!
'Tis a home so pure and bright, Where there never cometh
'Tis a home, &c.
'Tis a home, &c.
'Tis a home..... pure and bright.....
night, And its glo-ry shin-eth clear as the Sav-ior's love. If his ice I glad o-
voice.....
-bey, And I close be-side him stay, He will guide me safe-ly then to that home a-bove.
I o-bey.....

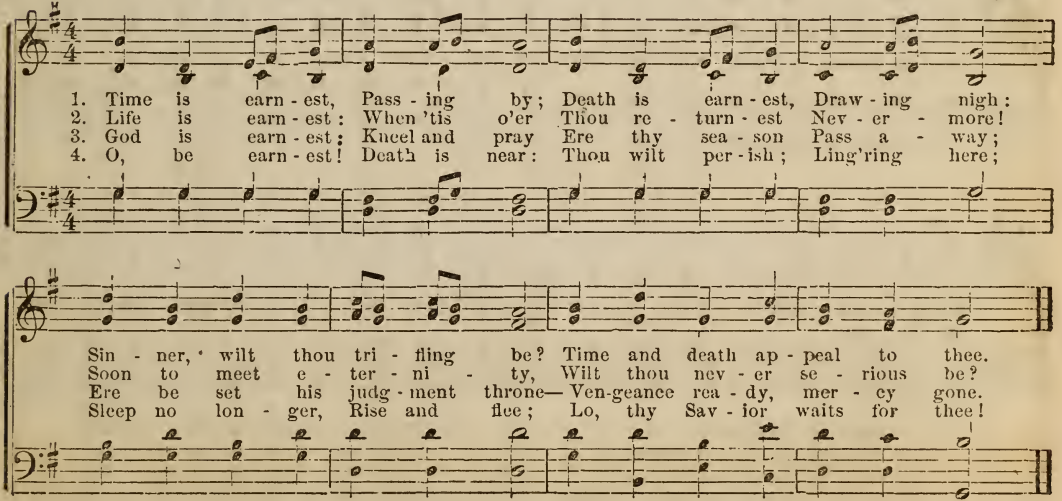
Words by PAULINA. Music by C. C. CASE.





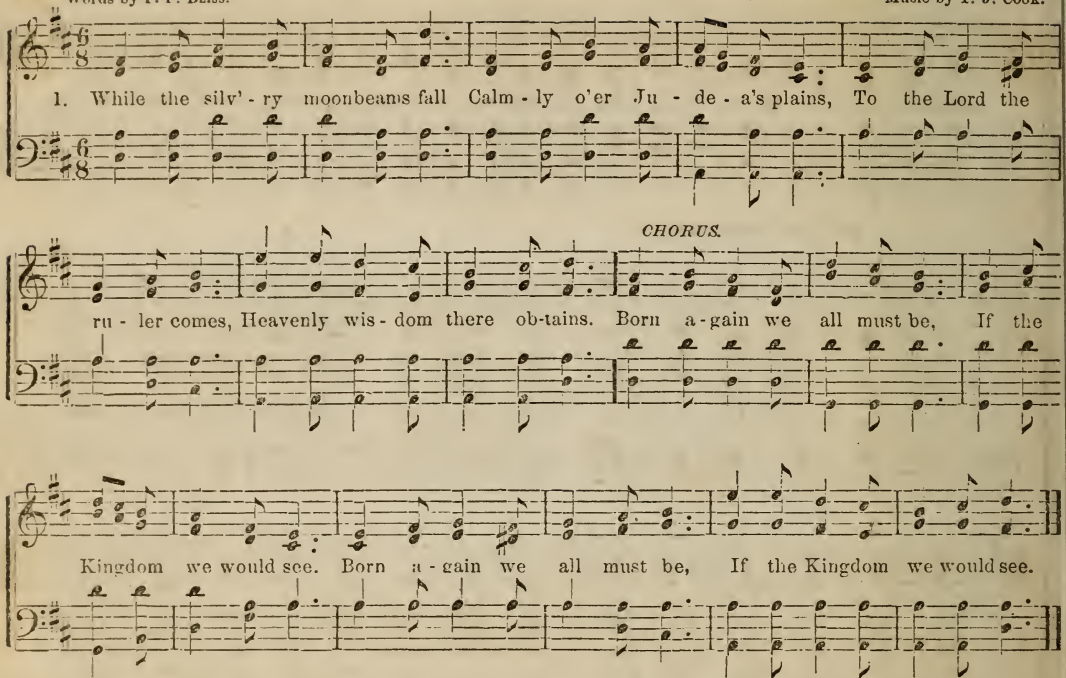
BE IN EARNEST.

P. P. B.



THE NEW BIRTH.

Words by P. P. Bliss. Music by T. J. Cook.

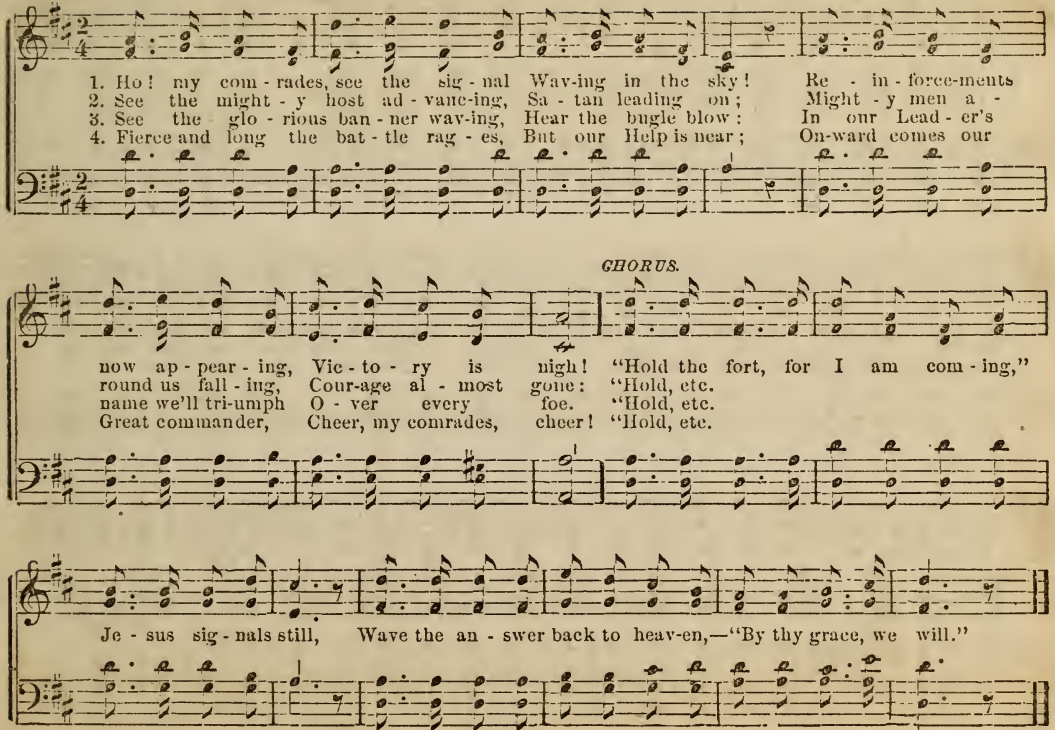


2. Not alone by noble deeds,
Not by penance, pain or prayer;
Not alone by human creeds
Can we find an entrance there. *Chorus.*

3 Wondrous change! and are the fruits
Of the new life found in me?
Have I e'er been born again—
Can I e'er the Kingdom see? *Chorus.*

HOLD THE FORT.

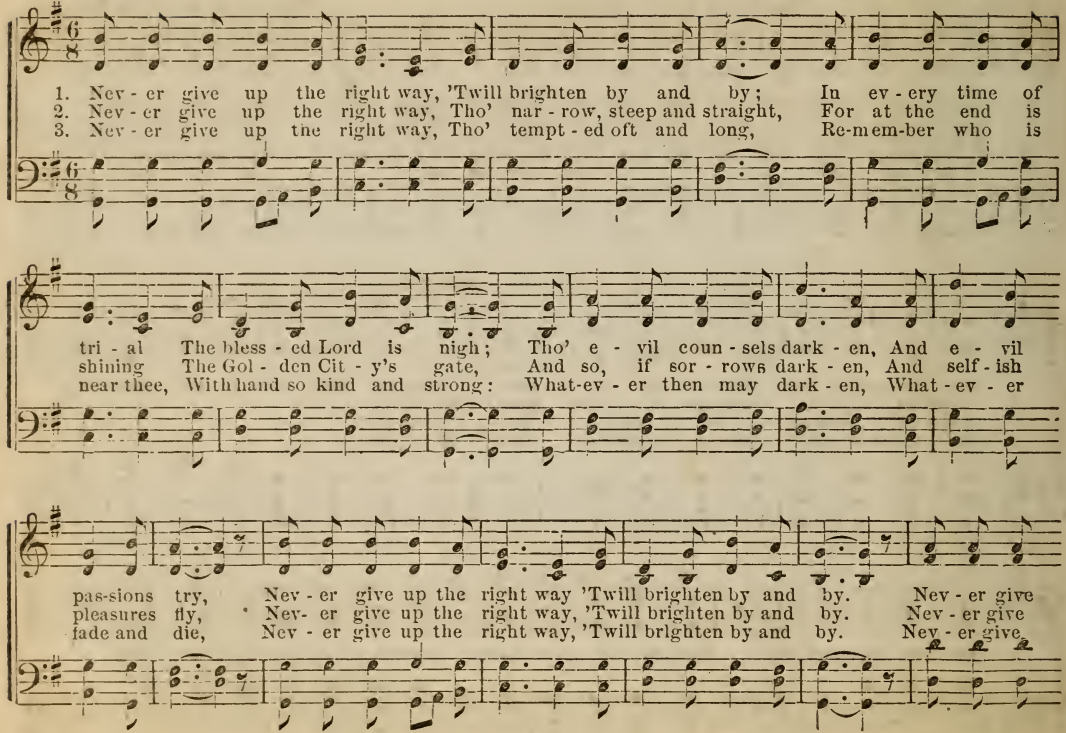
Suggested by Maj. D. W. Whittle. Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.

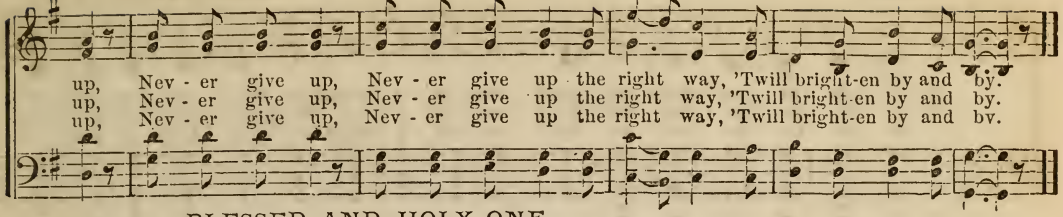


NEVER GIVE UP THE RIGHT WAY.

Earnestly.

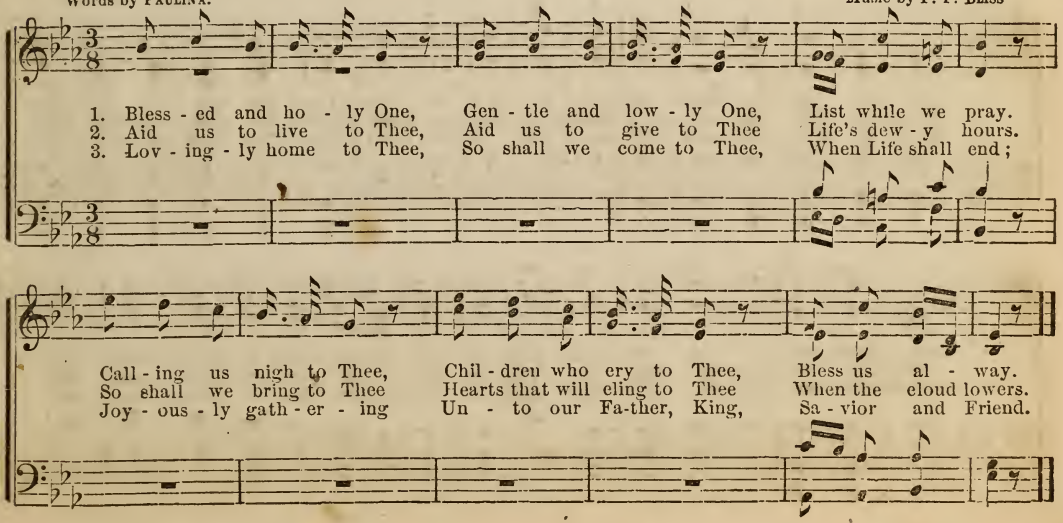
Words and Music by Geo. F. Root.





BLESSED AND HOLY ONE.

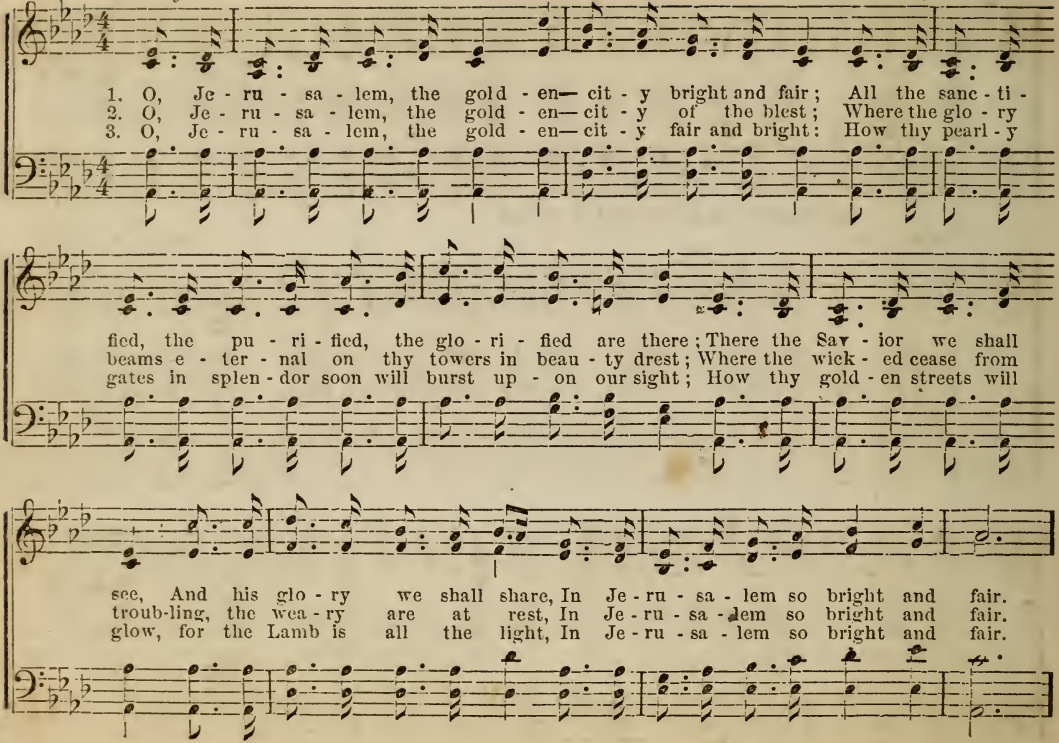
Words by Paulina. Music by P. P. Bliss

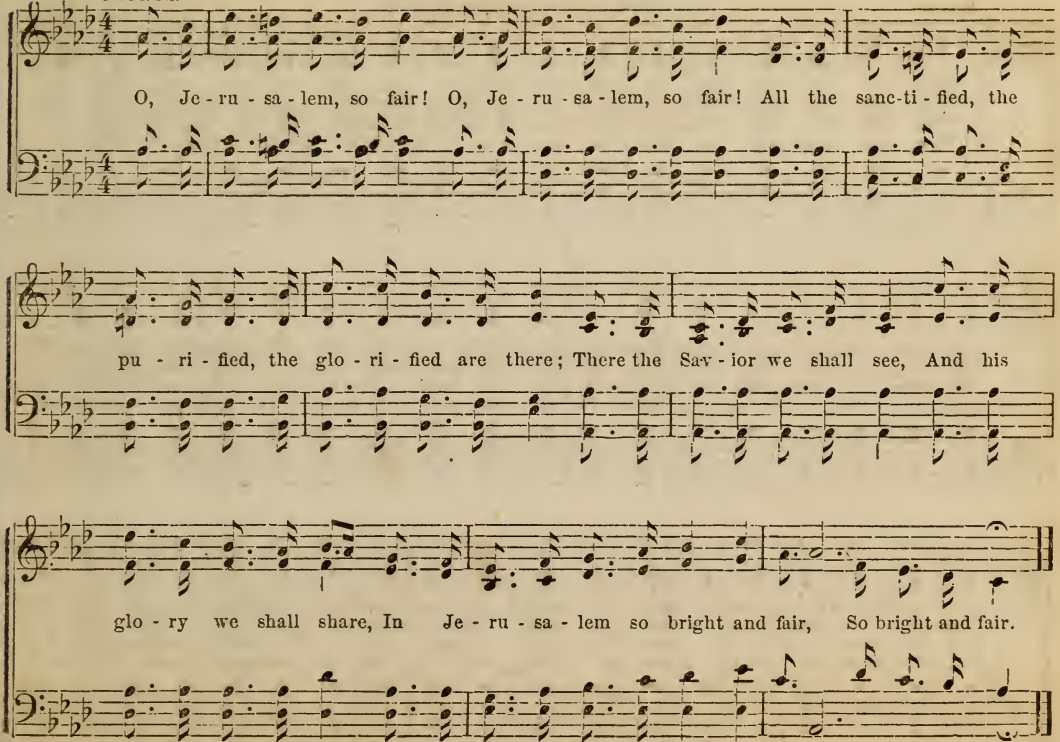


JERUSALEM SO FAIR.

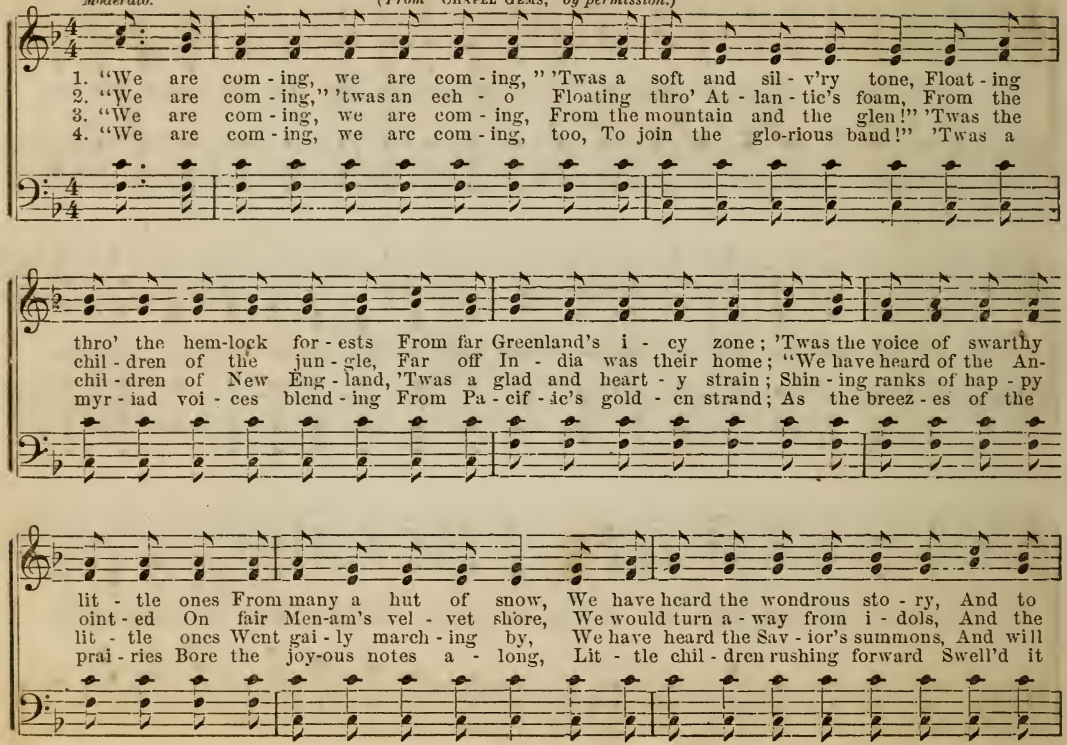
Earnestly.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.

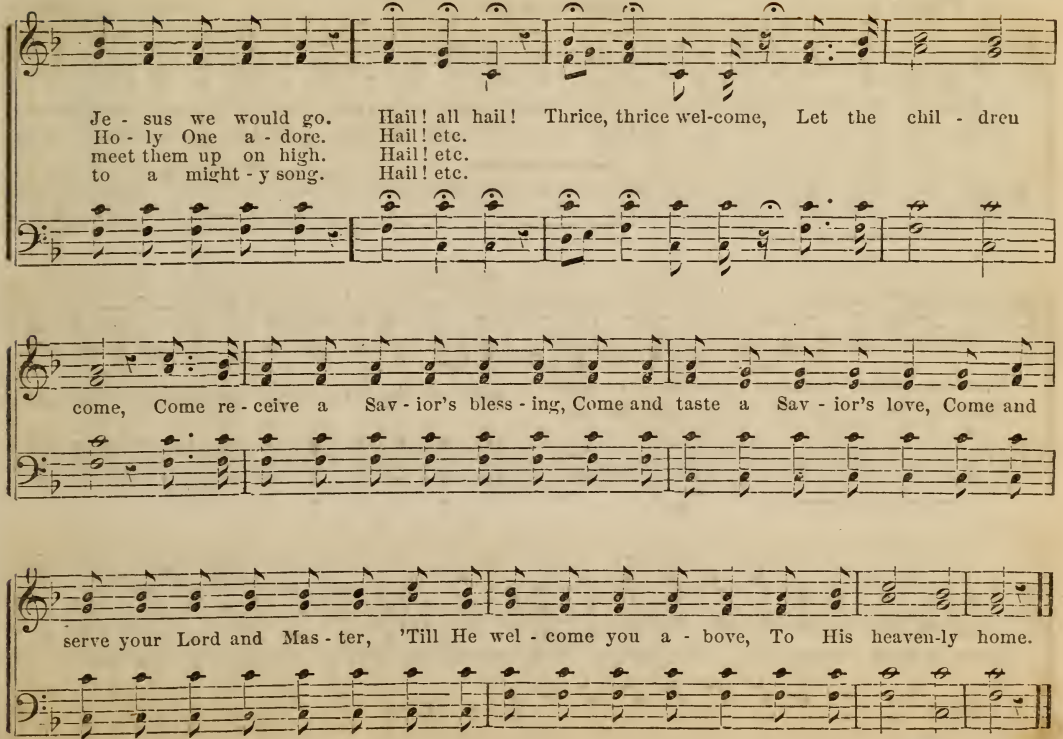



CHORUS.
O, Je - ru - sa - lem, so fair! O, Je - ru - sa - lem, so fair! All the sanc-ti - fied, the
pu - ri - fied, the glo - ri - fied are there; There the Sav - ior we shall see, And his
glo - ry we shall share, In Je - ru - sa - lem so bright and fair, So bright and fair.

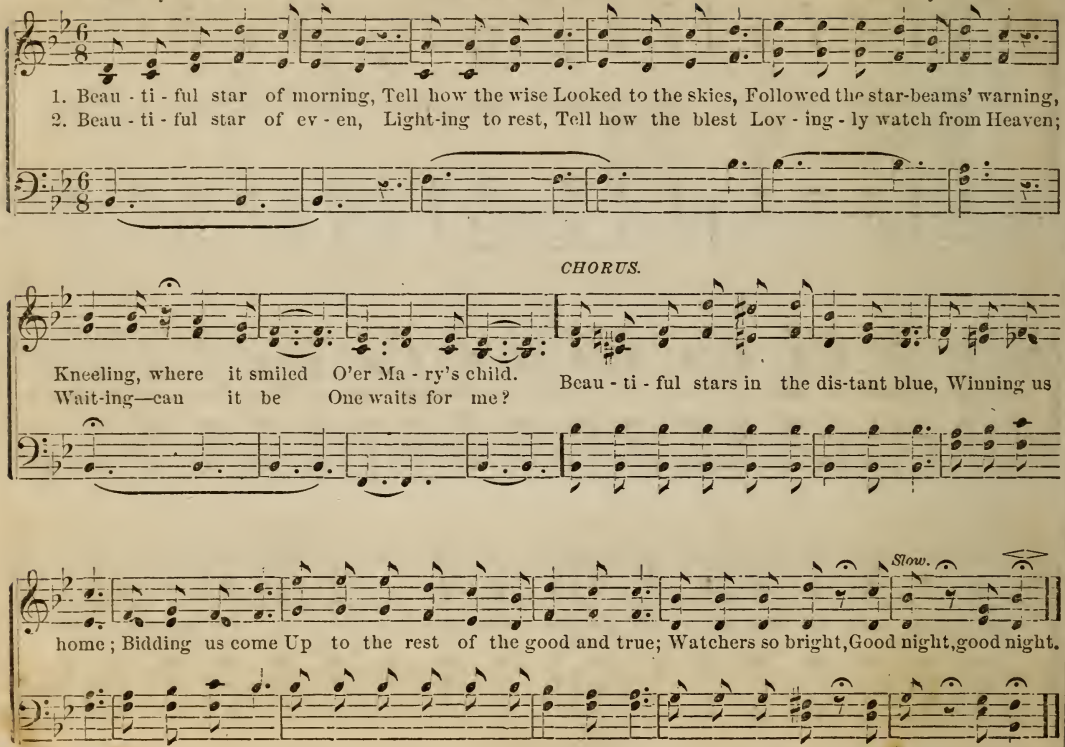
Moderato. (*From* "CHAPEL GEMS," *by permission.*)



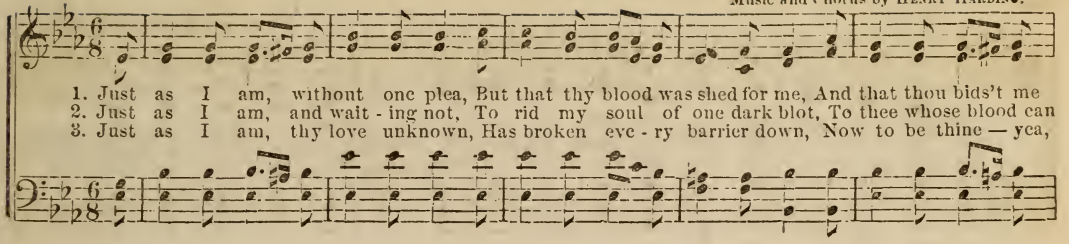
CHORUS.


Je - sus we would go.
Ho - ly One a - dore.
meet them up on high.
to a might - y song.
Hail! all hail! Thrice, thrice wel-come, Let the chil - dren
Hail! etc.
Hail! etc.
Hail! etc.
come, Come re - ceive a Sav - ior's bless - ing, Come and taste a Sav - ior's love, Come and
serve your Lord and Mas - ter, 'Till He wel - come you a - bove, To His heaven-ly home.

Words by PAULINA. *"Their voice is heard."* Music by P. P. BLISS.



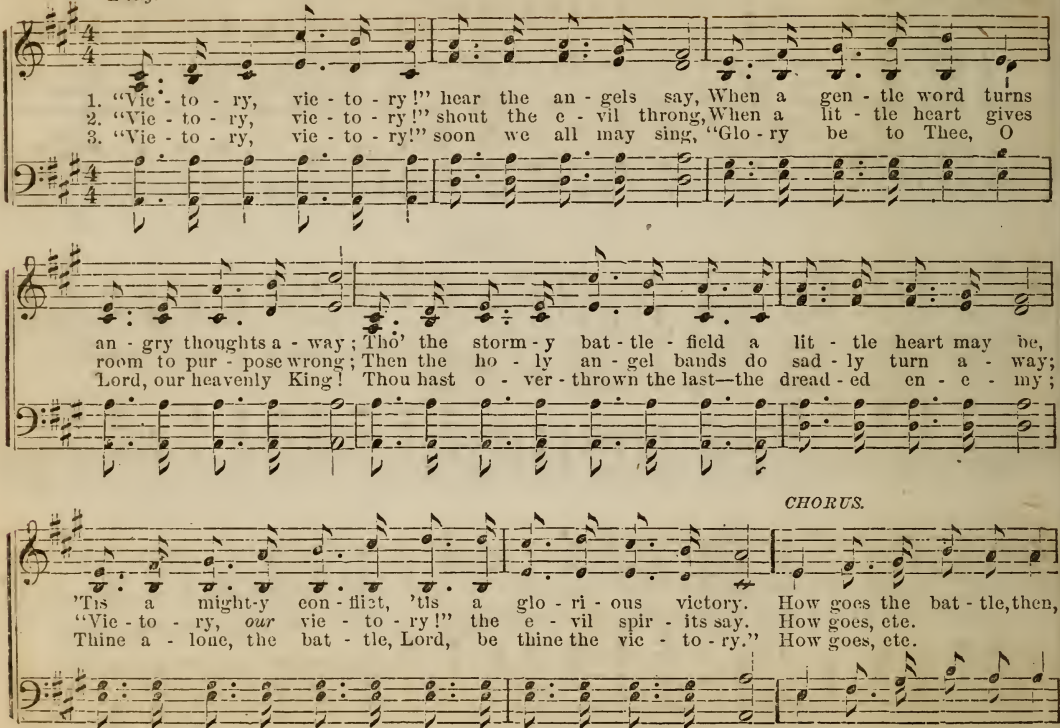
Music and Chorus by HENRY HARDING.

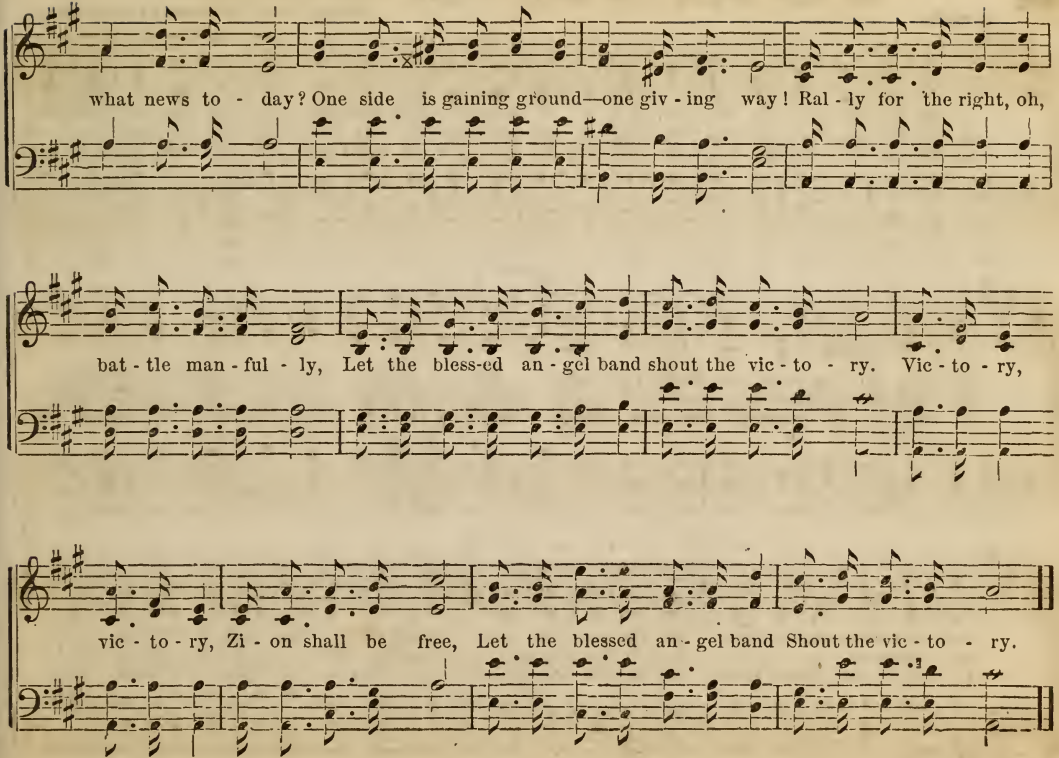


HOW GOES THE BATTLE?

Lively.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.

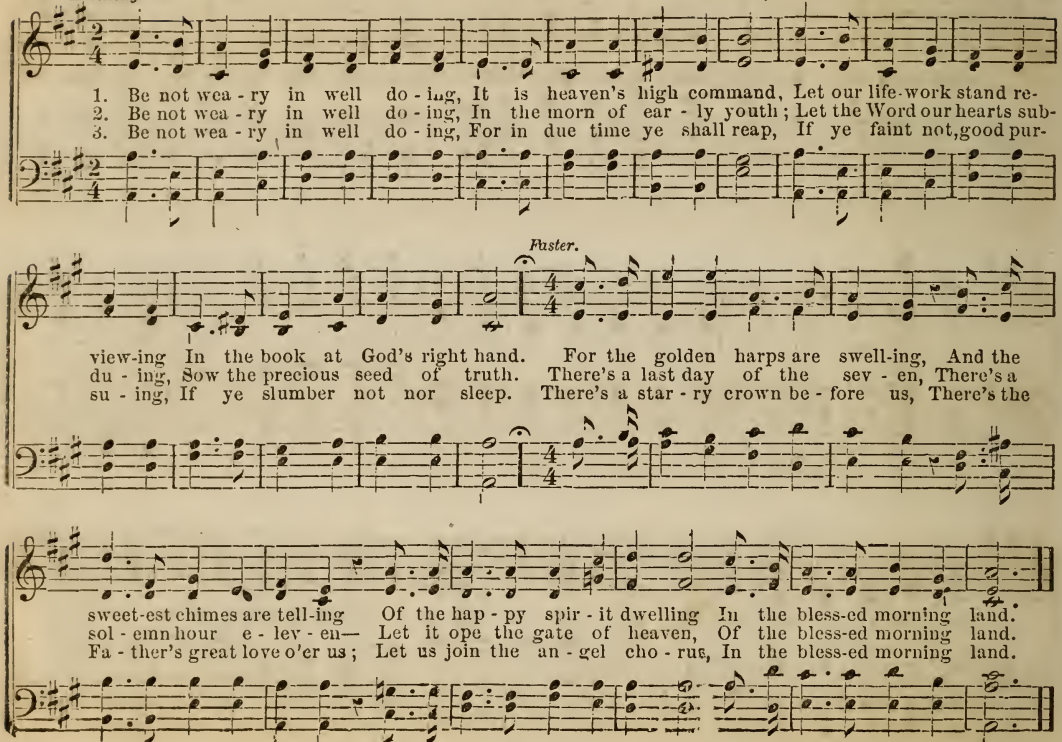



what news to - day? One side is gaining ground—one giv - ing way! Ral - ly for the right, oh,
bat - tle man - ful - ly, Let the bless-ed an - gel band shout the vic - to - ry. Vic - to - ry,
vic - to - ry, Zi - on shall be free, Let the blessed an - gel band Shout the vic - to - ry.

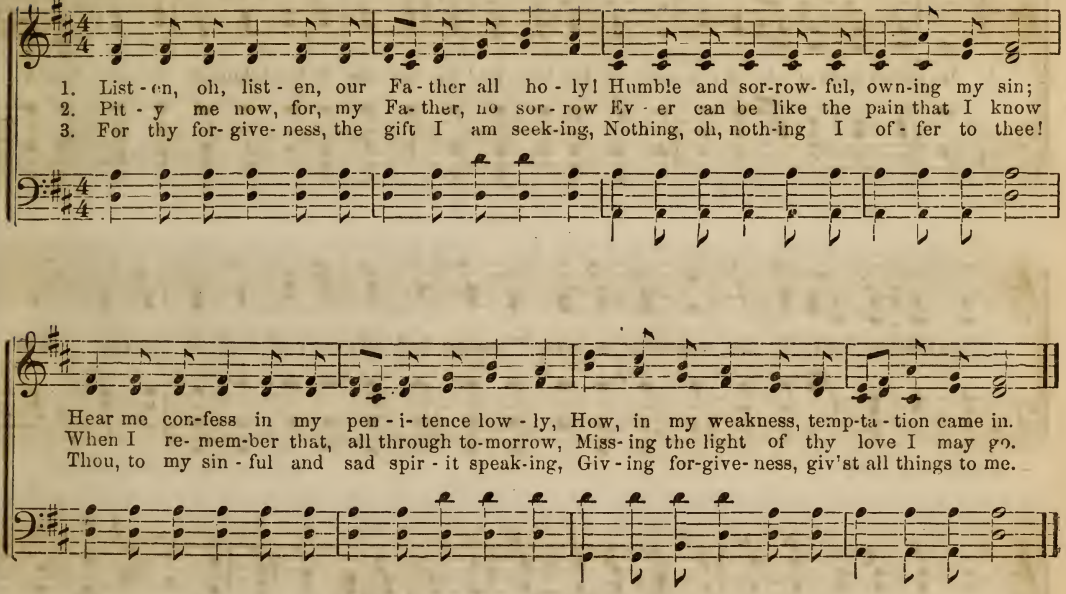
BE NOT WEARY IN WELL DOING.

Earnestly.

Words by PAULINA. Music by CARL BUND.



Reverentially. From "Chapel Gems." GEO. F. ROOT.



4.

Keep me, my Father, oh, keep me from falling!
I had not sinned, had I felt Thou wert nigh;
Speak, when the voice of the tempter is calling,
So that temptation before Thee may fly.

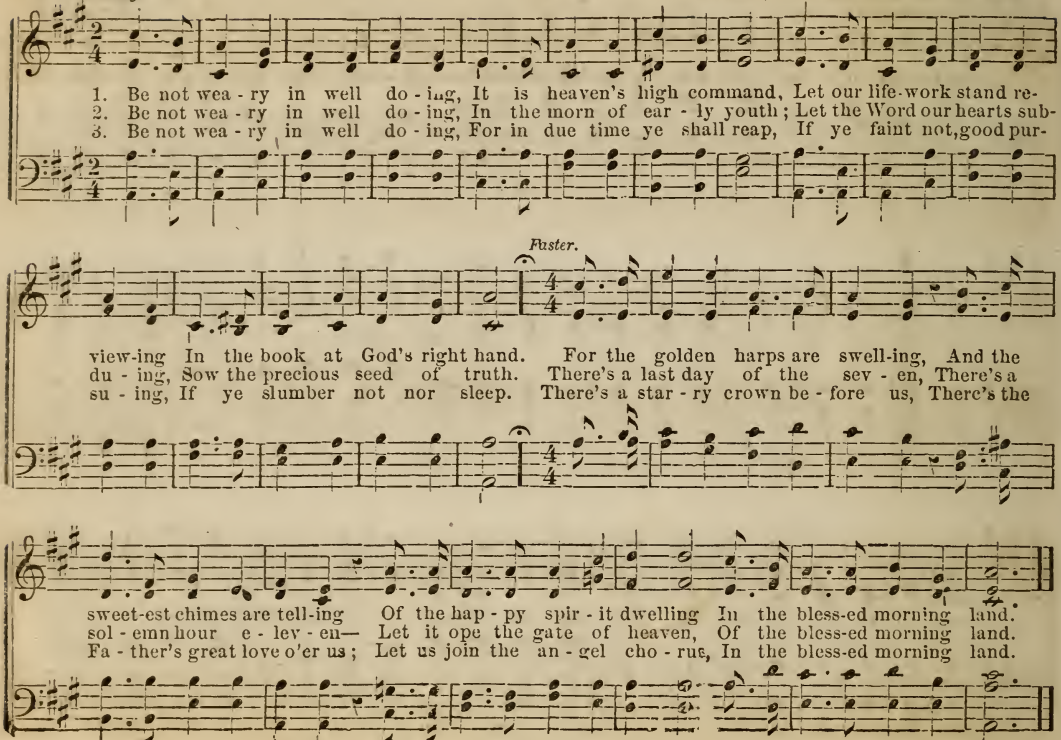
5.

Thoughts of my sin much more humble shall make me
For thy forgiveness I'll love Thee the more:
So keep me humble until Thou shalt take me
Where sin and sorrow forever are o'er

BE NOT WEARY IN WELL DOING.

Earnestly.

Words by PAULINA. Music by CARL BUND.



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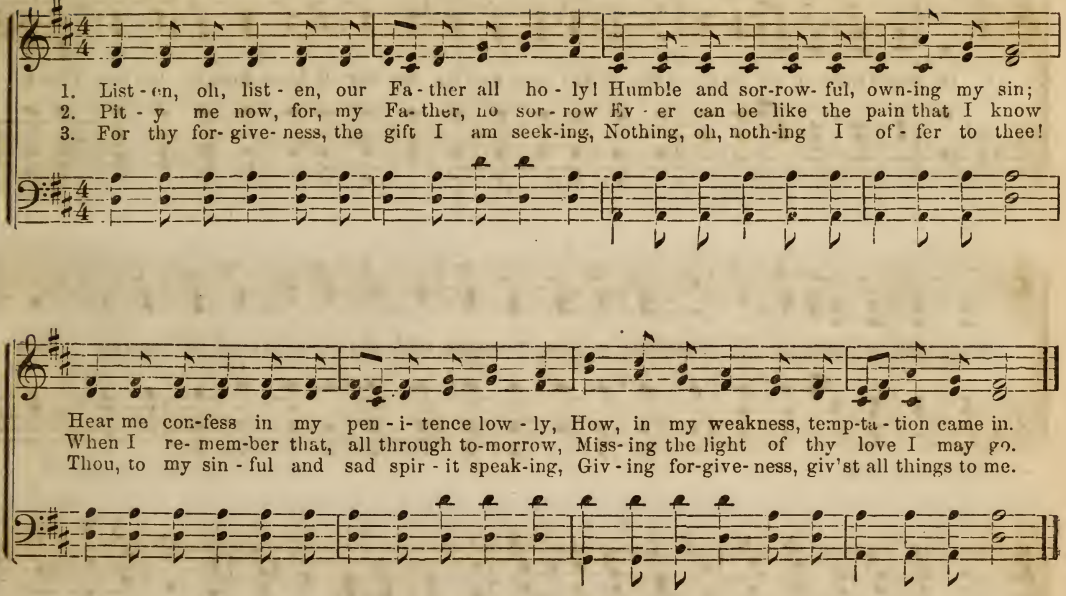

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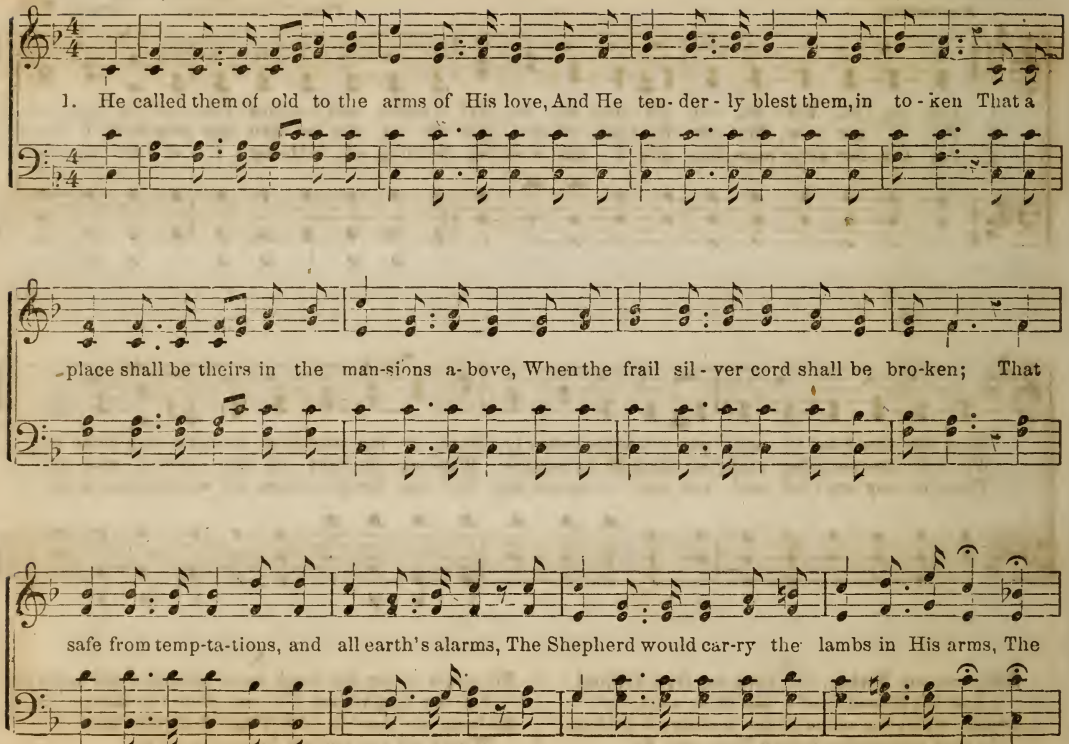
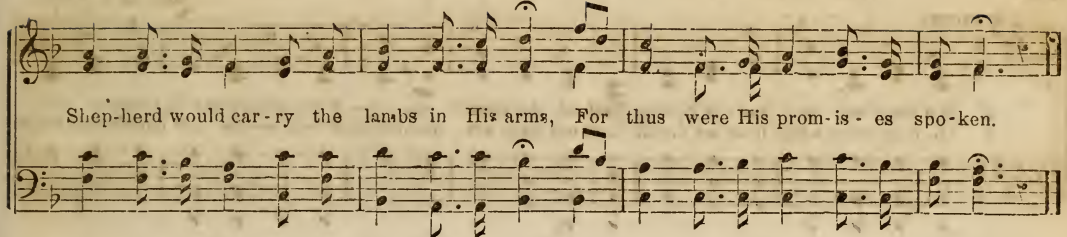
So keep me humble until Thou shalt take me
Where sin and sorrow forever are o'er

CHILDREN IN THE ARMS OF JESUS.

Words by PAULINA. Music by T. MARTIN TOWNE.



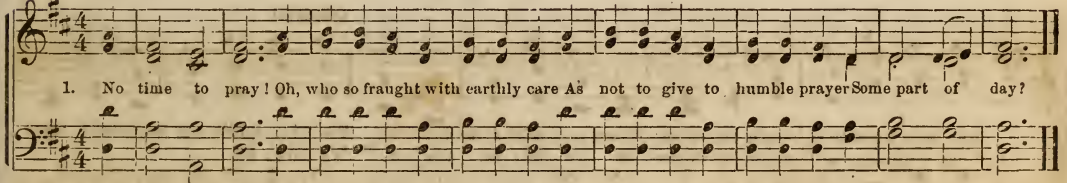


2. He calls them to-day, to His dear earthly fold,
And they hear him and joyfully gather—
As they did to His arms for the blessing of old,
To the house of the gracious All-Father:
They toil in His service, for many or few,
‖: There's always a work for the children to do,:‖
Whose hearts choose the better part rather.

3. And so let us come to the Savior each day,
For His blessing at morn and at even—
For He never has turned little children away,
And whatever we need will be given.
Oh! trust in the love that can never grow cold,
‖: And follow His voice to the bright upper fold.:‖
To feed 'mid the lilies of heaven.

NO TIME TO PRAY.

Words furnished by O. L. Wolcott. Music by P. P. Bliss.



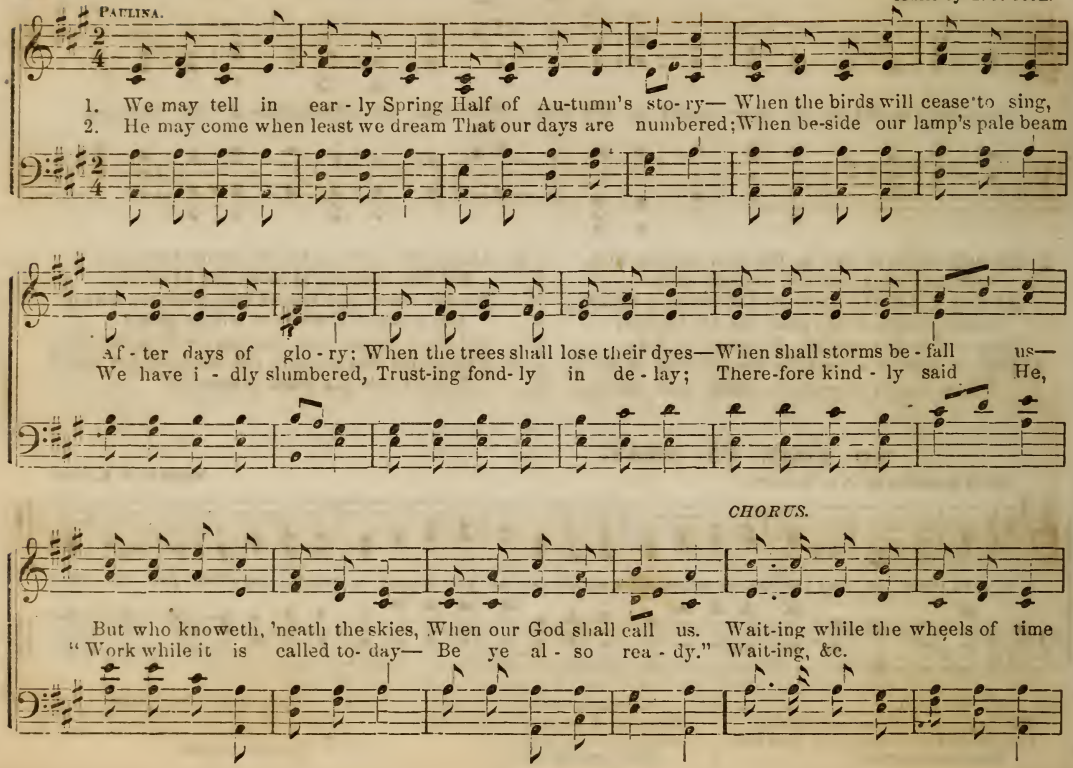
2. No time to pray!
What heart so clean, so pure within,
That needeth not some check from sin—
Needs not to pray?

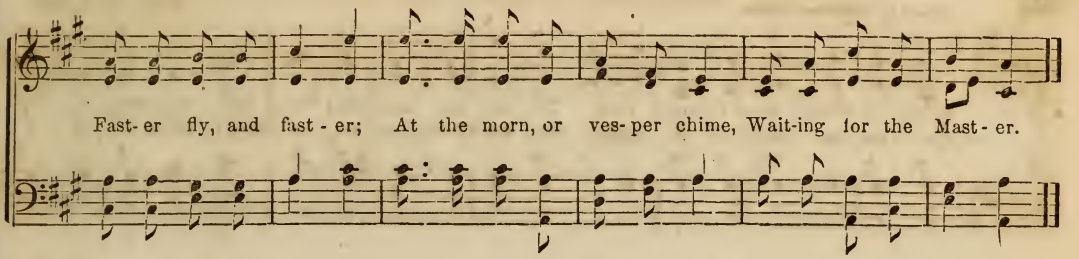
3. No time to pray!
Must care or business' urgent call
So press us as to take it all
Each passing day?

4. What thought more drear
Than that our God his face should hide,
And say, through all life's swelling tide,
No time to hear!

WAITING FOR THE LORD.

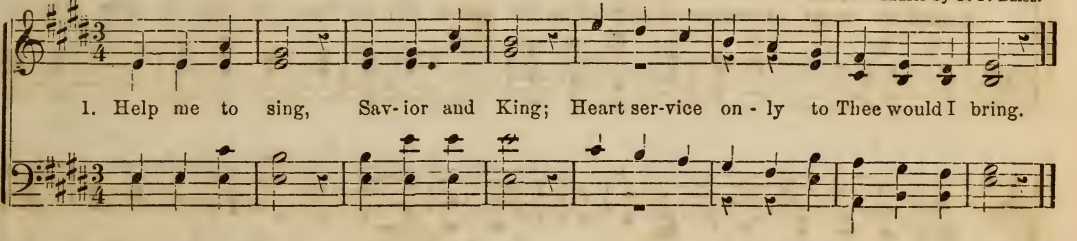
Music by T. J. Cook.





HELP.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.



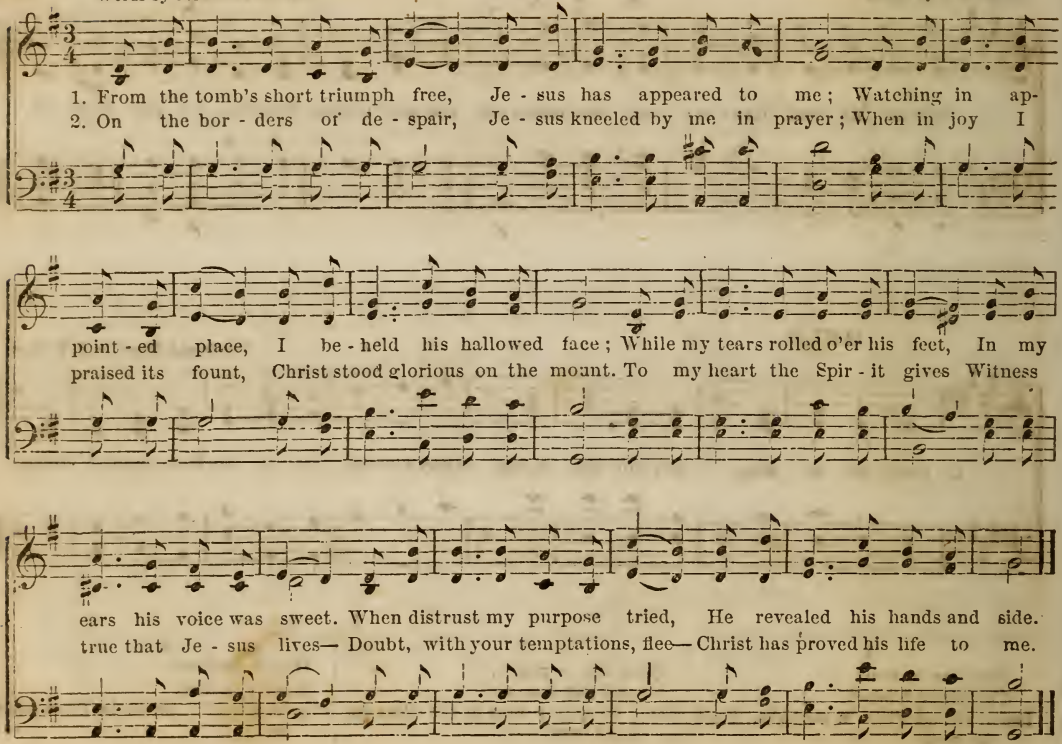
2.
Help me to read,
Thy grace I need,
Lest I offend Thee in thought, word or deed.

3.
Help me to pray;
Guard lest I stray;
Keep Thou my feet in the heaven-ward way.

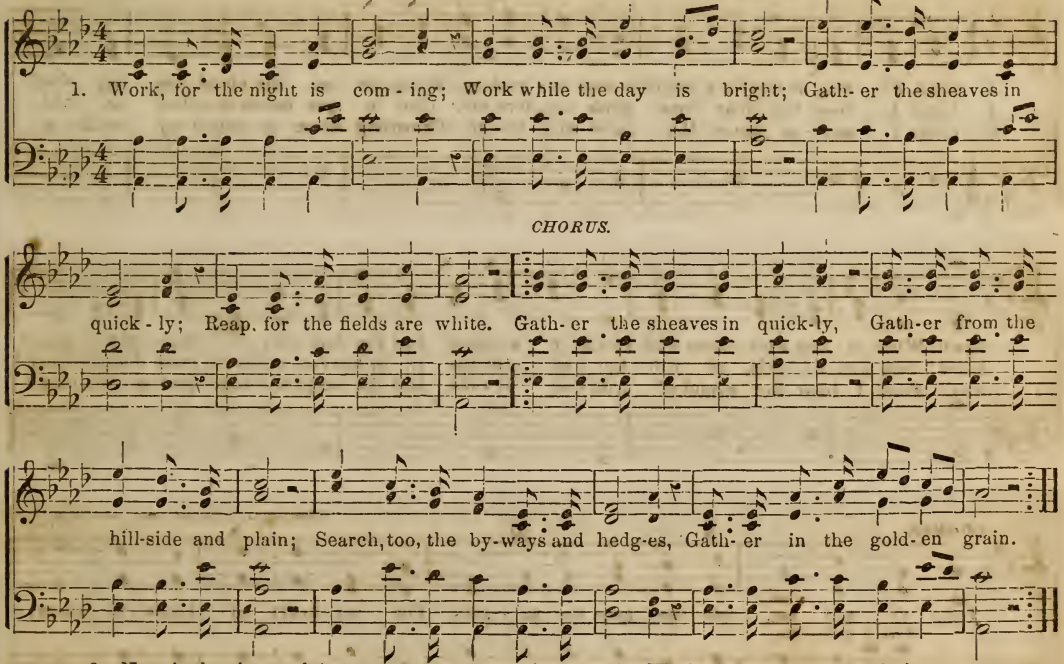
4.
Help I implore,
Thee to adore;
Praise would I render to Thee ever-more.

JESUS LIVES.

Words by JOSEPHINE TYLER. Music by P. P. BLISS.



Words and Music by I. L. ANDREWS.



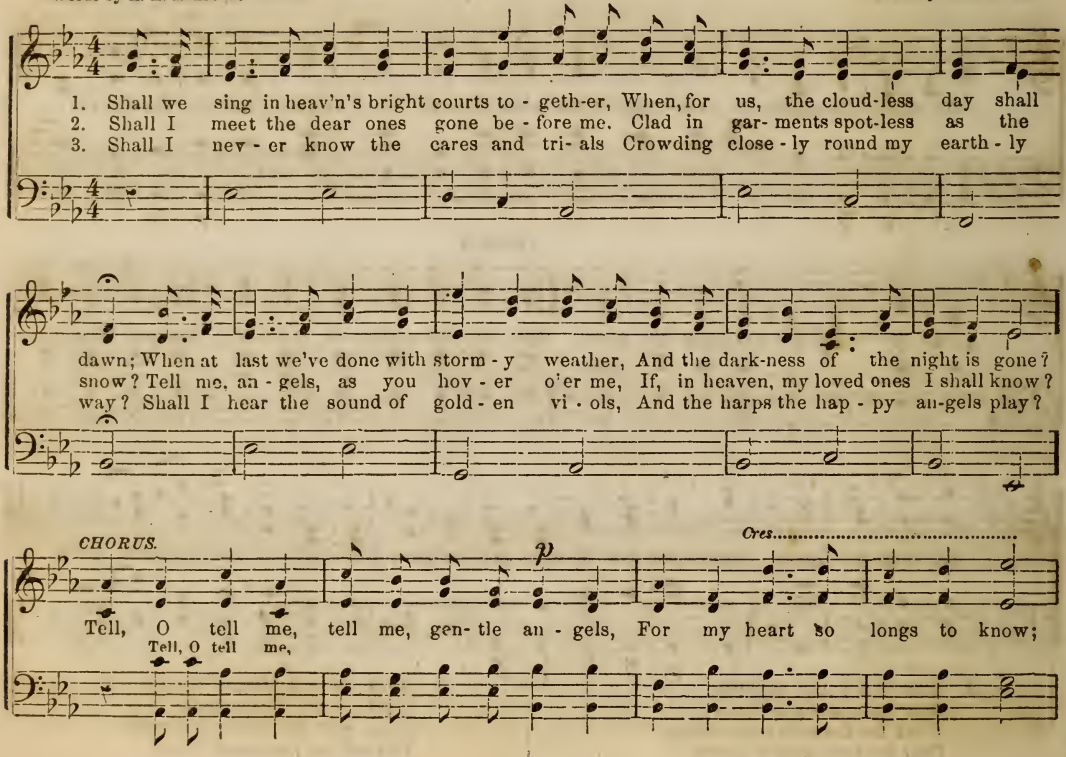
2. Now is the time to labor,
Now's the accepted hour;
Work for the soul's salvation,
Pray for the Spirit's power.

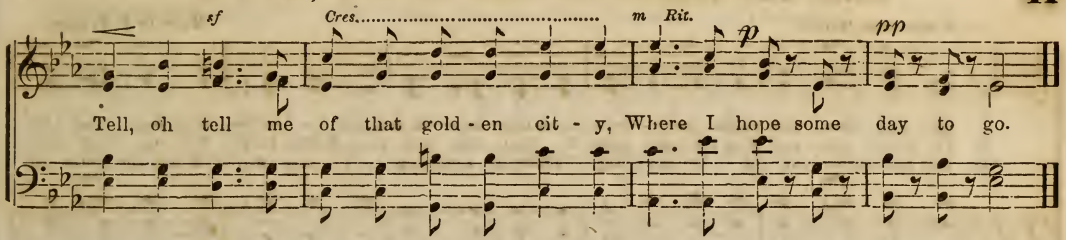
3. Work, for the Master calleth;
Work till the day is done;
Then, with the victor's laurels,
Ye shall be welcomed home.

TELL ME, GENTLE ANGELS.—Duet and Chorus.

Words by E. E. Rexford.

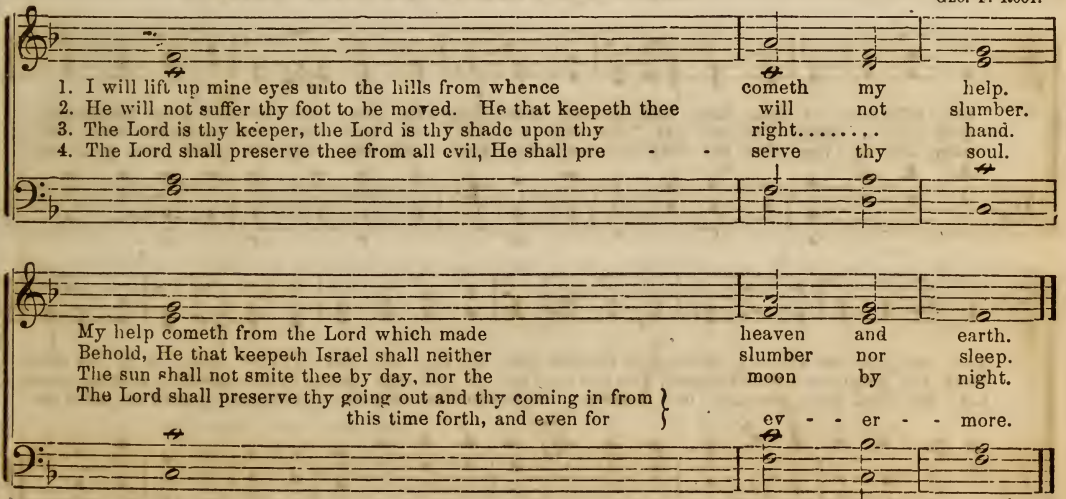
Music by Carl Bund.





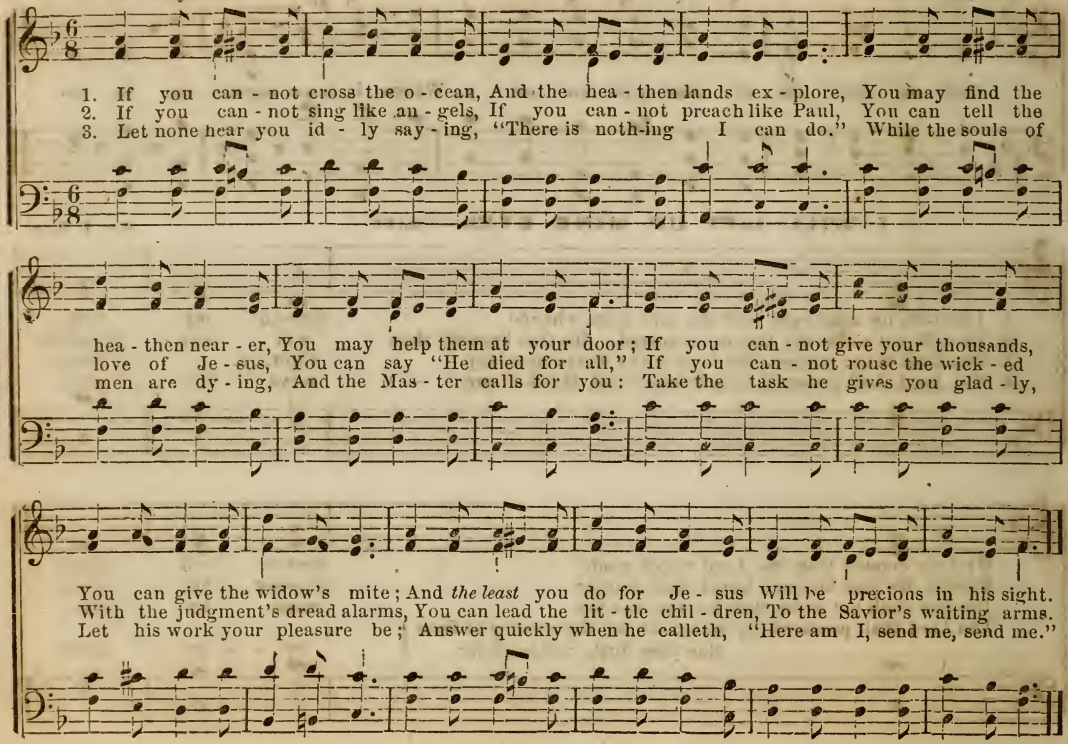
I WILL LIFT UP MINE EYES.—Chant.

Geo. F. Root.



WHAT CAN I DO?

Words by D. MARCH. Music by P. P. BLISS.



"For whom is the bell tolling?" I asked a man at the church door. He replied, "only a little child."

Tenderly.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.

3.

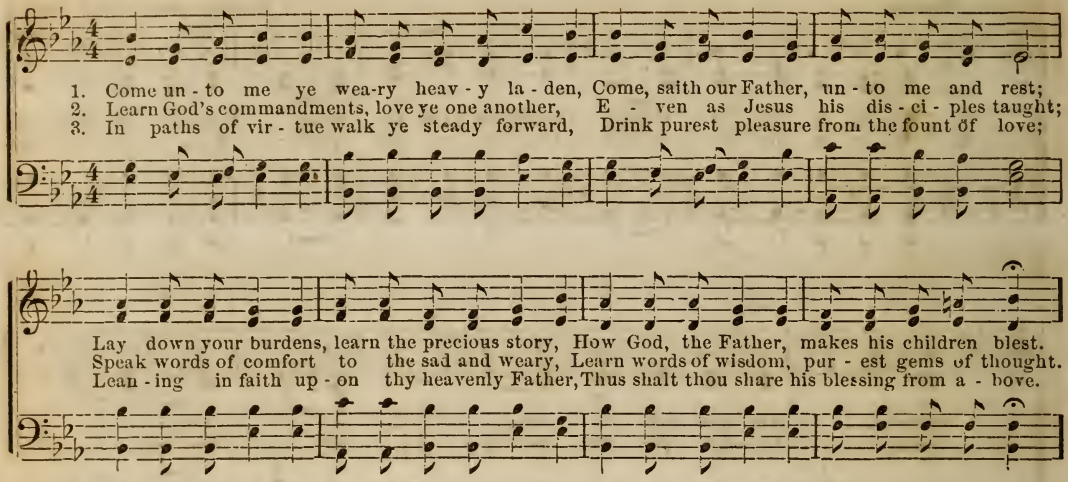
"Only a little child,"
That our love possessed,
That our cares beguiled,
That is now at rest,
Now at rest.

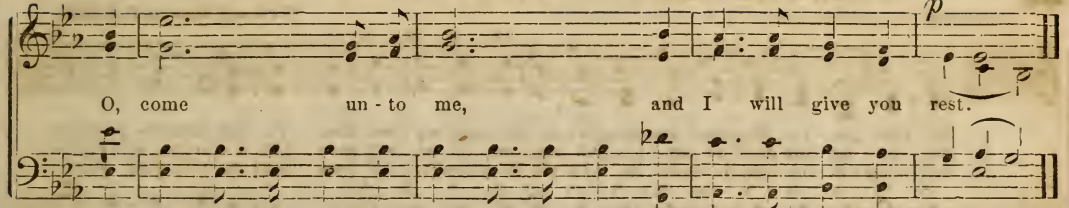
4.

"Only a little child,"
Such as Jesus blessed,
We were unreconciled,
Only He thought best,
He thought best.

COME UNTO ME.

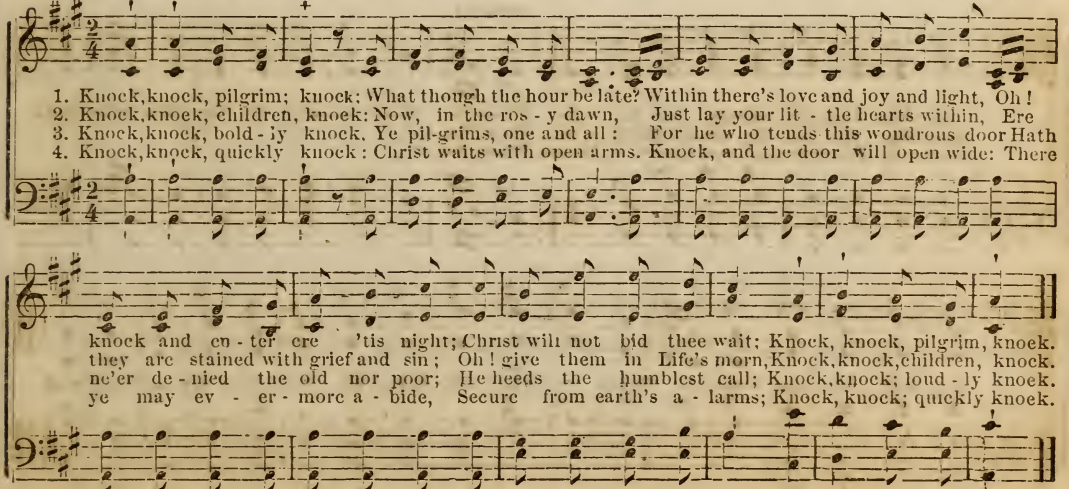
Words by MARY A. STRAUB. Music by S. W. STRAUB.





KNOCK, PILGRIM, KNOCK.

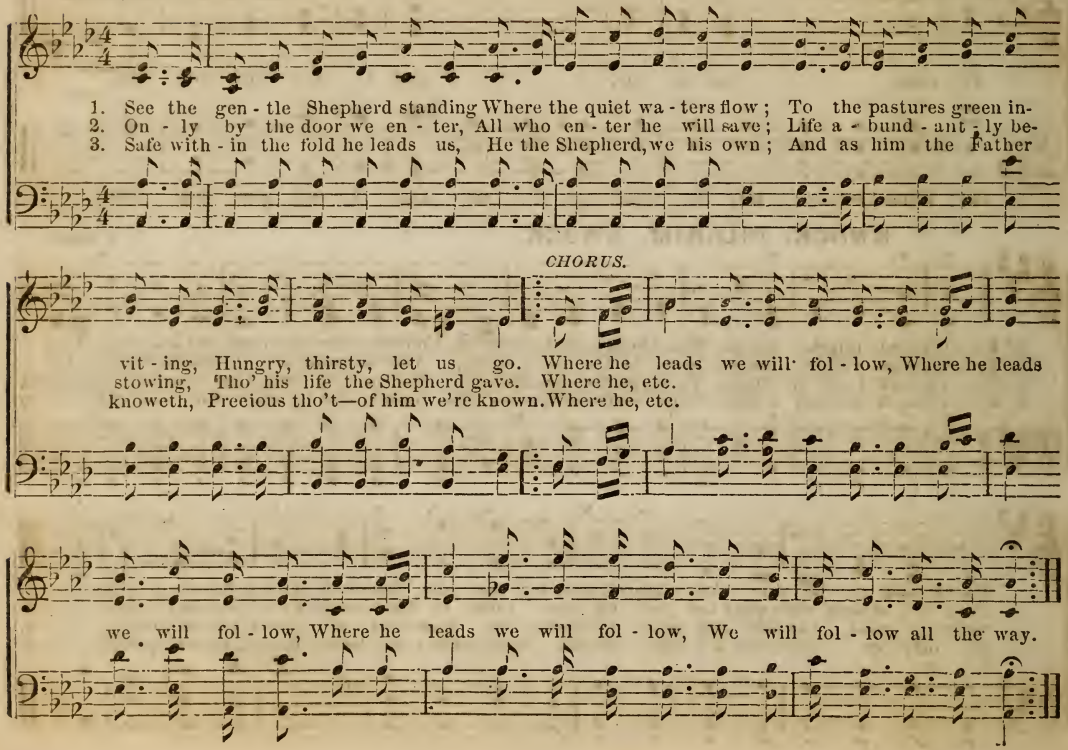
P. P. Bliss.



WHERE HE LEADS WE WILL FOLLOW.

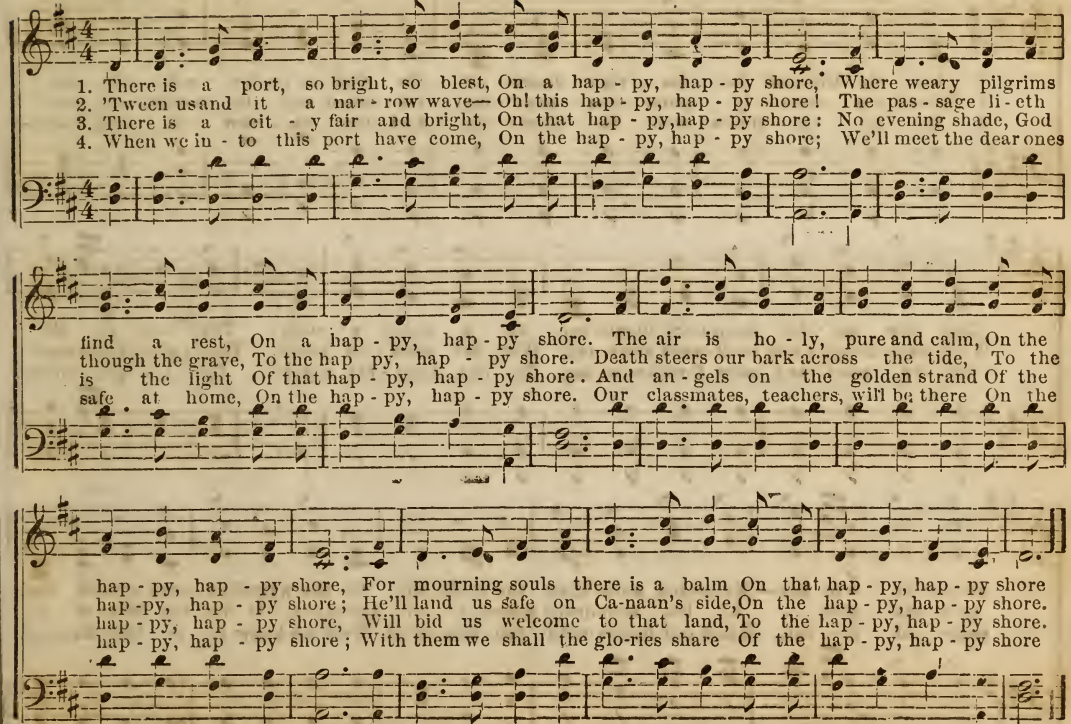
Not too fast.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.



Joyfully.

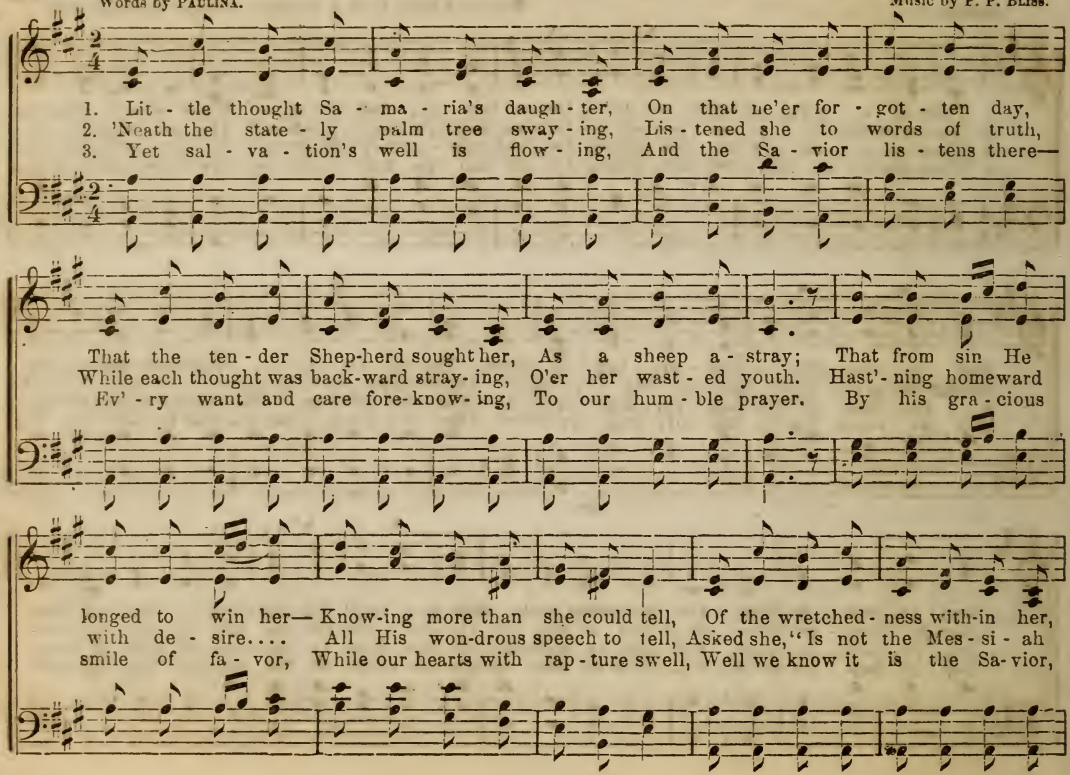
Words and Music by H. L. FRISBIE. Arranged by GEO. F. ROOT.



WAITING AT THE WELL.

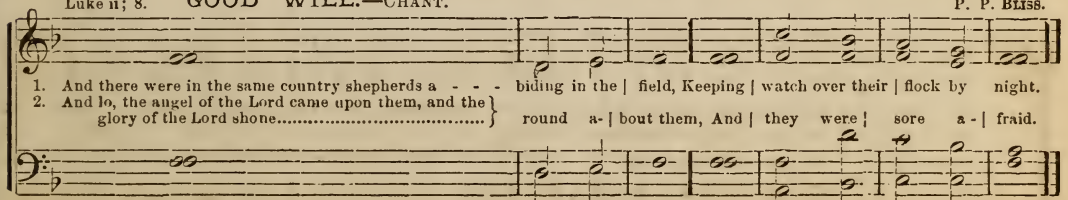
Words by PAULINA.

Music by P. P. BLISS.



CHORUS.

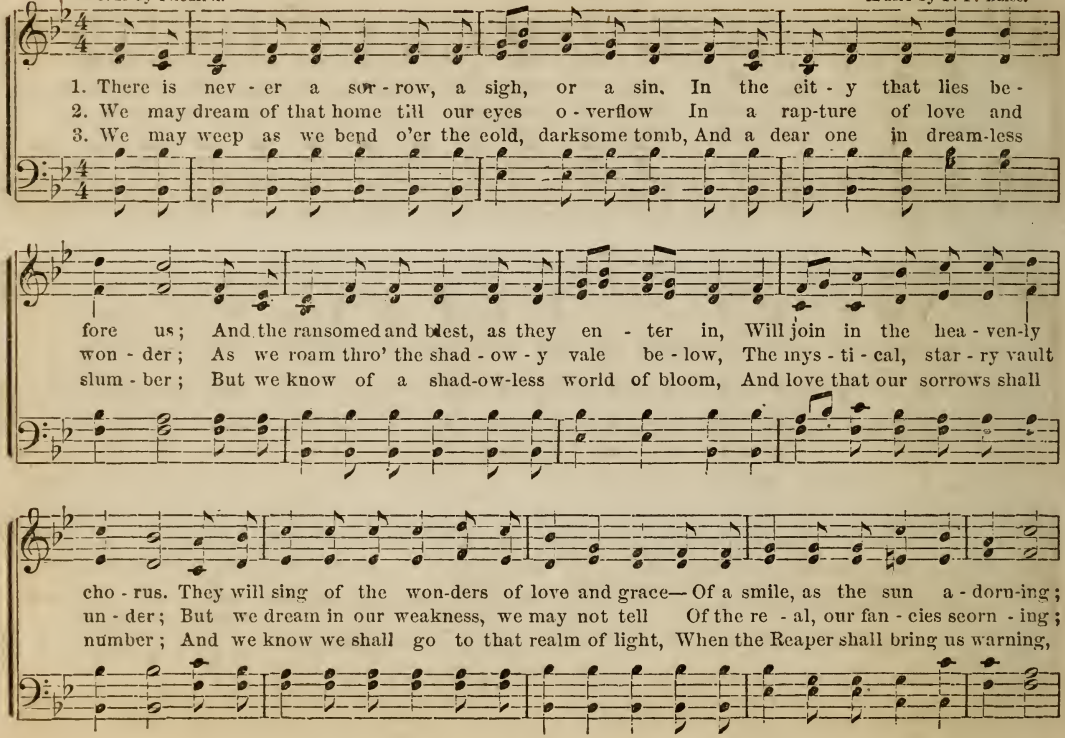
Luke ii; 8. **GOOD WILL.—CHANT.** P. P. BLISS.

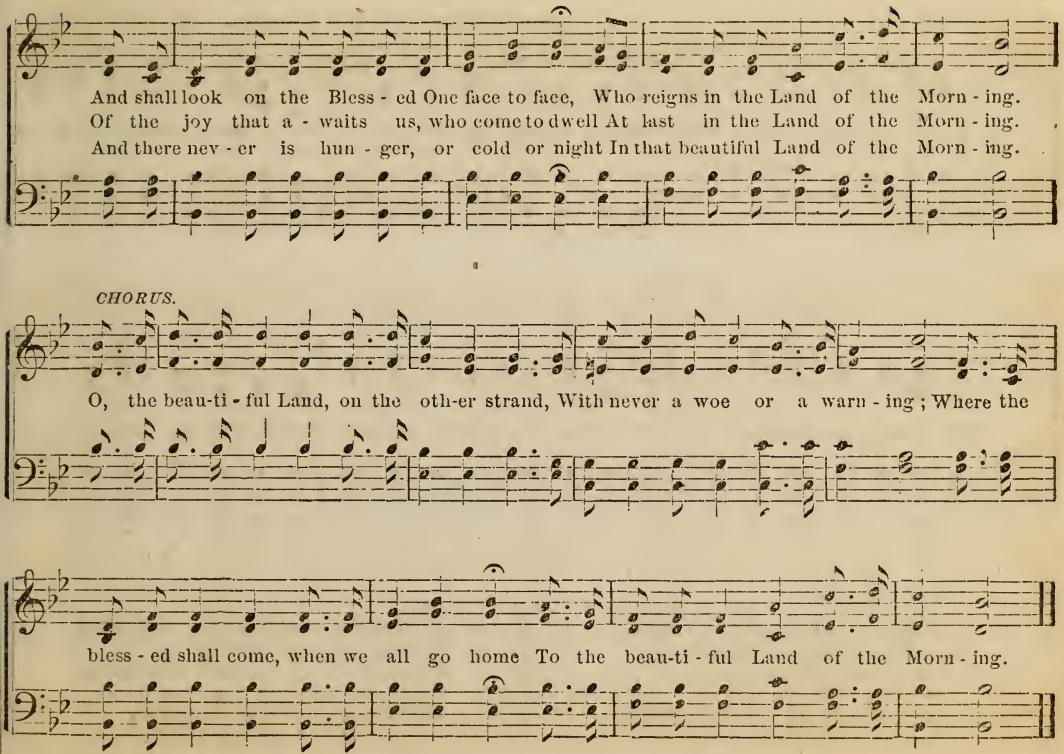


3. And the angel said unto | them, Fear | not:
For behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy,
Which shall | be to | all | people.
4. For unto you is born this day, in the | city of | David; |
A | Savior,— which is | Christ the | Lord.

5. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising | God, and | saying,
Glory be to God in the highest, and on earth | peace, good | will toward | men.

Words by PAULINA. Music by P. P. BLISS.

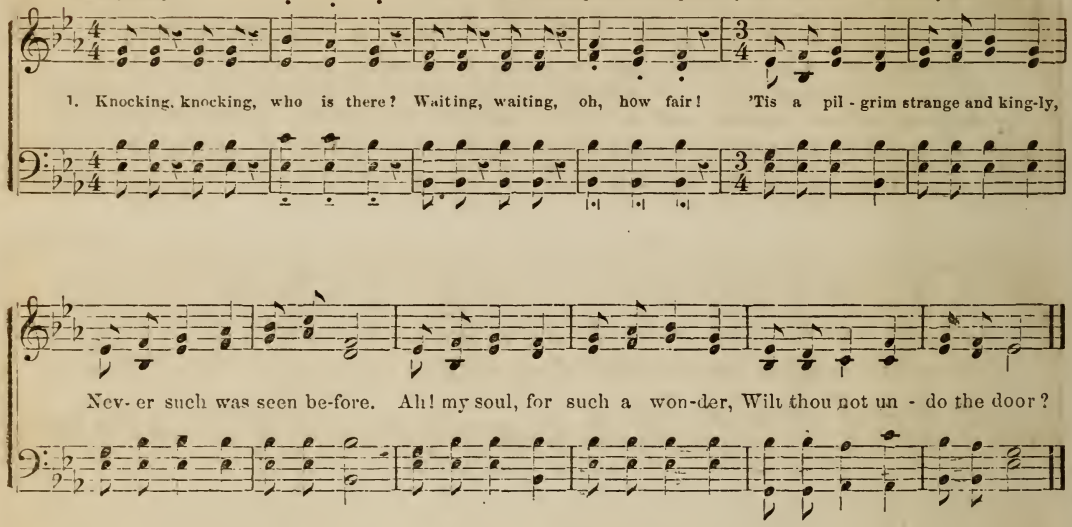



And shall look on the Bless - ed One face to face, Who reigns in the Land of the Morn - ing.
Of the joy that a - waits us, who come to dwell At last in the Land of the Morn - ing.
And there nev - er is hun - ger, or cold or night In that beautiful Land of the Morn - ing.
CHORUS.
O, the beau-ti - ful Land, on the oth-er strand, With never a woe or a warn - ing; Where the
bless - ed shall come, when we all go home To the beau-ti - ful Land of the Morn - ing.

KNOCKING, KNOCKING, WHO IS THERE?

With feeling.

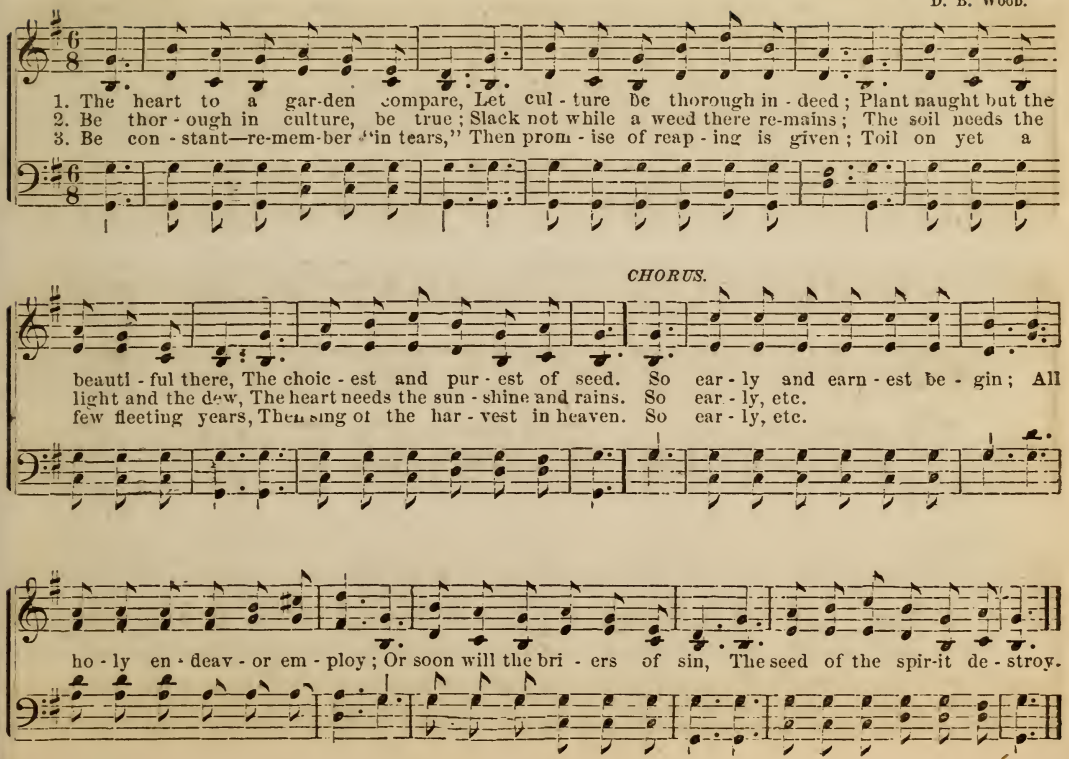
Words adapted from a poem by Mrs. Stowe. Music by Geo. F. Root.



2. Knocking, knocking, still he's there,
Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair;
But the door is hard to open,
For the weeds and ivy-vine,
With their dark and clinging tendrils,
Ever round the hinges twine.

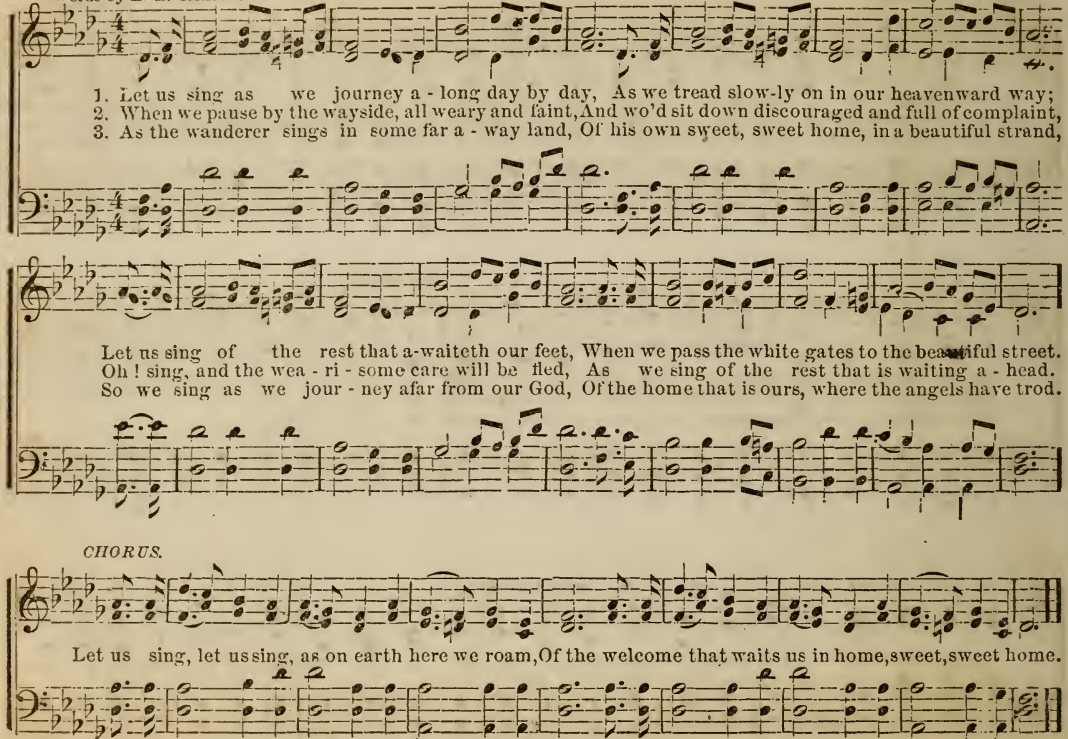
3. Knocking, knocking—what! still there?
Waiting, waiting, grand and fair;
Yes, the pierced hand still knocketh,
And beneath the crowned hair
Beam the patient eyes, so tender,
Of thy Savior, waiting there.

D. B. Wood.


1. The heart to a gar-den compare, Let cul - ture be thorough in - deed; Plant naught but the
2. Be thor - ough in culture, be true; Slack not while a weed there re-mains; The soil needs the
3. Be con - stant—re-mem-ber "in tears," Then prom - ise of reap - ing is given; Toil on yet a
CHORUS.
beauti - ful there, The choic - est and pur - est of seed. So ear - ly and earn - est be - gin; All
light and the dew, The heart needs the sun - shine and rains. So ear - ly, etc.
few fleeting years, Then sing of the har - vest in heaven. So ear - ly, etc.
ho - ly en - deav - or em - ploy; Or soon will the bri - ers of sin, The seed of the spir-it de - stroy.

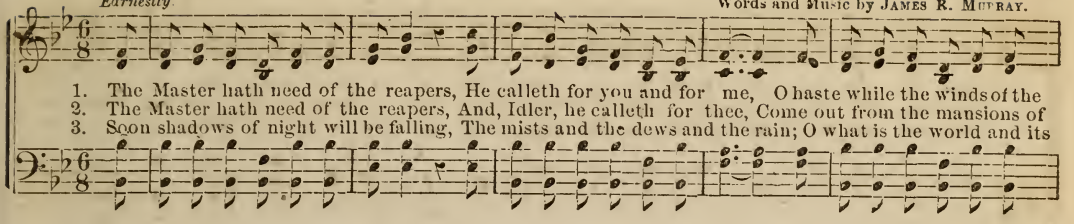
HOME.

Words by E. E. Rexford. Music by P. P. Bliss.

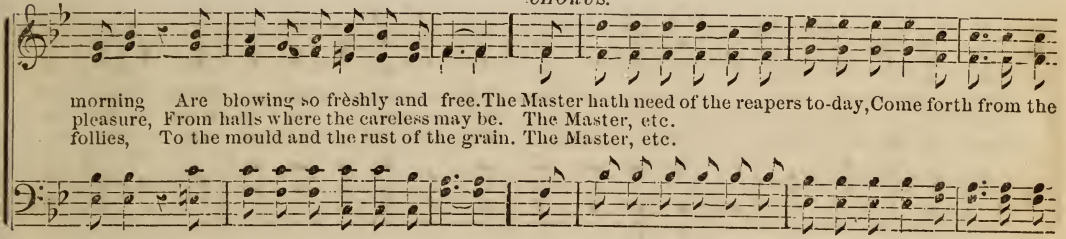


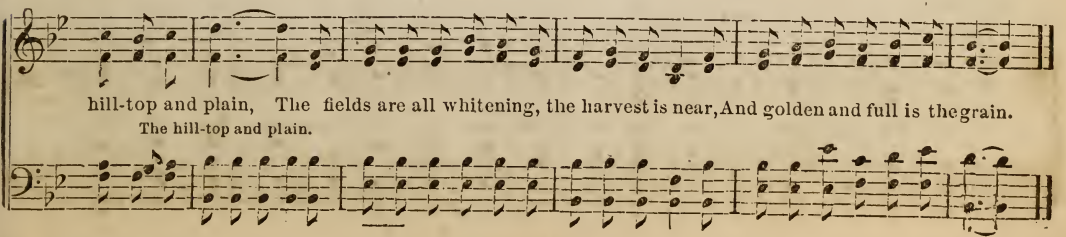
Earnestly.

Words and Music by JAMES R. MURRAY.



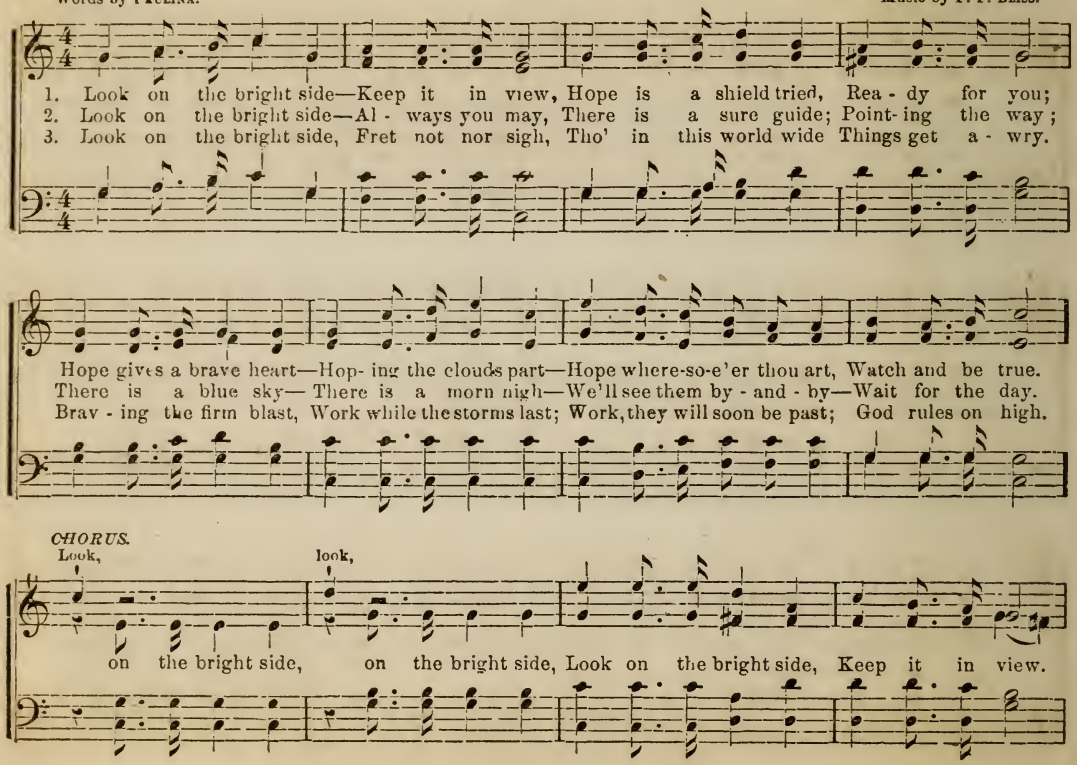
CHORUS.

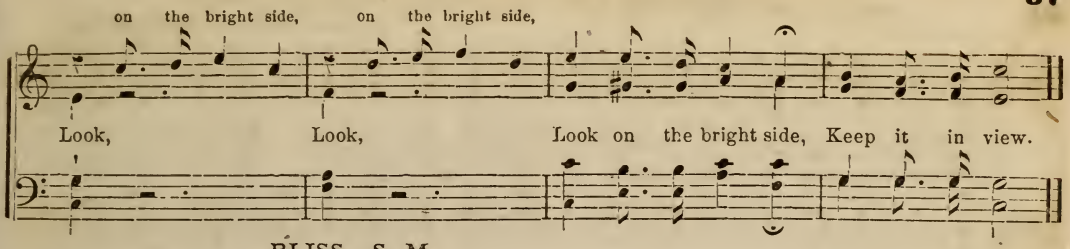




LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE.

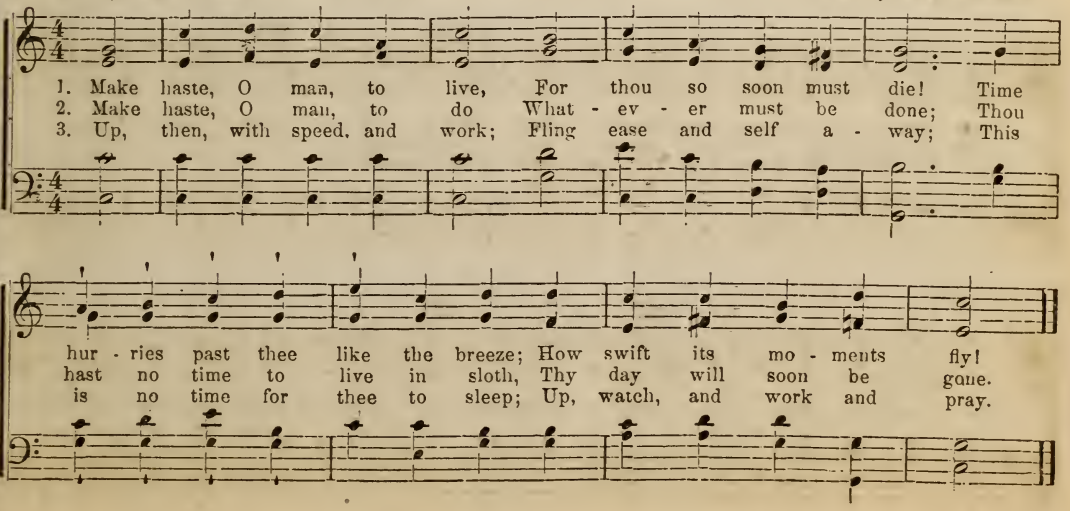
Words by PAULINA. Music by P. P. BLISS.





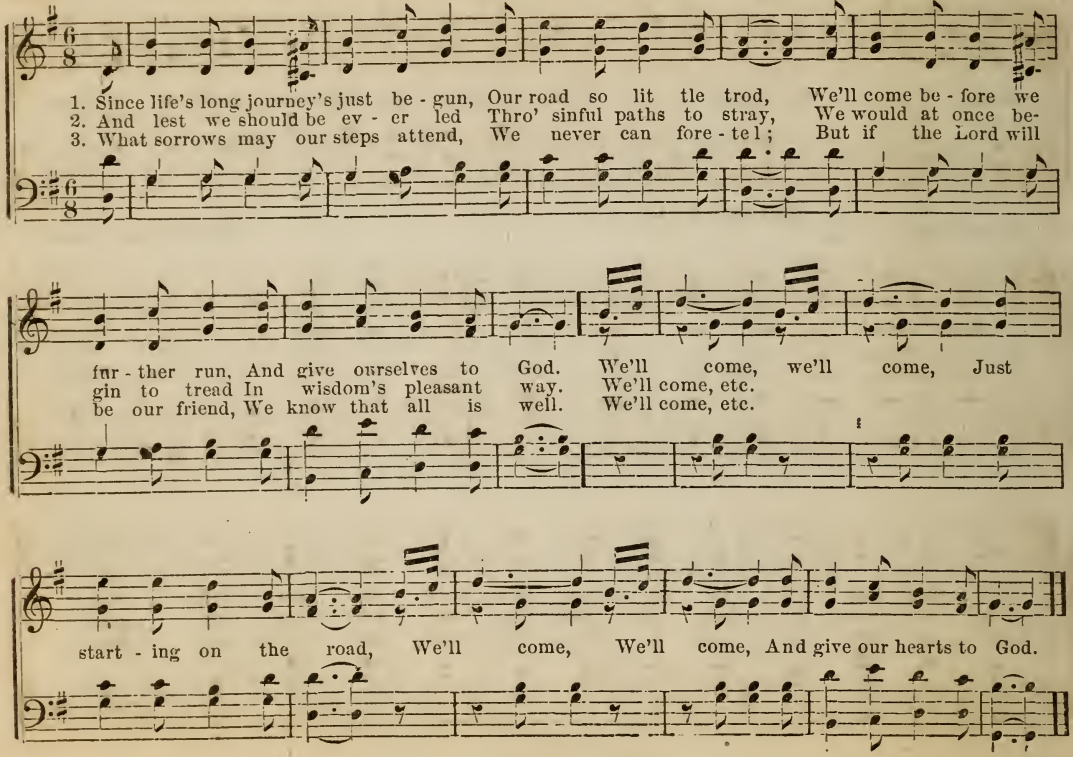
BLISS. S. M.

Words by Horatio Bonar. Music by Israel Brundage.



JUST STARTING OUT.

Words and Music by ALBERT N. MATSON.



WONDROUS LOVE.

With feeling.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.

3. No merit of our own; wondrous love, wondrous love.
He saves by grace alone; wondrous love.
Chorus.

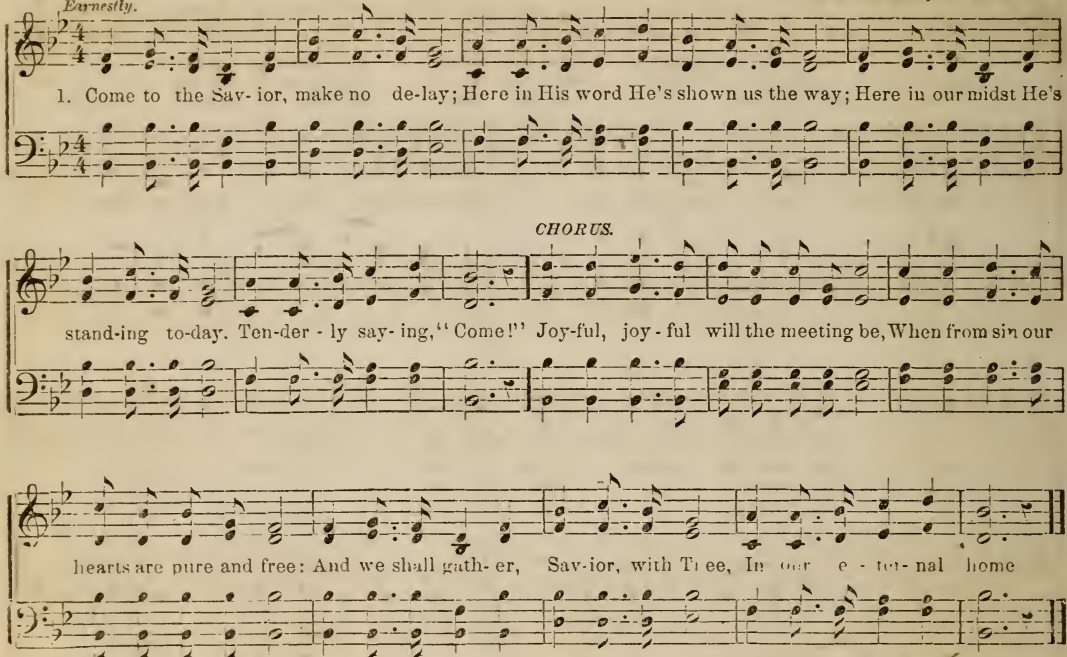
4. He offers life to-day; wondrous love, wondrous love.
Accept it while ye may; wondrous love.
Chorus.

Music by Mrs. P. P. Bliss.

sin the dou-ble cure— Save me, Lord, and make me pure. Be of
hand no price I bring; Sim - ply to thy cross I cling. In my
A - - - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee! Rock of
Be of sin the dou - ble cure— Save me, Lord, and make me pure.
sin the dou-ble cure— Save me, Lord, and make me pure.
hand no price I bring; Sim - ply to thy cross I cling.
A - - - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee!
Be of sin the dou - ble cure. Save me, Lord. and make me pnre.
Rit.

COME TO THE SAVIOR.

Words and Music by Geo. F. Root.



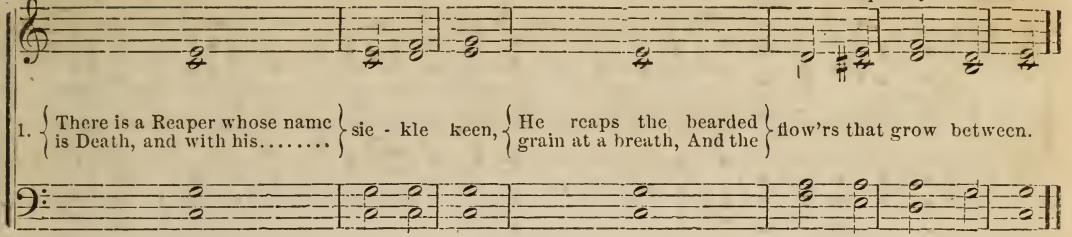
2. "Suffer the children!" Oh, hear his voice;
Let every heart leap forth and rejoice,
And let us freely make Him our choice;
Do not delay, but come. *Chorus.*

3. Think once again, He's with us to day;
Heed now His blest commands and obey;
Hear now His accents tenderly say,
"Will you, my children, Come?" *Chorus.*

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

(*From* MANUAL OF MUSIC, *by permission.*)

Adapted by W. LUDDEN.



1. There is a Reaper whose name is Death, and with his..... sie - kle keen, He reaps the bearded grain at a breath, And the flow'rs that grow between.

2. "Shall I have naught that is fair?" saith he; "Have naught but the..... bearded grain? Tho' the breath of these flow'rs is sweet to me, I'll give..... them all back again."

3. He gazed at the flow'rs with tearful eyes, He kissed their... drooping leaves; It was for the Lord in Paradise, He..... bound them in his sheaves.

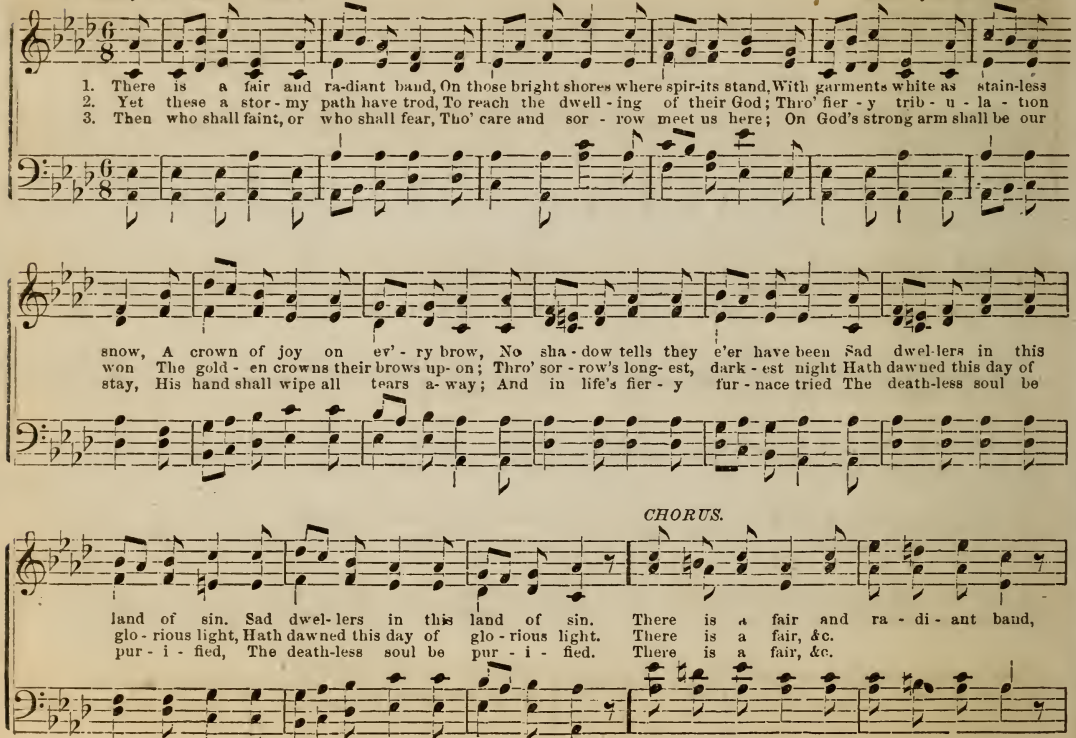
4. "My Lord has need of these flow'rets gay," The Reaper... said and smil'd, "Dear tokens of the earth are they, Where He was once a child."

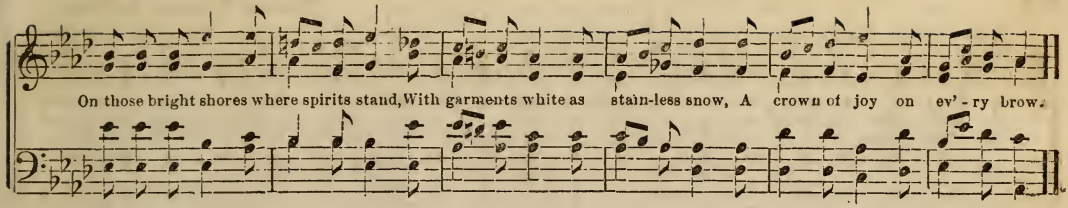
5. "They shall all bloom in fields of light, Transplanted..... by my care, And saints upon their garments white, These sacred blossoms wear.

6. And the mother gave in tears and pain, The flowers she.... most did love; She knew she should find them all again In the fields of light above.

7. O not in cruelty, not in wrath, The Reaper..... came that day; 'Twas an angel visited the green earth, And.... took the flow'rs away.

Words by Mrs. MARY B. CLARK. Music by J. M. STILLMAN.

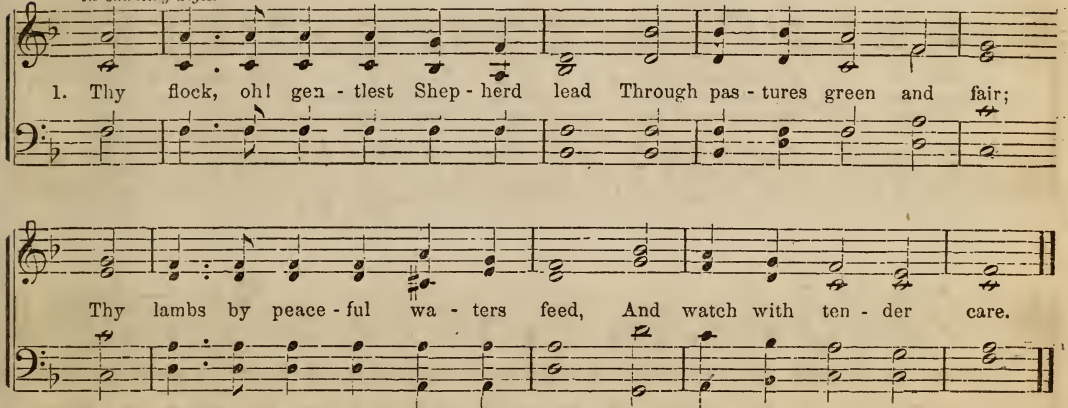




PEACEFUL WATERS. C. M.

Words by Mrs. Mary B. Clark. Music by J. M. Stillman.

In Chanting Style.



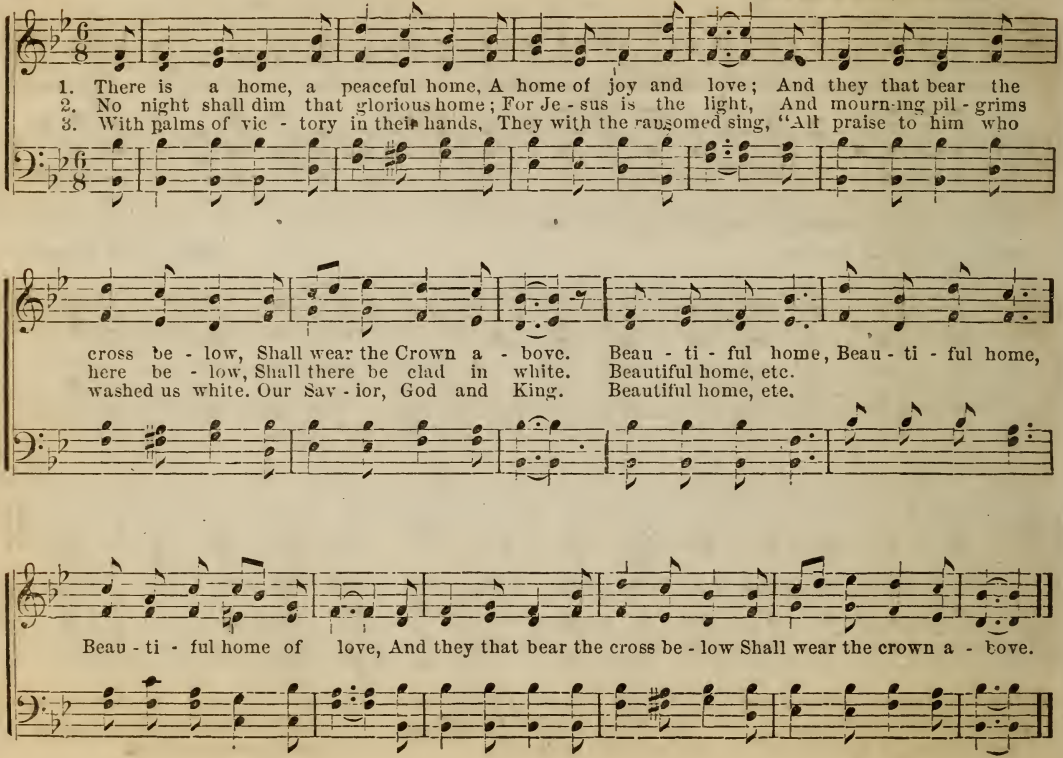
2. If e'er these youthful feet should stray
Beyond the narrow fold
And bleeding from life's thorny way,
Stand shivering in the cold—

3. Oh! draw them gently back to thee,
And bind them with thy love;
From fangs of serpents set them free,
And stains of sin remove.

4. Through all earth's journeyings of pain,
Its tangled paths untried,
Be Thou, oh! Crucified! and Crowned!
Our Leader and our Guide.

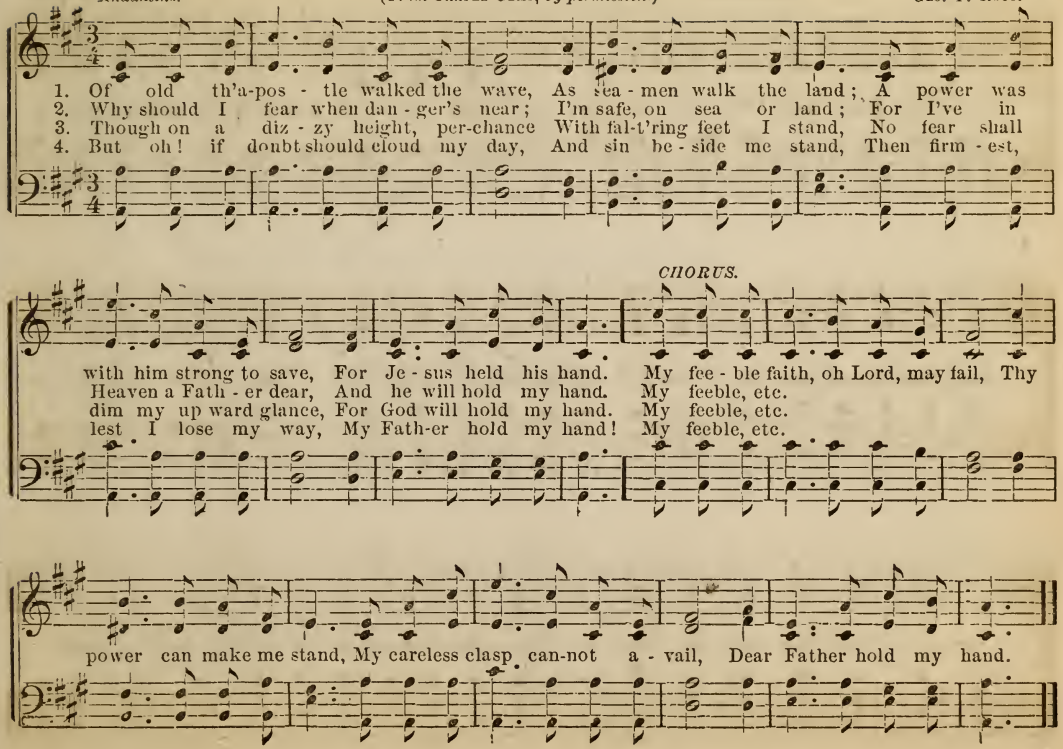
BEAUTIFUL HOME OF LOVE.

Words and Music by J. H. Tenney.



FATHER, HOLD MY HAND.

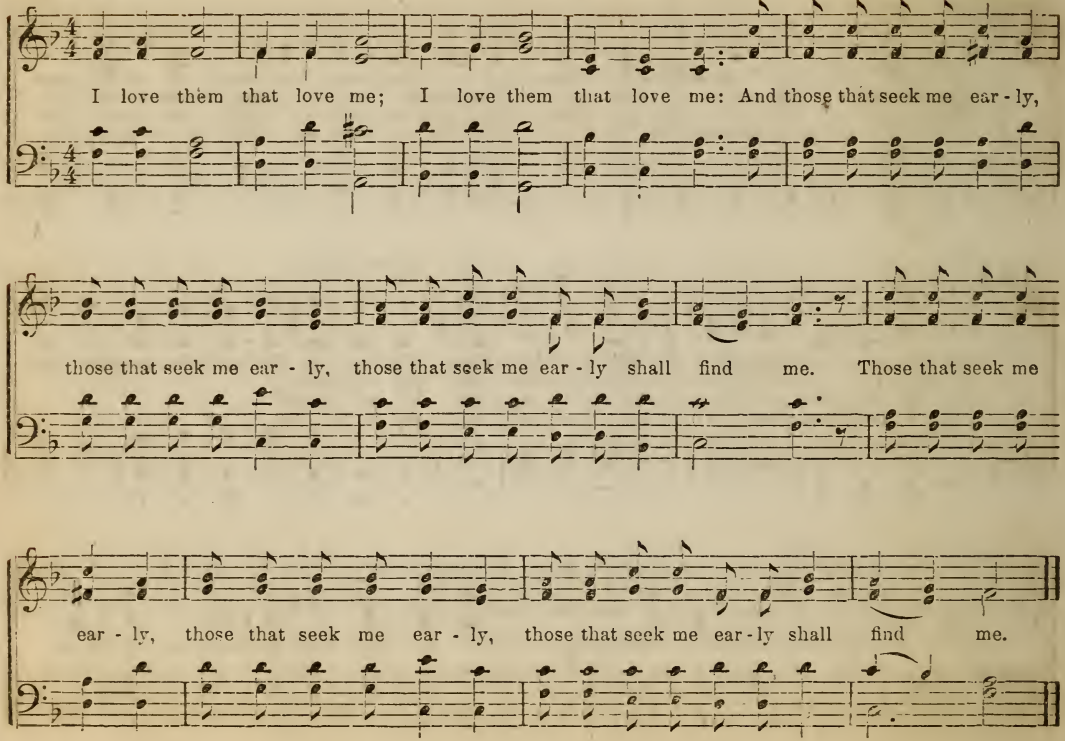
Andantino. (*From* CHAPEL GEMS, *by permission.*) GEO. F. ROOT.

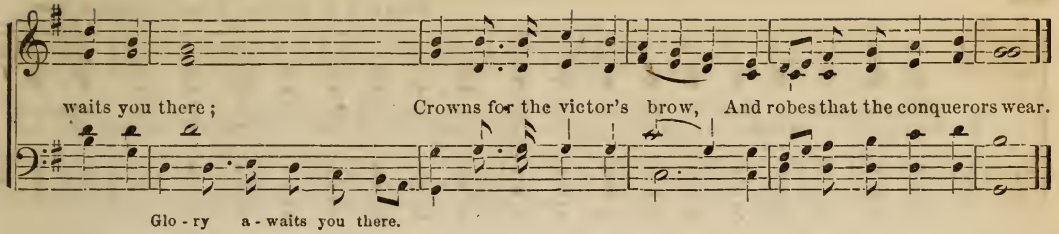


VOICE OF WISDOM.

Proverbs viii: 17.

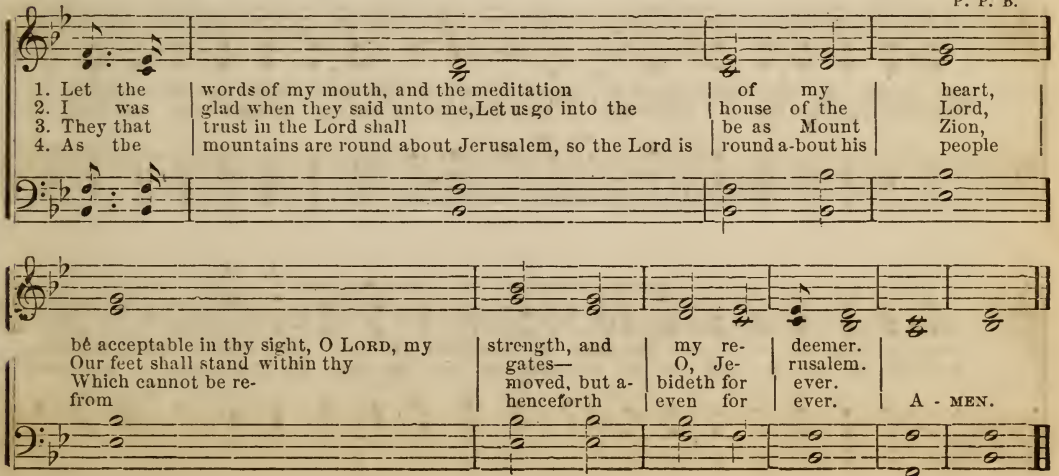
P. P. Bliss.





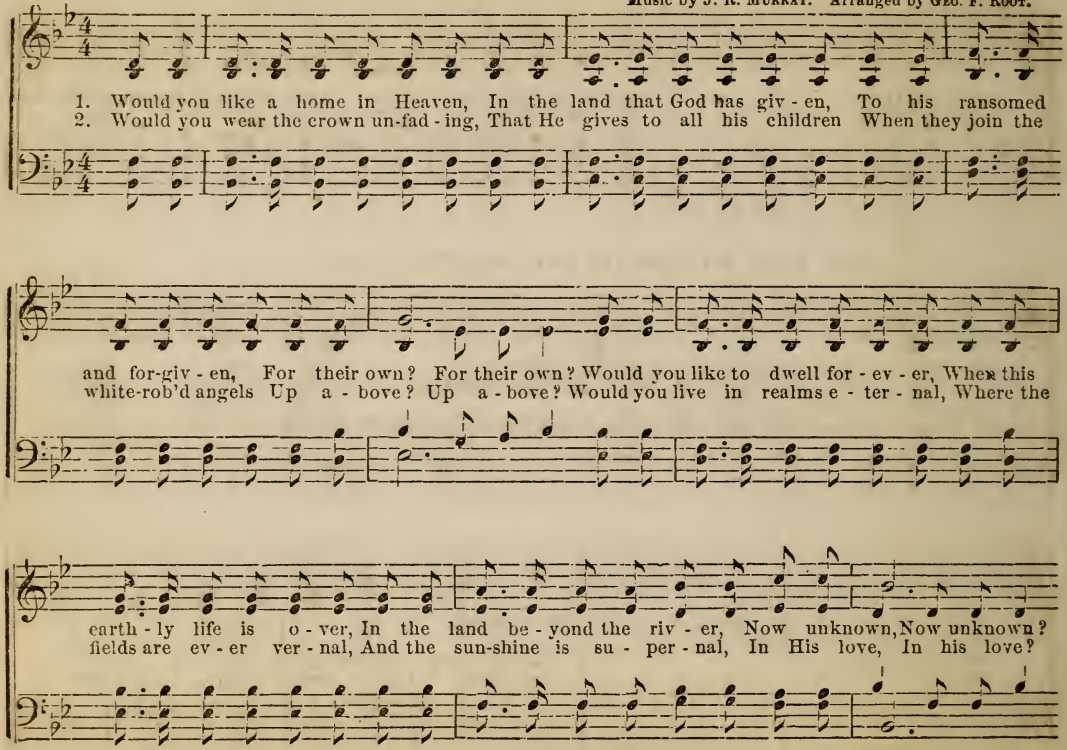
LET THE WORDS OF MY MOUTH—Chant.

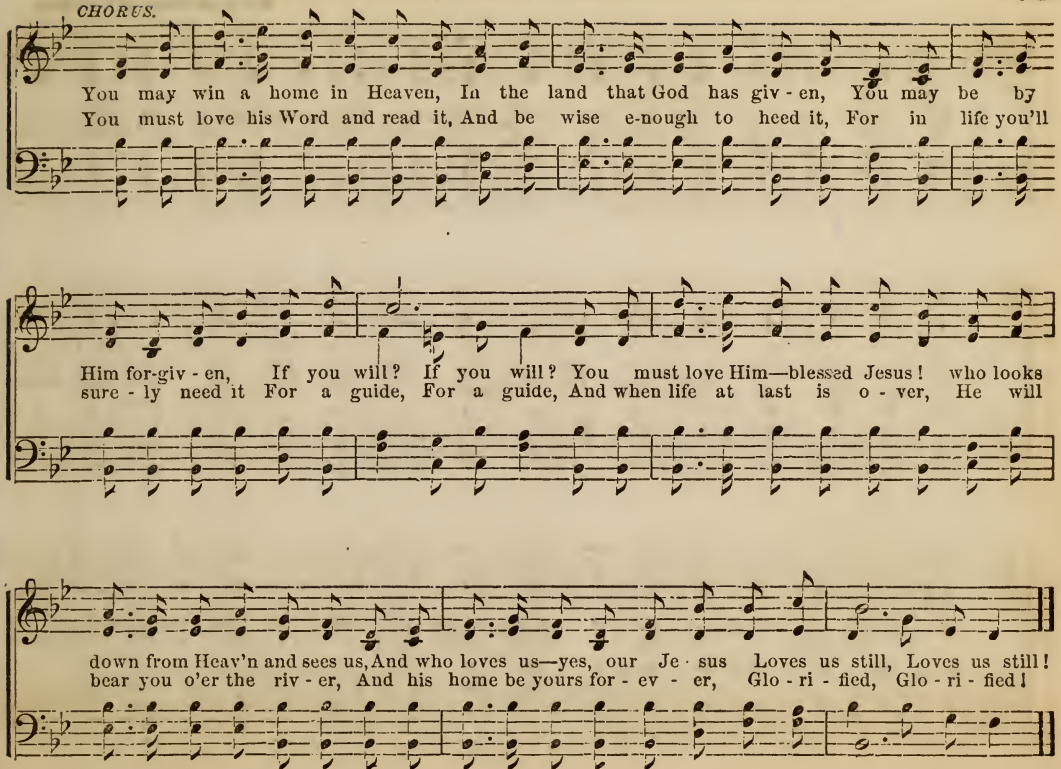
P. P. B.



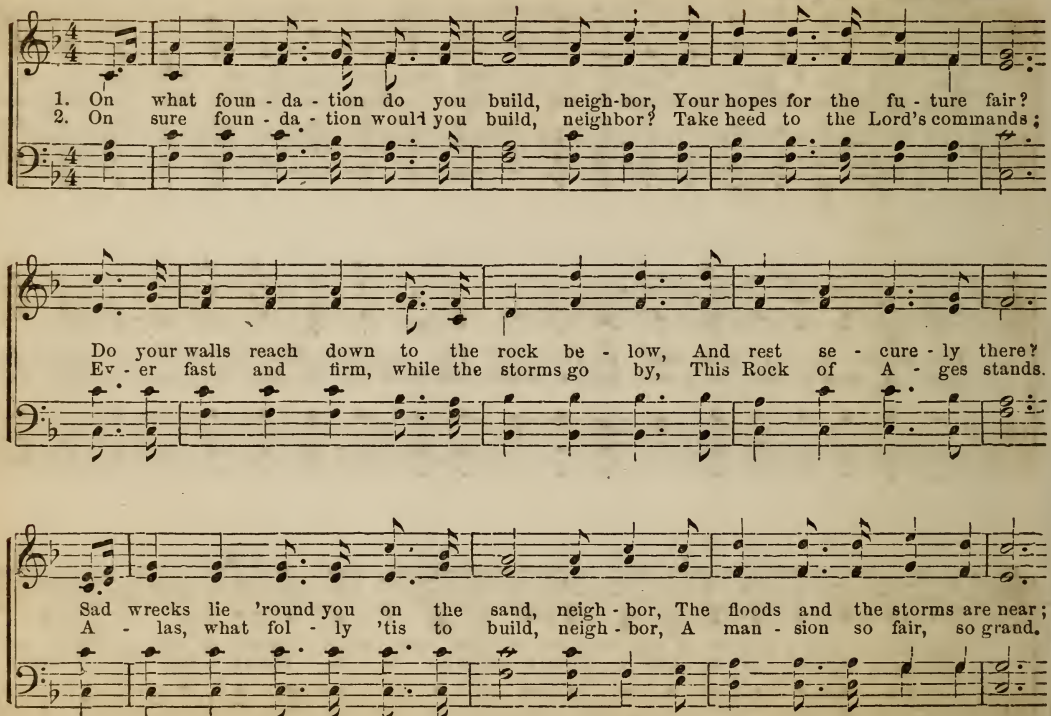
A HOME IN HEAVEN.

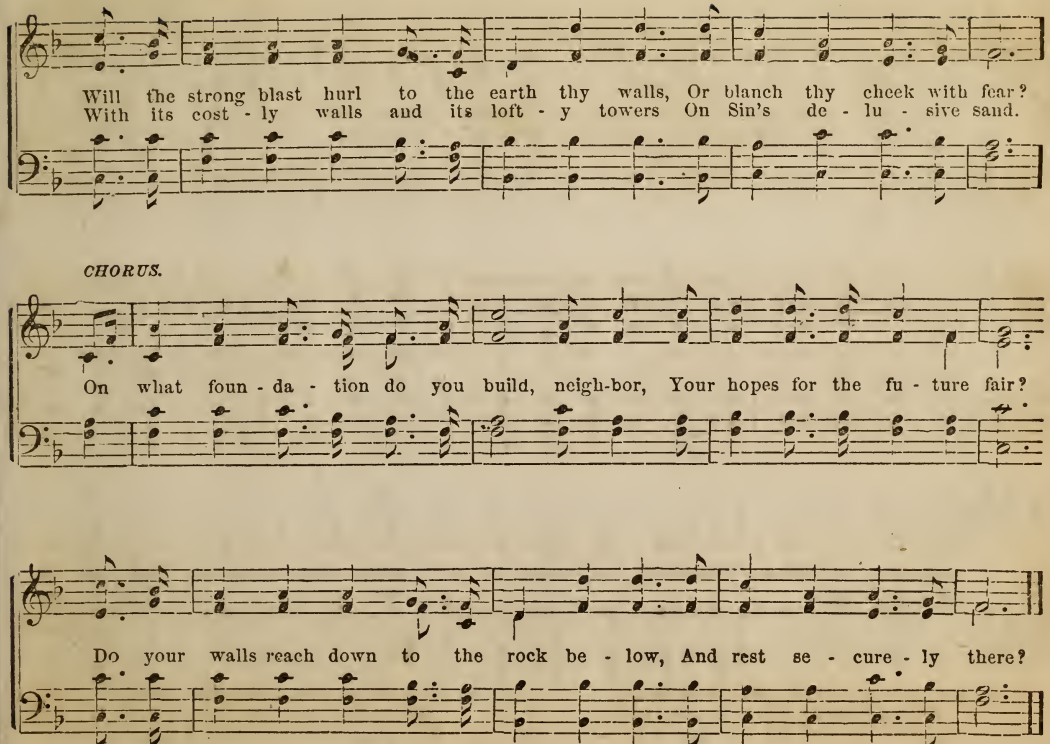
Music by J. R. MURRAY. Arranged by GEO. F. ROOT.



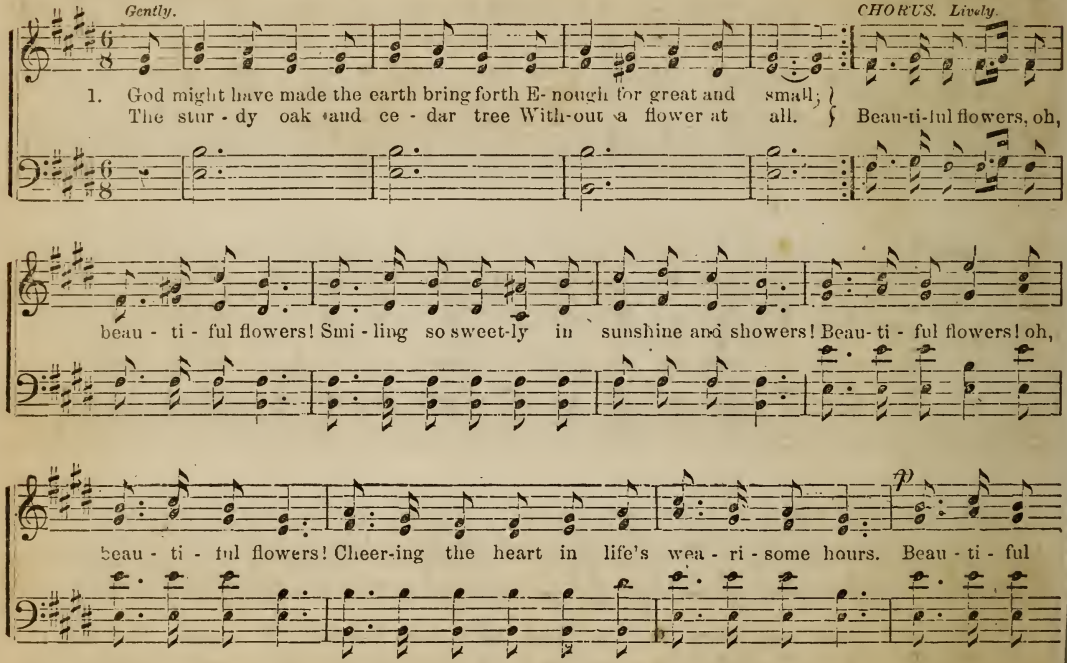

CHORUS.
You may win a home in Heaven, In the land that God has giv - en, You may be by
You must love his Word and read it, And be wise e-nough to heed it, For in life you'll
Him for-giv - en, If you will? If you will? You must love Him—blessed Jesus! who looks
sure - ly need it For a guide, For a guide, And when life at last is o - ver, He will
down from Heav'n and sees us, And who loves us—yes, our Je - sus Loves us still, Loves us still!
bear you o'er the riv - er, And his home be yours for - ev - er, Glo - ri - fied, Glo - ri - fied!

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.



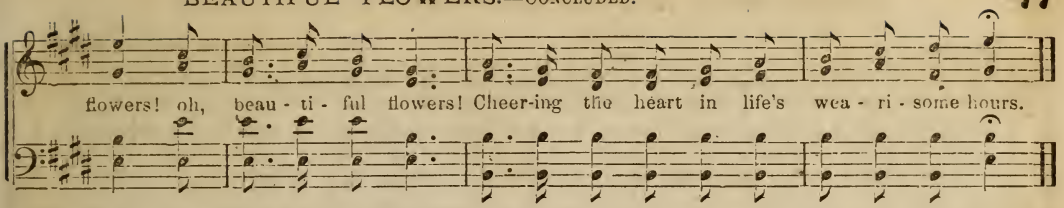

Will the strong blast hurl to the earth thy walls, Or blanch thy cheek with fear?
With its cost - ly walls and its loft - y towers On Sin's de - lu - sive sand.
CHORUS.
On what foun - da - tion do you build, neigh-bor, Your hopes for the fu - ture fair?
Do your walls reach down to the rock be - low, And rest se - cure - ly there?

Words by Mary Howitt. Music by P P. Bliss.



2. Our outward life requires them not,
Then wherefore had they birth?—
To give delight to you and me,
To beautify the earth:

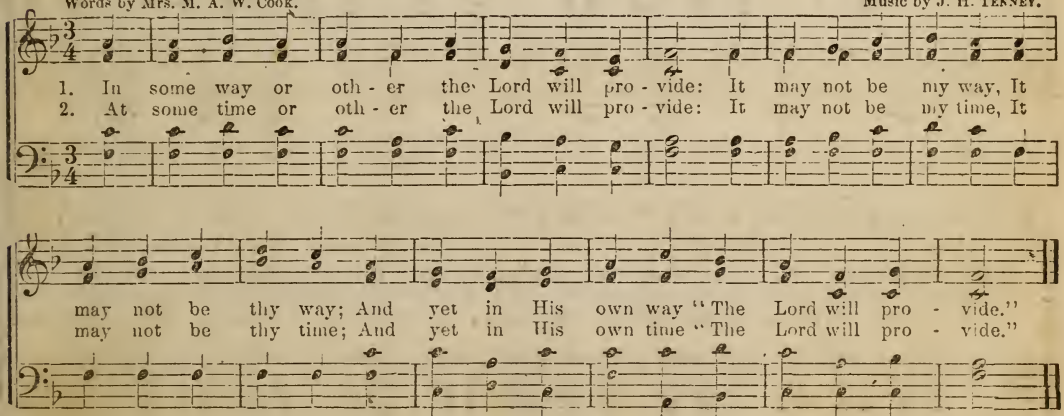
3. To comfort man, to whisper hope,
Whene'er his faith is dim:
For whoso careth for the flowers,
Will care much more for Him.



JEHOVAH JIREH.

(THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.)

Words by Mrs. M. A. W. Cook. Music by J. H. Tenney.



3. Despond, then, no longer; the Lord will provide:
And this be the token—
No word He hath spoken
Hath ever been broken—
"The Lord will provide."

4. March on, then, right boldly; the sea shall divide;
With Canaan before us,
With Heaven's mercy o'er us,
We'll join in the chorus,
"The Lord will provide."

WHICH ROAD ARE YOU CHOOSING?

WRITTEN FOR THE YOUNG MEN OF AMERICA.

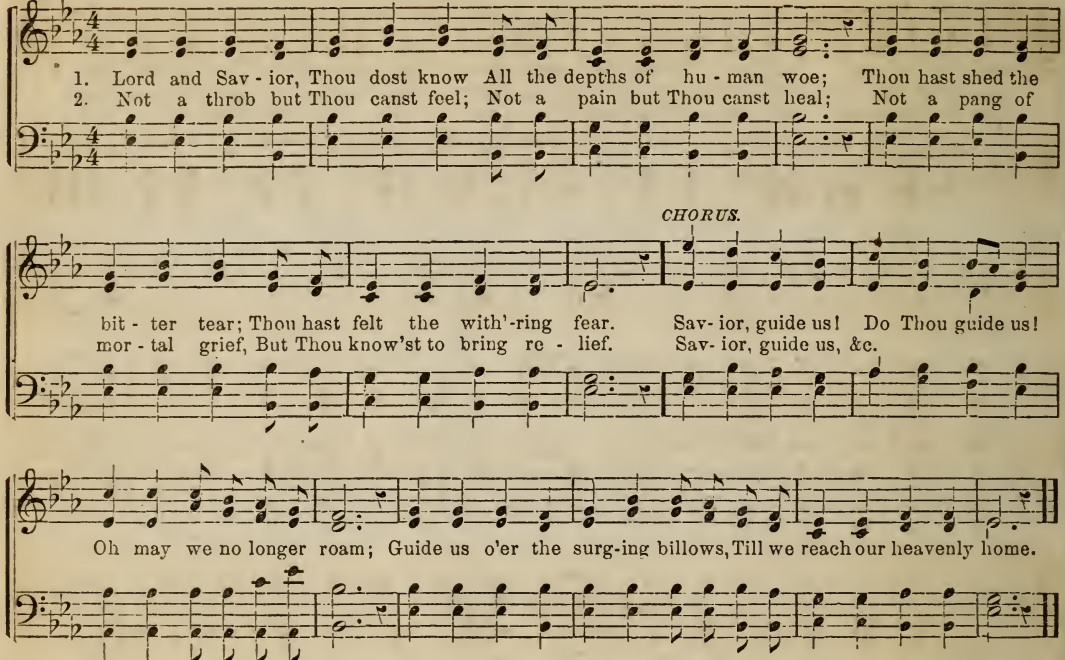
Moderato.

Words and Music by GEO. F. ROOT.

- struction at last, And that in the straight narrow way You're safe when the tri-als are past.
way which is broad; Be - lov-ed, what-e'er may ap - pear, That way leads to death's dark a- bode.
- lone to his hand; But He will lead past ev'- ry foe, Safe, safe to His heav-en-ly land.
CHORUS.
Then why are you doubt - ful, young friends, Which road of these two you should take?
Oh, think of the life that de - pends Up - on the de - cis - ion you make.

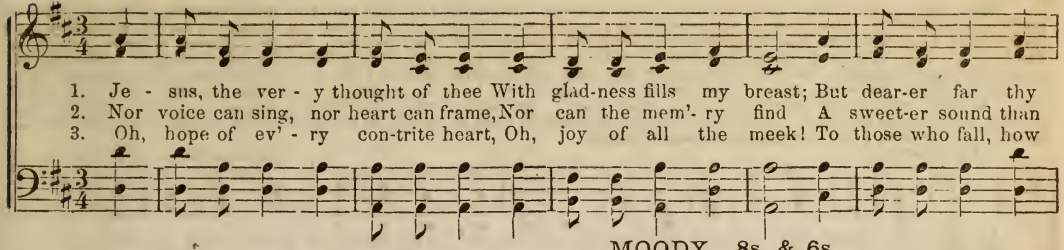
SAVIOR, GUIDE US.

Music by Geo. F. Root.



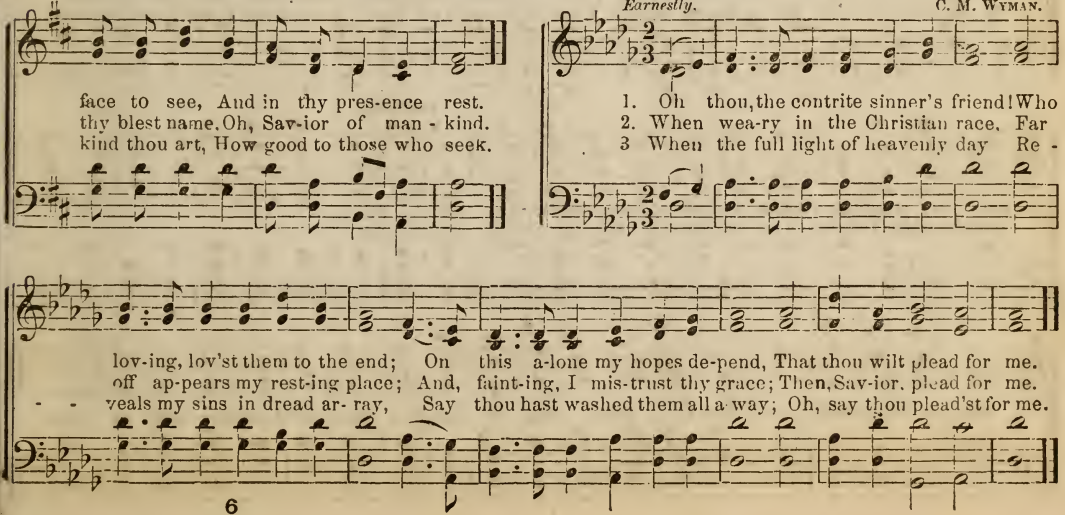
3. Do Thou shed a ray of love,
From Thy shining throne above,
In our hearts, where human might
Fails to kindle warmth or light. *Chorus.*

4. When the raging floods are nigh,
To Thine open arms we'll fly;
Sure the waters will not dare
To o'erwhelm our spirits there. *Chorus.*



MOODY. 8s & 6s.

Earnestly. C. M. Wyman.

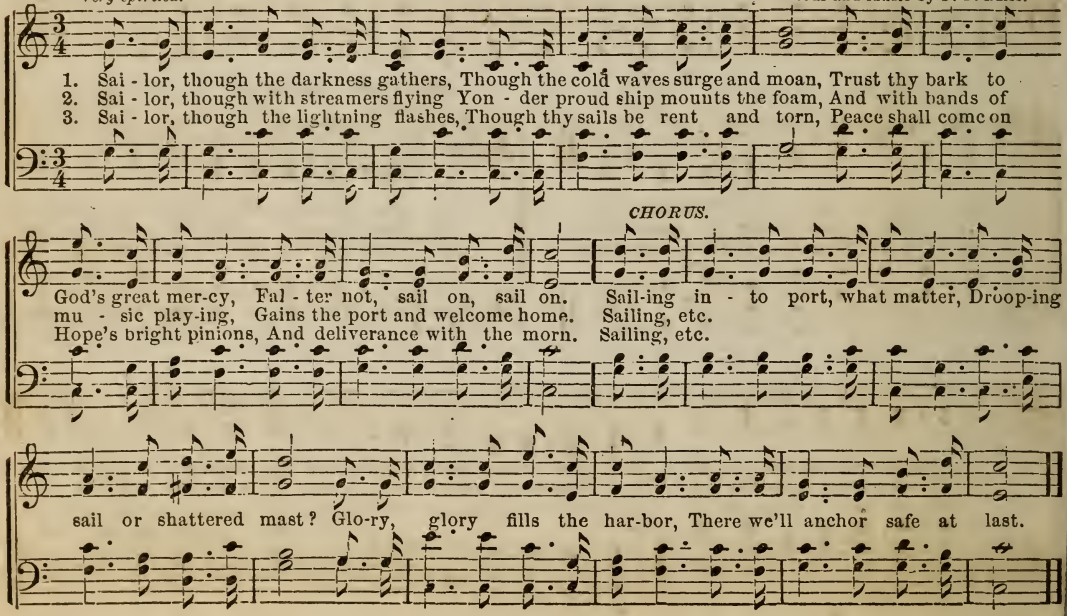


SAILING INTO PORT.

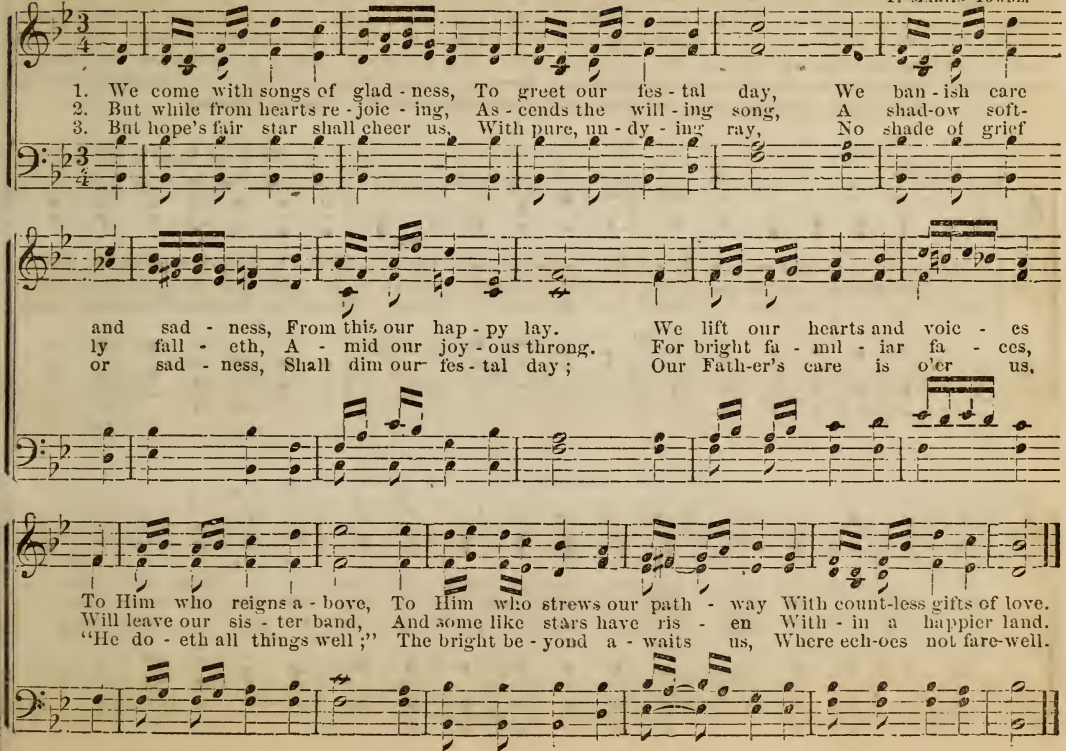
"Some Ships cross the ocean with clear skies, smooth seas and fair winds, and come into port with streamers flying and bands of music making jubilee. Others come in storms, with the sky black as night, the wind like a hurricane, and the sea like mountains—and they come in all battered, yards gone, masts splintered, hardly enough left to hang together. But the difference amounts to nothing. The only important thing from first to last is, not what the log says about storm or calm, but that they all steer close to the compass, and do their best to make the harbor. So they only get there safely, what happened to them by the way is of no account. So as to God's children. There may, there will be vast variety of experience: to some, prosperity, success, joy—to others, adversity, defeat, grief. But what may be your lot or mine, is of no consequence. The one only thing of moment is, that we stick close to our chart and push for port with all our might. So we gain that, the pleasures or perils of the way do not matter."—*Extract from a sermon preached by Dr. E. P. Goodwin. First Congregational Church, Chicago.*

Very spirited.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.

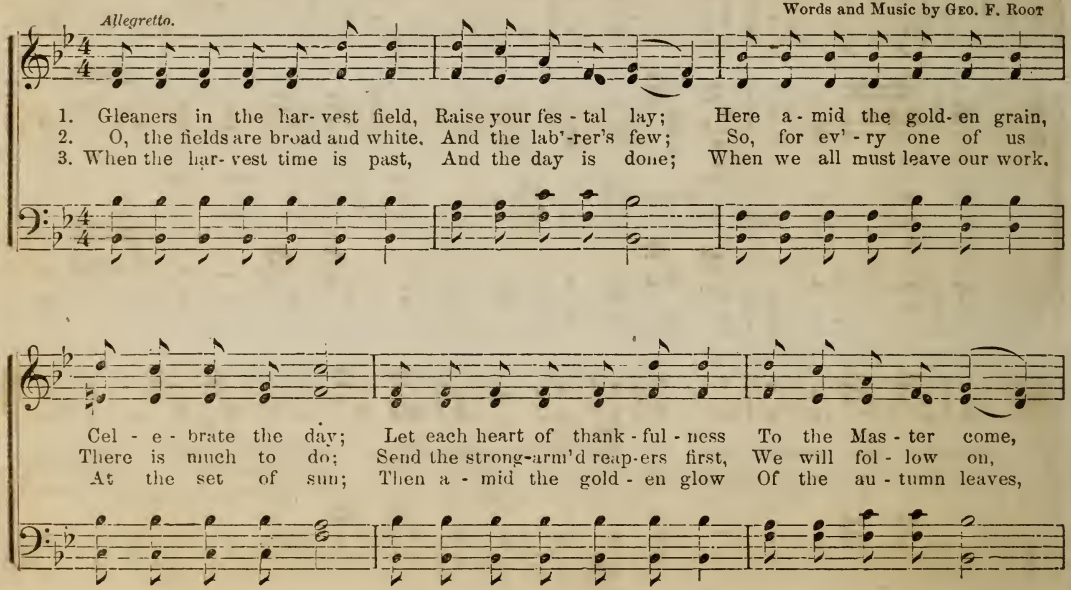


T. Martin Towne.

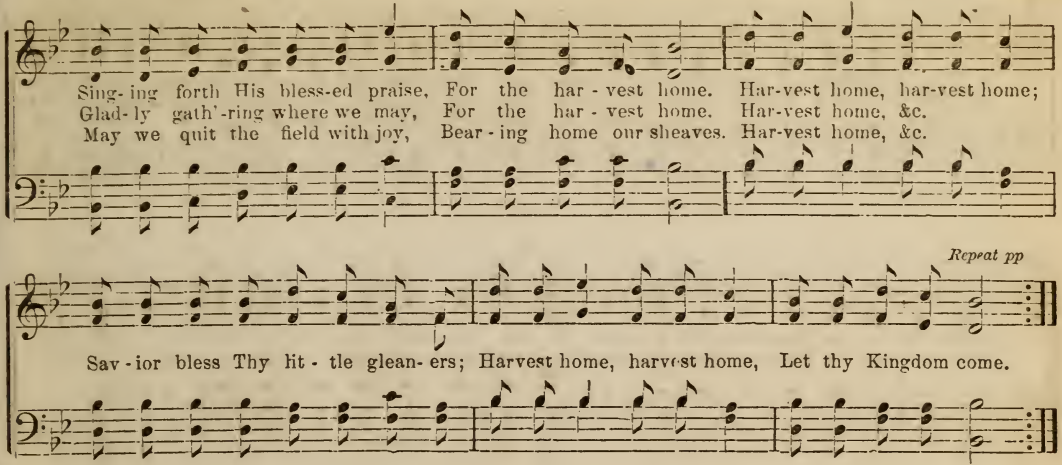


In Hyde Park, one of the suburban towns of Chicago, is a company of ten girls who support a Bible reader (one who goes from house to house), and also support and educate a young girl, both in Harpoot, Turkey. This they do by their contributions, and by an annual festival, at which articles that they have made and collected are sold. They call this festival the "Harvest Home." They are called the "Busy Gleaners." Mrs. S. P. Farrington, their teacher and director, asked our Mr. Root to write a festival song for their coming "Harvest Home." The following, which is the result, will, we think, be regarded as one of this author's happiest efforts.—[EDITOR CHARM.]

Words and Music by GEO. F. ROOT

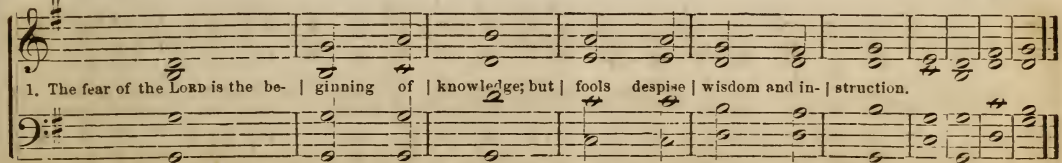


CHORUS.



PROVERBS OF SOLOMON—Chant.

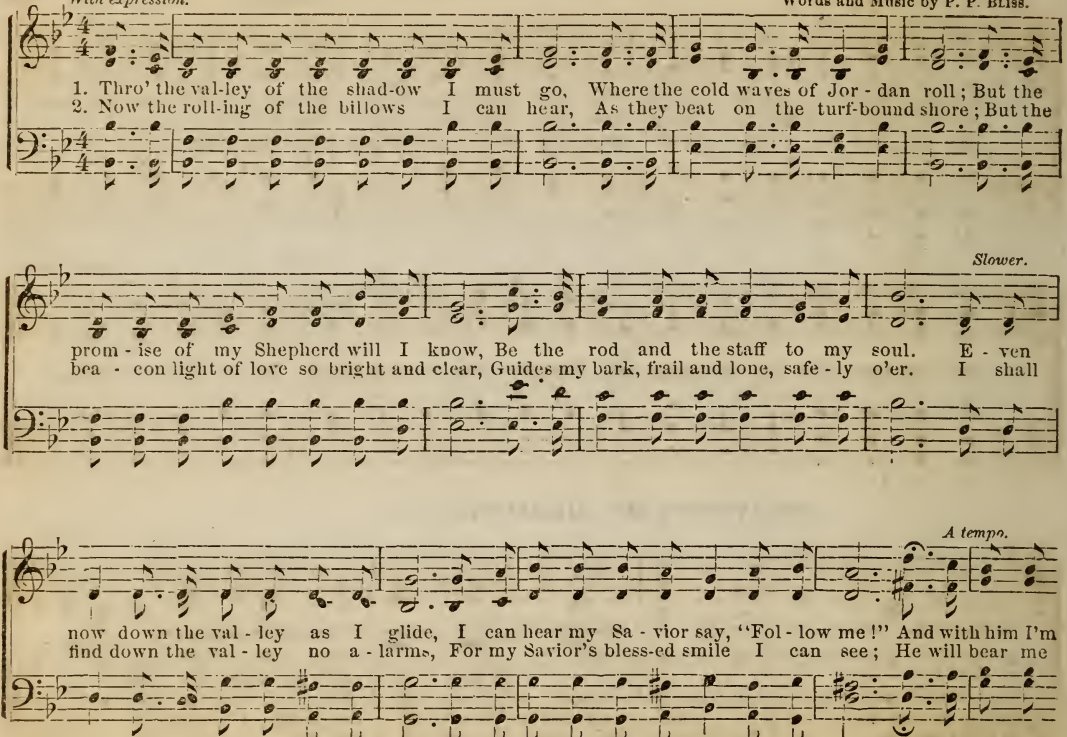
P. P. B.

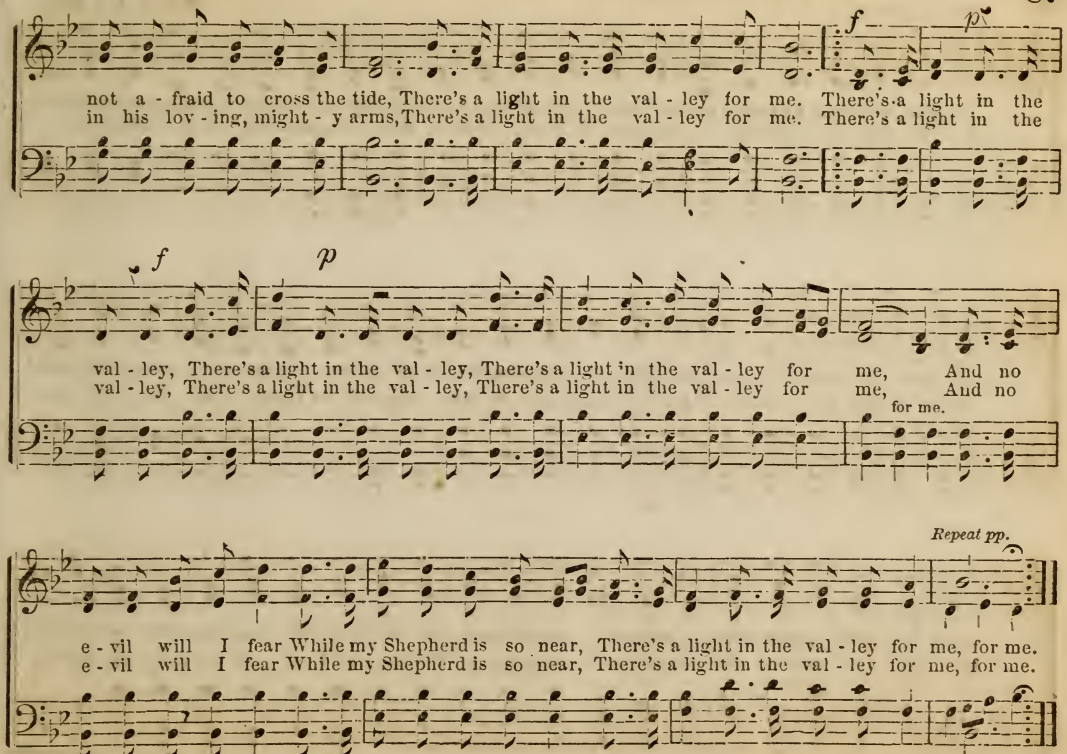


THERE'S A LIGHT IN THE VALLEY.

With expression.

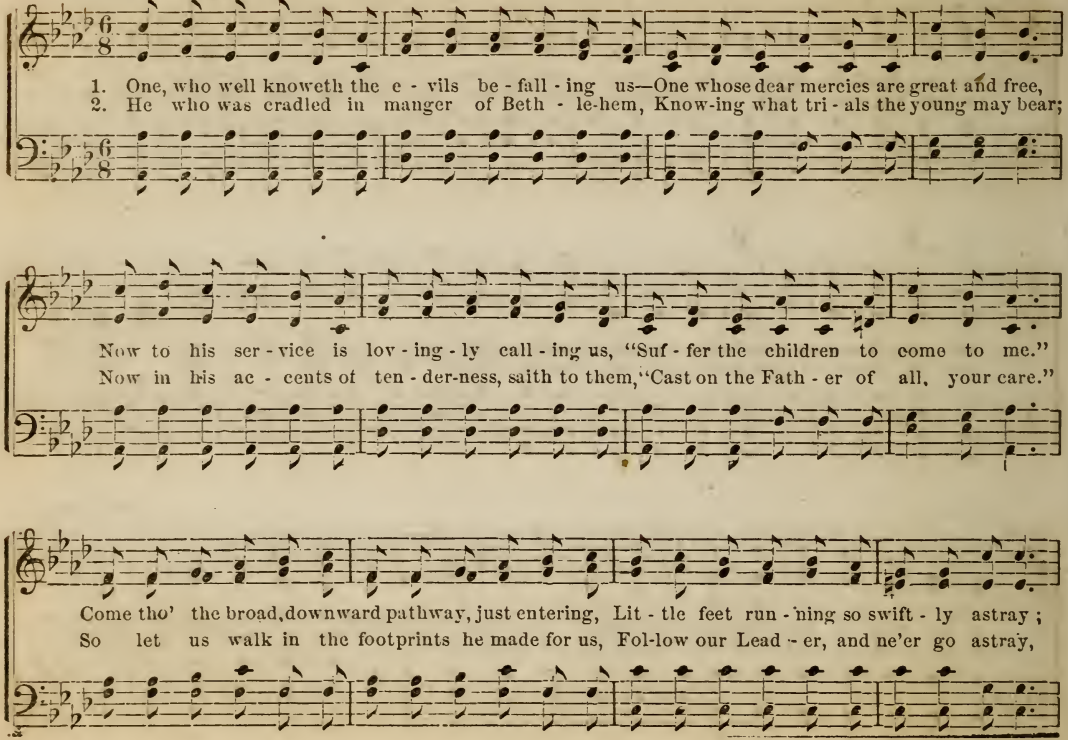
Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.

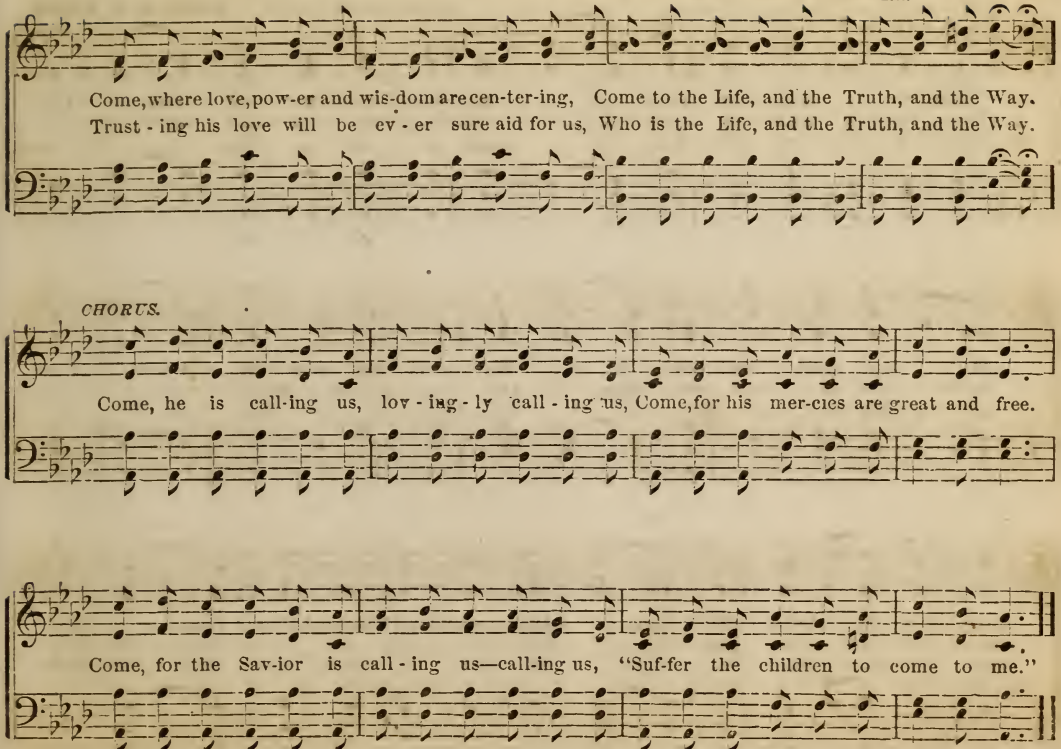



f
p
not a - fraid to cross the tide, There's a light in the val - ley for me. There's a light in the
in his lov - ing, might - y arms, There's a light in the val - ley for me. There's a light in the
f
p
val - ley, There's a light in the val - ley, There's a light in the val - ley for me, And no
val - ley, There's a light in the val - ley, There's a light in the val - ley for me, And no
for me.
Repeat pp.
e - vil will I fear While my Shepherd is so near, There's a light in the val - ley for me, for me.
e - vil will I fear While my Shepherd is so near, There's a light in the val - ley for me, for me.

COME, HE IS CALLING US.

Words by PAULINA. Music by P. P. BLISS.




Rit.
Come, where love, pow-er and wis-dom are cen-ter-ing, Come to the Life, and the Truth, and the Way.
Trust - ing his love will be ev - er sure aid for us, Who is the Life, and the Truth, and the Way.
CHORUS.
Come, he is call-ing us, lov - ing - ly call - ing us, Come, for his mer-cies are great and free.
Come, for the Sav-ior is call - ing us—call-ing us, "Suf-fer the children to come to me."

LAND OF BEAUTY.

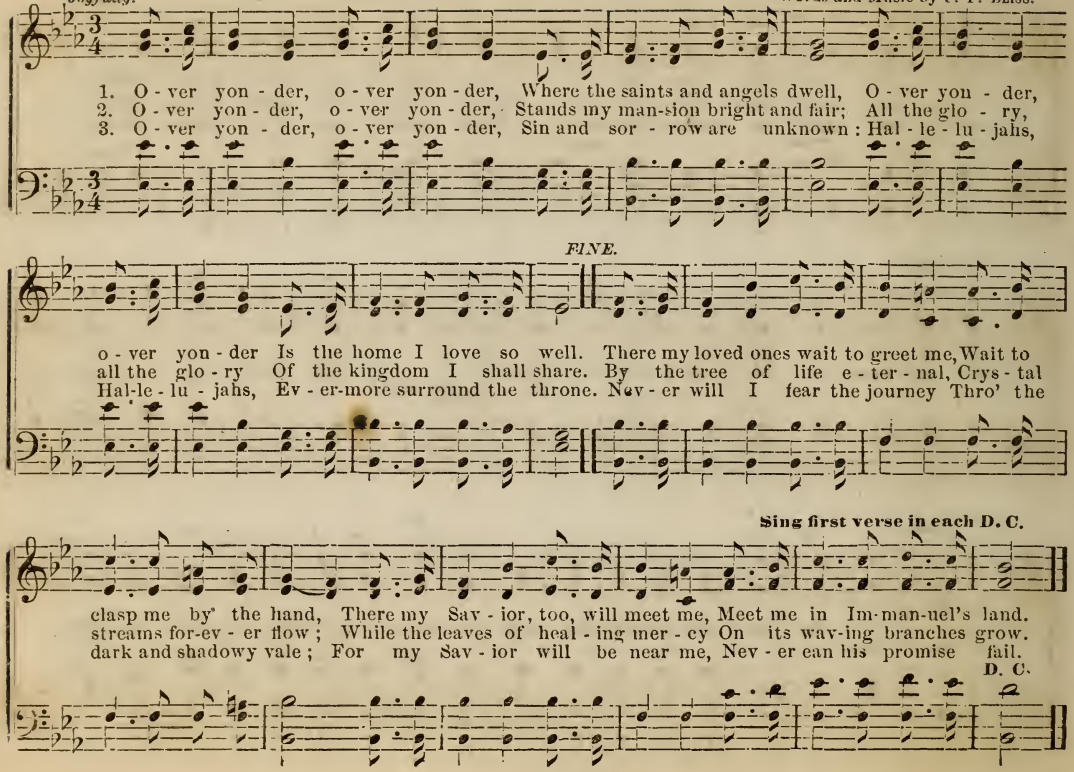
Words from S. S. Visitor. Music by W. W. Wallace.

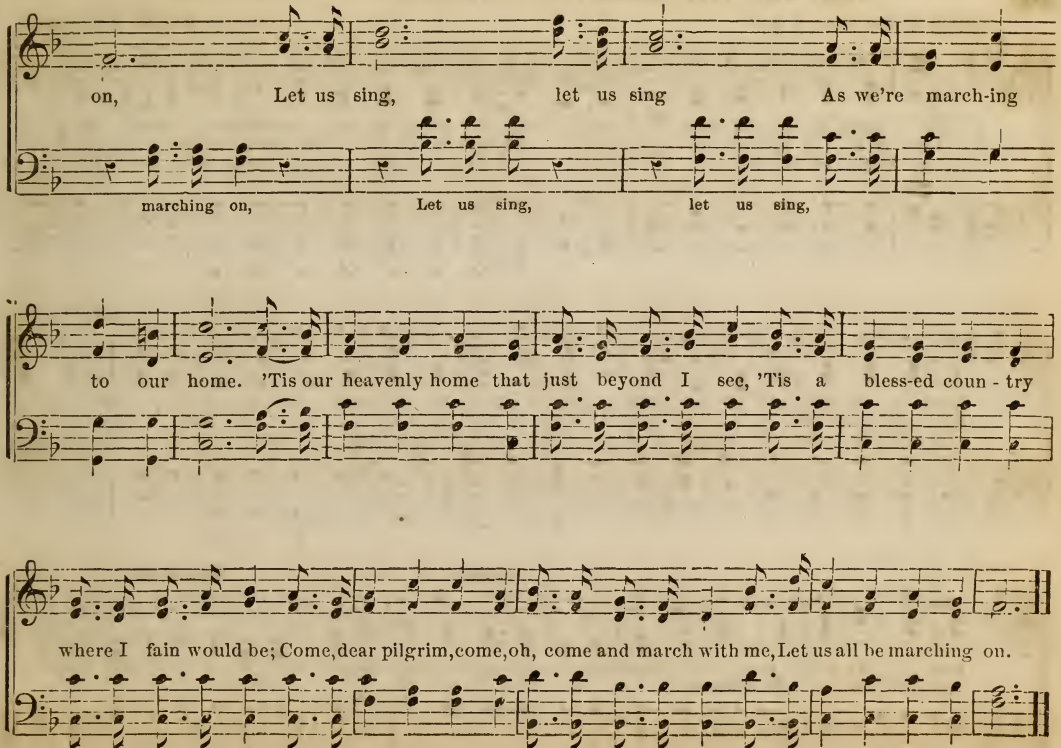
Is - rael crossed the Jor - dan,.... And reached the prom - ised rest.....
all the wide do - min - ions.... Are em - 'blems peace - ful seen...
thou my soul to heav - en,.... Thine own dear Fa - ther - land....
CHORUS.
Oh the beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful land!..... Its gates are o - pen to -
beau - ti - ful land!
are
day;..... The an - gels stand on the gold - en strand, And beckon my soul a - way.
o - pen to - day;

OVER YONDER.

Joyfully.

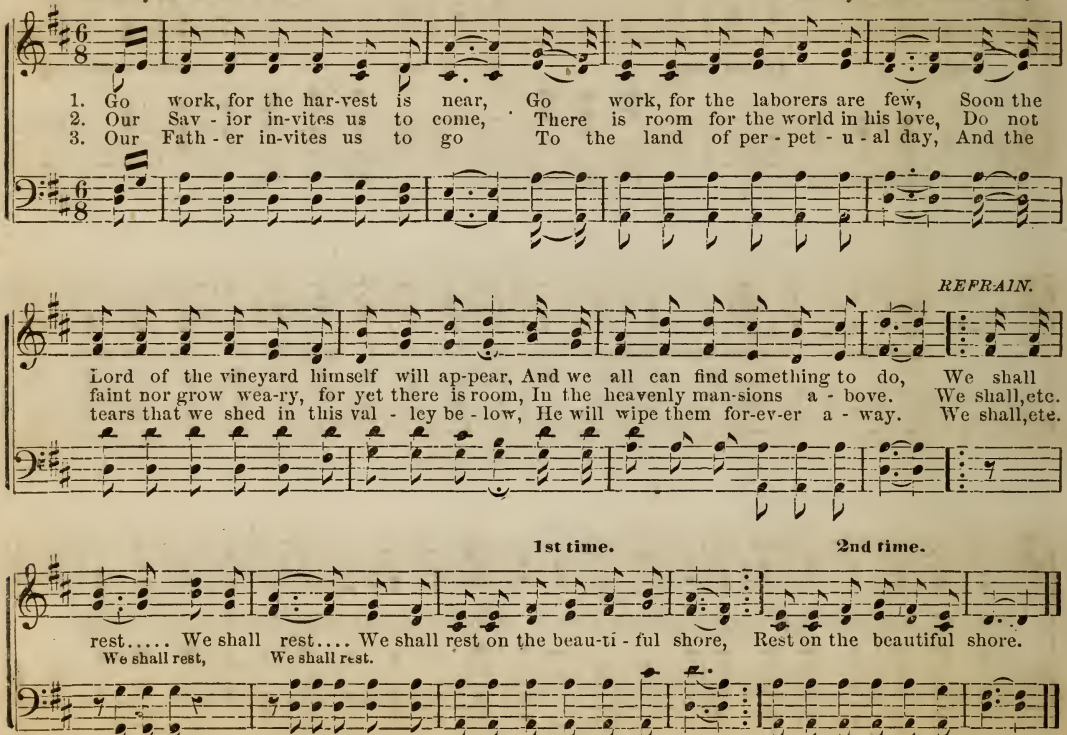
Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.




on, Let us sing, let us sing As we're march-ing
marching on, Let us sing, let us sing,
to our home. 'Tis our heavenly home that just beyond I see, 'Tis a bless-ed coun - try
where I fain would be; Come, dear pilgrim, come, oh, come and march with me, Let us all be marching on.

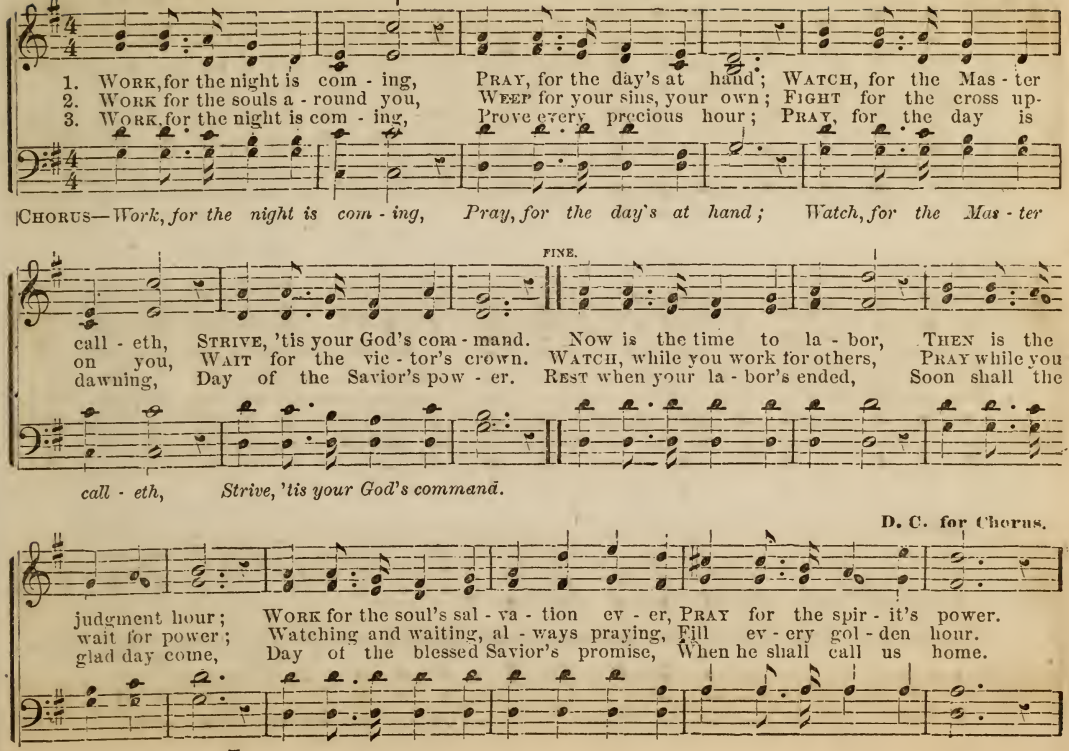
REST ON THE BEAUTIFUL SHORE.

Words by Miss MARY E. KAIL. Music by WILLIAM W. BENTLEY.



WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

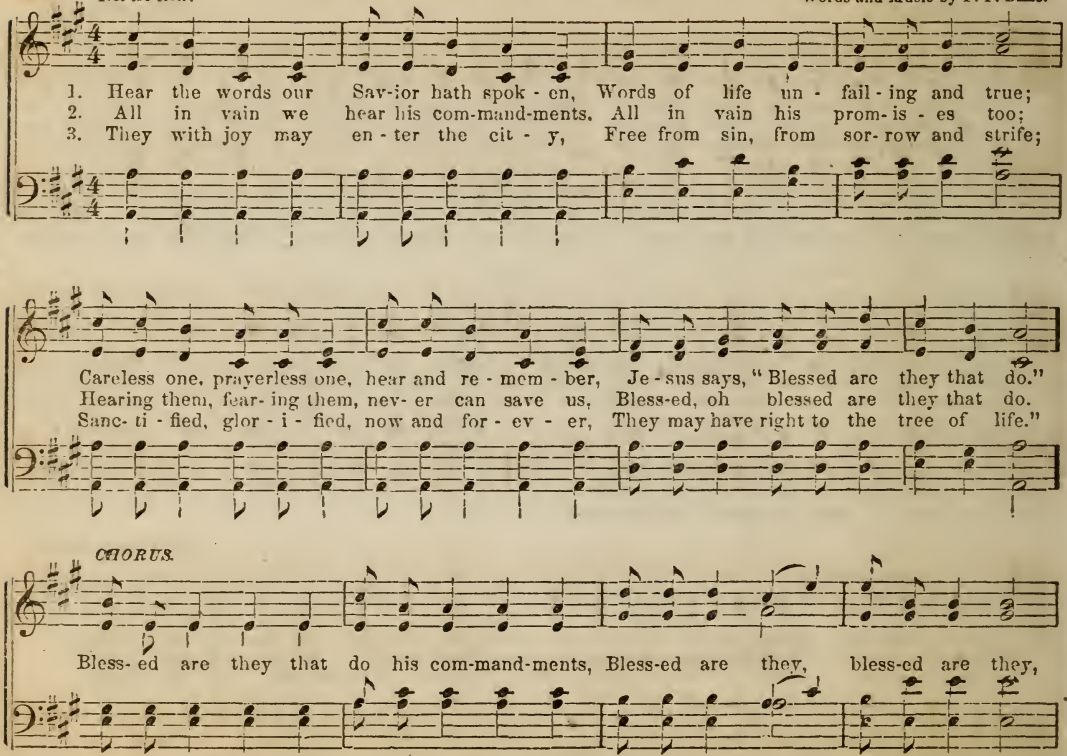
With spirit. JAMES R. MURRAY.



BLESSED ARE THEY THAT DO.

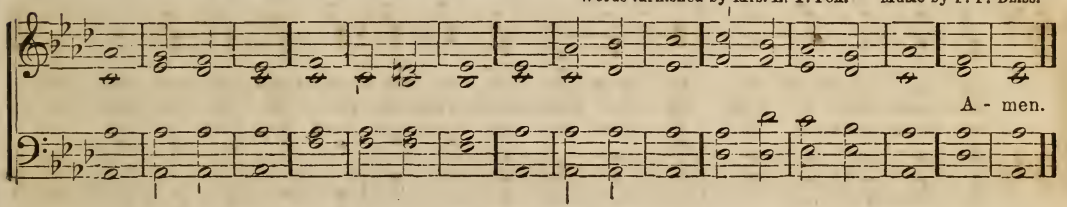
Not too slow.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.



PERFECT REST.—Chant.

Words furnished by Mrs. E. T. Fox. Music by P. P. Bliss.



1. Savior, I | come to | thee,‖
A weary child, with pain and | care op- | prest;‖
O, let me lean this aching, | burden'd | heart
Up-‖ on thy | loving | breast!

2. The way is | very | dark;‖
I cannot see it, Lord, through | these my | tears!‖
Take thou my hand and draw me | up to | thee
Through ‖ all the | lonely | years.

3. I have no | strength, dear | Lord;‖
O, let me lie where I can | kiss thy | feet,‖
And look up from the dust in- | to thine | eyes
That ‖ are so | true and | sweet!

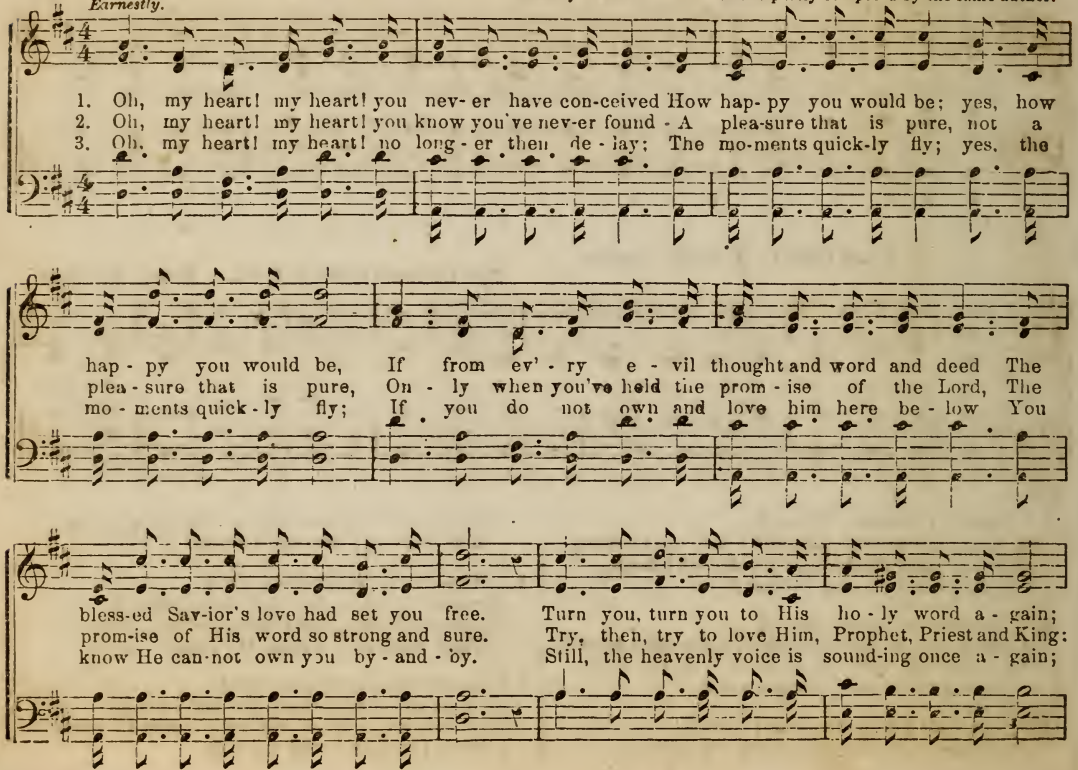
4. Speak to me | soft and | low,‖
My spirit yearneth for one | little | word‖
To cheer the still, sad silence | of my | life;
One ‖ word from | thee, O | Lord!

5. O, Savior, | speak to | me;‖
And, as the river falls in- | to the | sea,‖
And sinks to sleep, so this my | wearied | heart
Shall ‖ find its | rest in | thee.

OH, MY HEART! MY HEART!

Words by Geo. F. Root. Music partly composed by the same author.

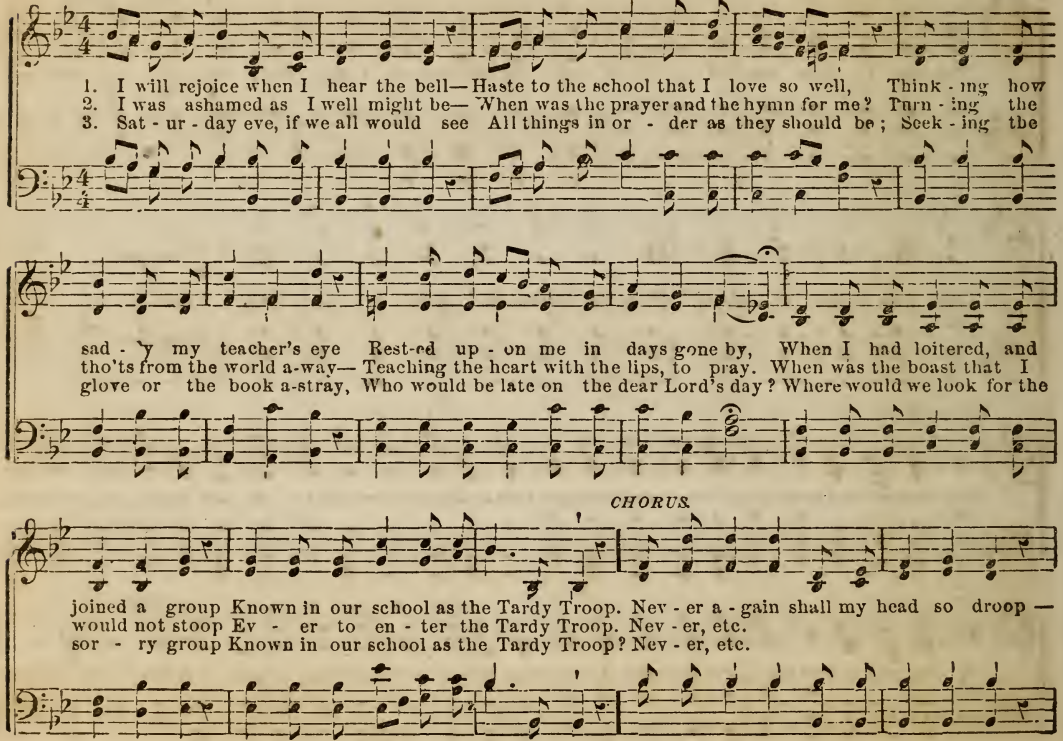
Earnestly.

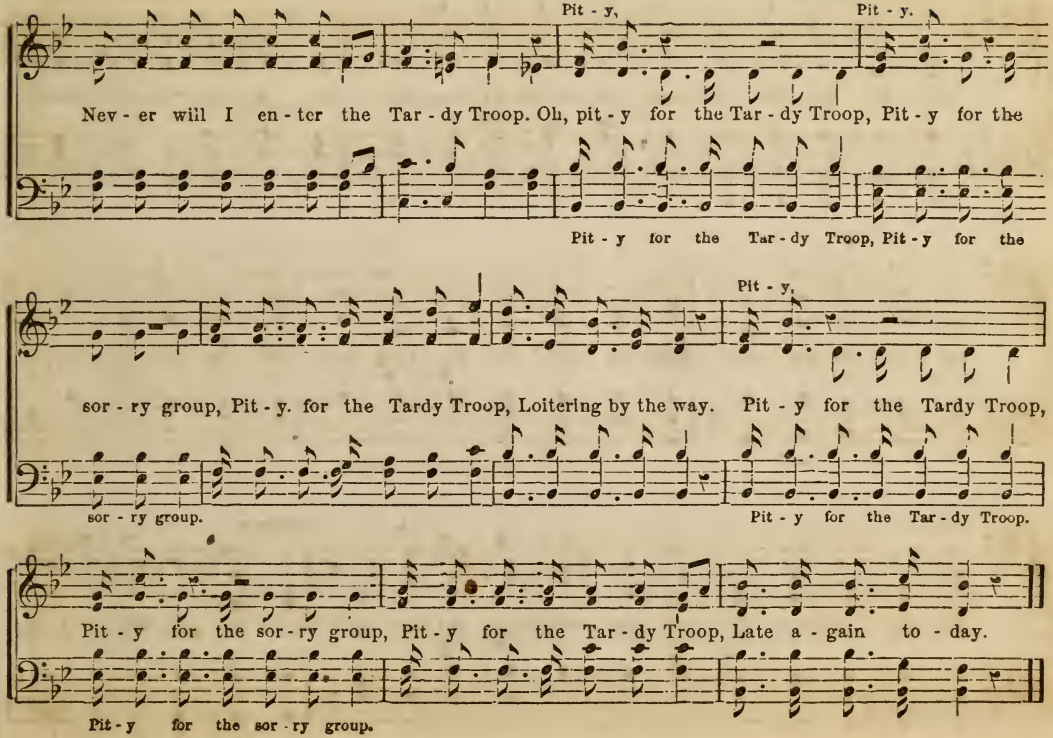


Ten-der-ly, how ten-der-ly He's call-ing while you roam; Give, oh give your-self and
all you have, to Him; "Wea-ry ones, and heav-y la-den, come."..... For
CHORUS.
Oh, my heart! my heart! you never have conceived How happy you would be; yes, how happy you would be,
free,
If you on-ly now could give yourself a-way, And let the bles-sed Sav-ior make you free, make you free.

THE TARDY TROOP.

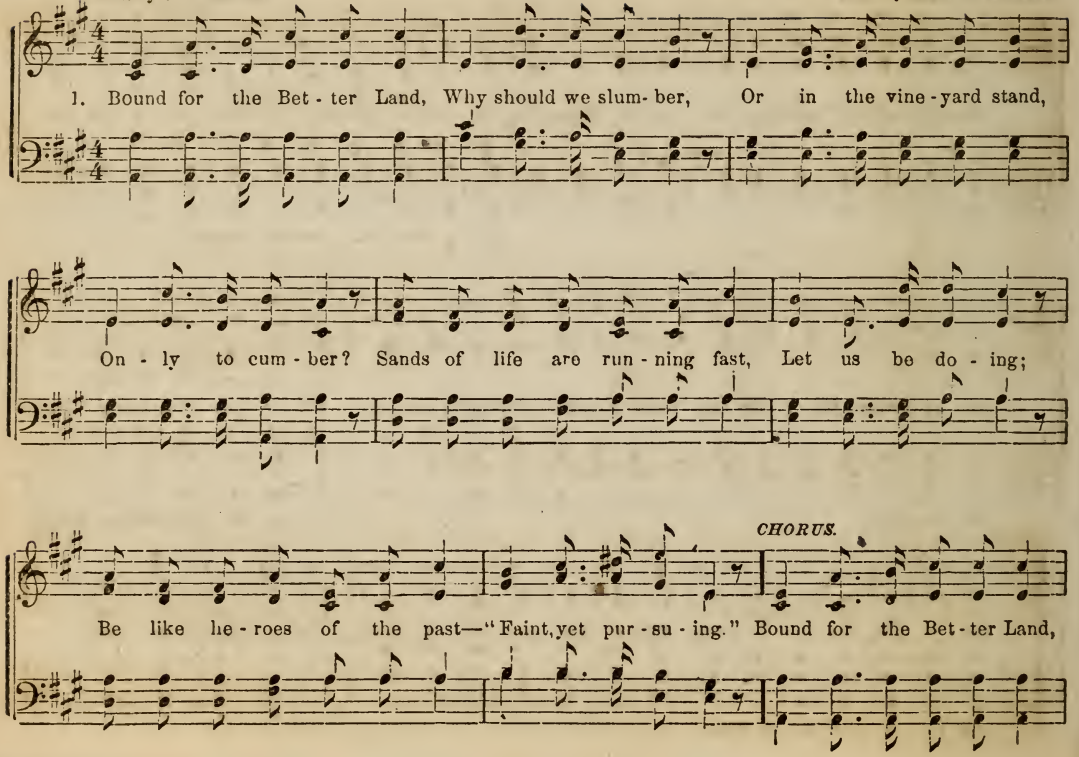
Words by PAULINA. Music by P. P. BLISS.

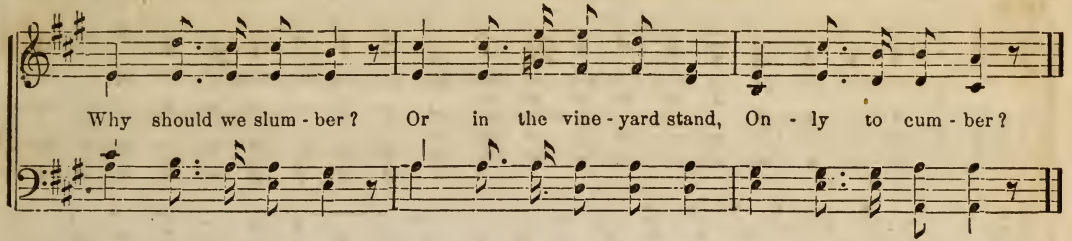



Pit - y,
Pit - y.
Nev - er will I en - ter the Tar - dy Troop. Oh, pit - y for the Tar - dy Troop, Pit - y for the
Pit - y for the Tar - dy Troop, Pit - y for the
Pit - y,
sor - ry group, Pit - y. for the Tardy Troop, Loitering by the way. Pit - y for the Tardy Troop,
sor - ry group.
Pit - y for the Tar - dy Troop.
Pit - y for the sor - ry group, Pit - y for the Tar - dy Troop, Late a - gain to - day.
Pit - y for the sor - ry group.

FAINT, YET PURSUING.

Words by S. H. Browne. Music by James R. Murray.



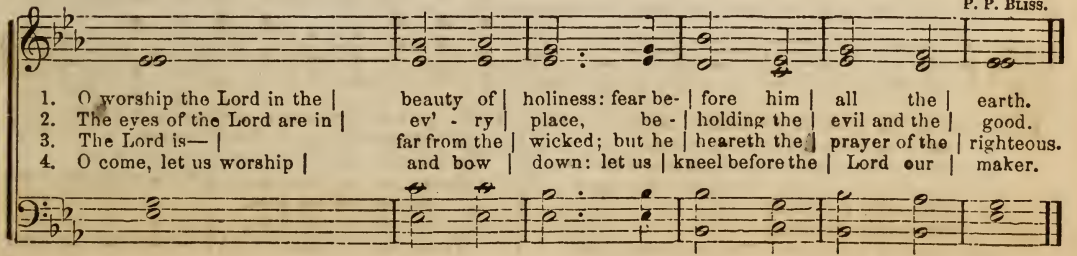


2. What though we wander here
Midst doubt and dangers?
Soon shall the shore appear,
Where these are strangers;
Where the pilgrim's broken staff
Needs no renewing:
Wine for wormwood shall we quaff—
"Faint, yet pursuing." *Chorus.*

3. Then for the Better Land
Let us be straining;
Stout heart and ready hand
Ground still are gaining.
We must wage a warfare brave,
Strong foes subduing;
Battling to the open grave—
"Faint, yet pursuing." *Chorus.*

BEAUTY OF HOLINESS.—Chant.

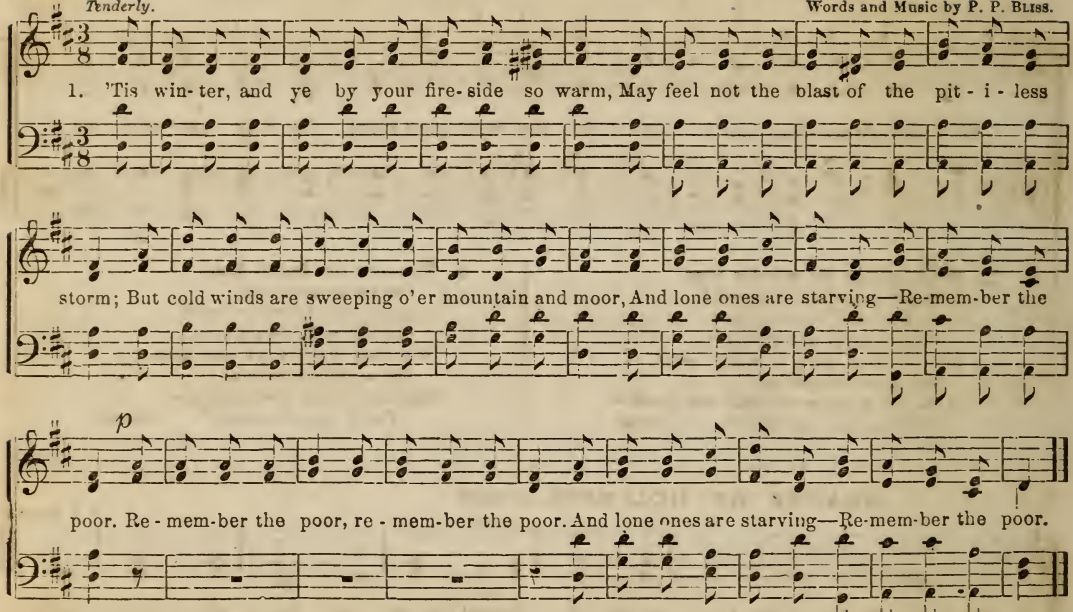
P. P. Bliss.



REMEMBER THE POOR.

Tenderly.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.



2. "To one of the least, in my name," saith the Lord,
"No visit of mercy shall lose its reward;"
But measure for measure shall earth-life restore,
And treasure in heaven—Remember the poor.
Remember the poor,
Remember the poor.
And treasure in heaven—Remember the poor.

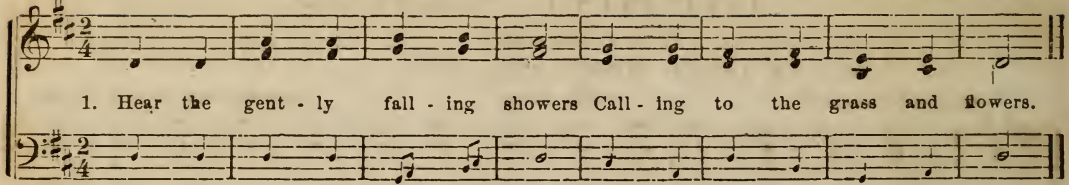
3. Oh, give of thy bounty, thy gratitude show;
So freely receiving, as freely bestow;
In mansions so fair on the evergreen shore,
Would you be remembered? Remember the poor.
Remember the poor,
Remember the poor.
Would you be remembered? Remember the poor.

INFANT CLASS.

GENTLE JESUS, MEEK AND MILD.

Slowly and prayerfully. (*Child's Prayer.*) Words and Music by H. R. PALMER.

Prepared by SARA J. TIMANUS.



(Children tap lightly with their finger-nails on seats or desks during the singing of these two lines, to imitate the pattering of the rain.)

Teacher recites—"He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass; as showers that water the earth."—*Psalms*, 72: 6.

2. Hear the softly whisp'ring breeze
Singing sadly through the trees.

(Children rub their hands lightly together while singing these two lines.)

Teacher recites—"For lo, he that formeth the mountains, and createth the wind, and declareth unto man what is his thought, that maketh the morning darkness, and treadeth upon the high places of the earth. The LORD, the God of hosts, is his name."—*Amos*, 4: 13.

3. Hear the noisy whistling gale,
Sounding over hill and vale.

(During the singing of these two lines, all rub their hands briskly together, and a part of the class force their breath through their teeth, to imitate the whistling of the gale.)

Teacher recites—"How long wilt thou speak these things? and how long shall the words of thy mouth be like a strong wind?" *Job*, 8: 2.

4. Hear the mighty thunder crash,
See the vivid lightning flash.

(During the singing of the first line the pupils draw their feet back and forth on the floor, imitating thunder. At the same time let the hands make a zigzag motion through the air in addition to the noise with the feet.)

Teacher recites—"Thou art the God that doest wonders; thou hast declared thy strength among the people. The voice of thy thunder was in the heaven; the lightnings lightened the world: the earth trembled and shook."—*Ps.* 11, 14, 18.

"For as the lightning cometh out of the east, and shineth even unto the west; so shall also the coming of the Son of man be." *Matt.* 24: 27.

5. Thunder, lightning, wind and rain
Make the fearful hurricane.

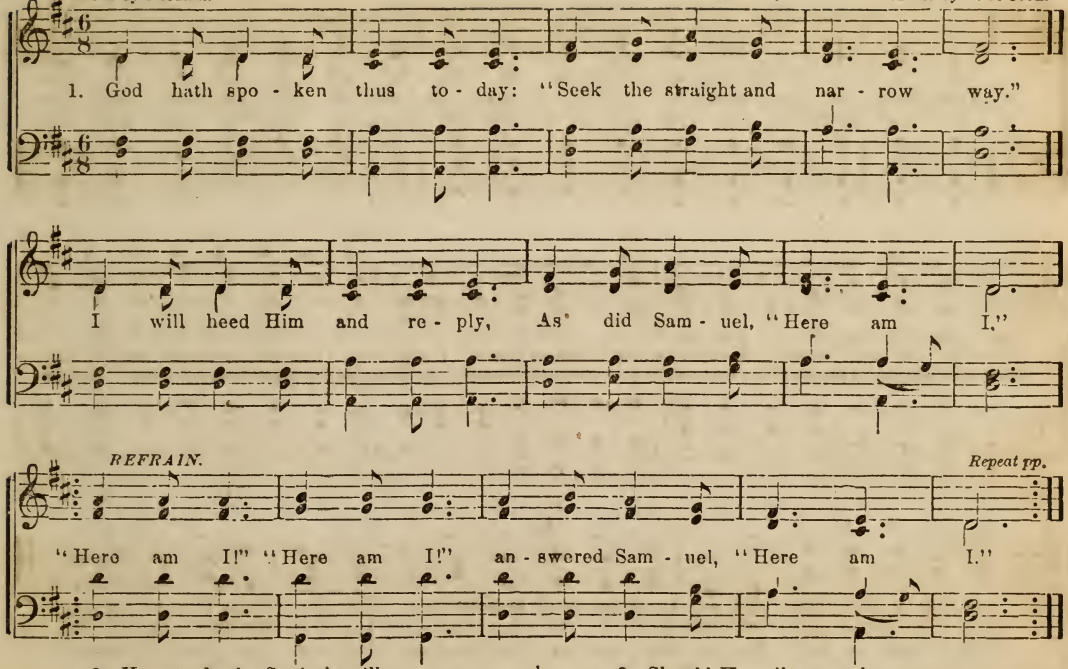
(After singing this the children make all the motions at once, and with increasing force until a signal from the teacher to cease.)

Teacher recites—"When he uttereth his voice, there is a multitude of waters in the heavens; and he causeth the vapors to ascend from the ends of the earth; He maketh lightnings with rain, and bringeth forth the wind out of his treasures."—*Jeremiah*, 10: 13.

HERE AM I!

OR, THE SONG OF LITTLE SAMUEL.

Words by PAULINA. Music by T. J. COOK.



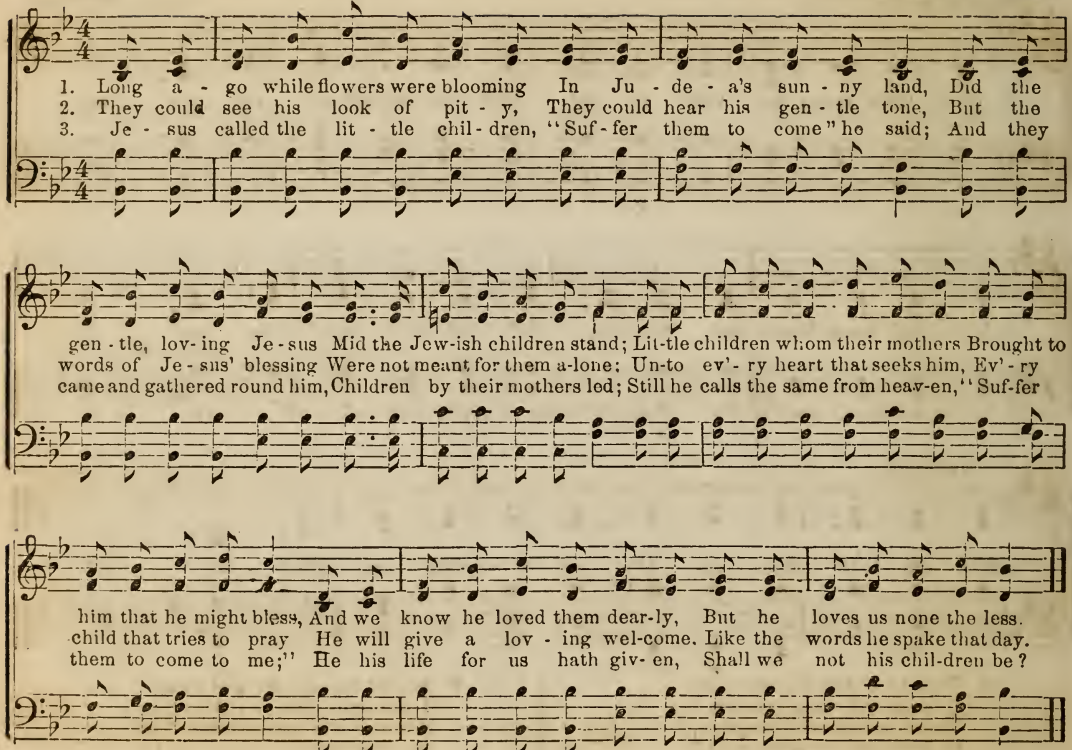
2. Here to do the Savior's will,
Here to suffer and be still;
Daring not to ask Him why,
Only waiting—"Here am I!"

3. Should He call my soul away,
I will trust Him as I may;
Through the valley, when I cry,
He will answer, "Here am I!"

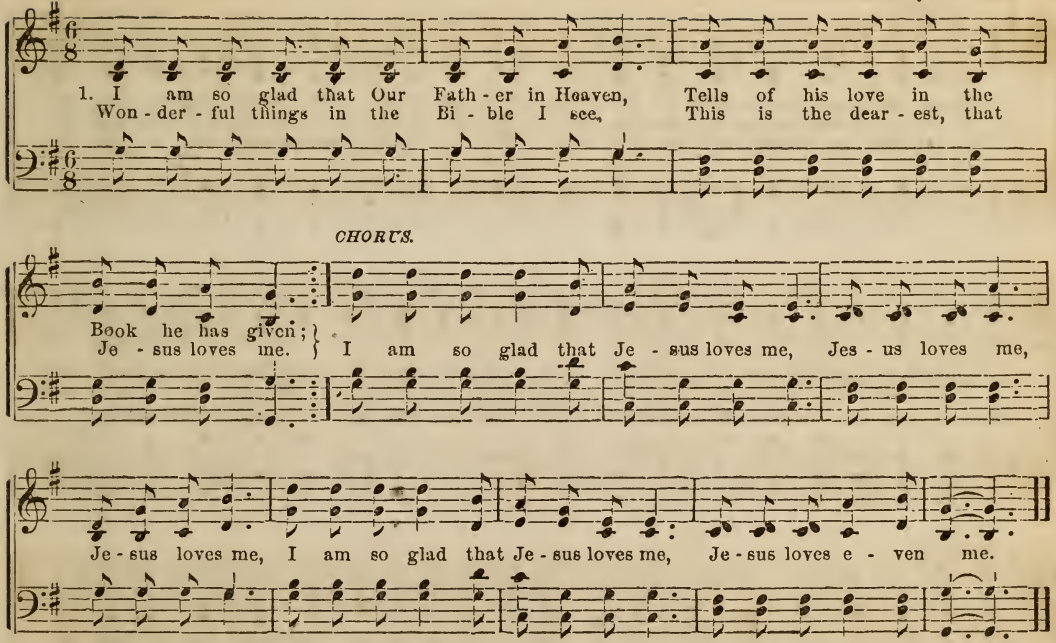
JESUS CALLS US.

Gently.

C. C. Case and P. P. Bliss.



Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.



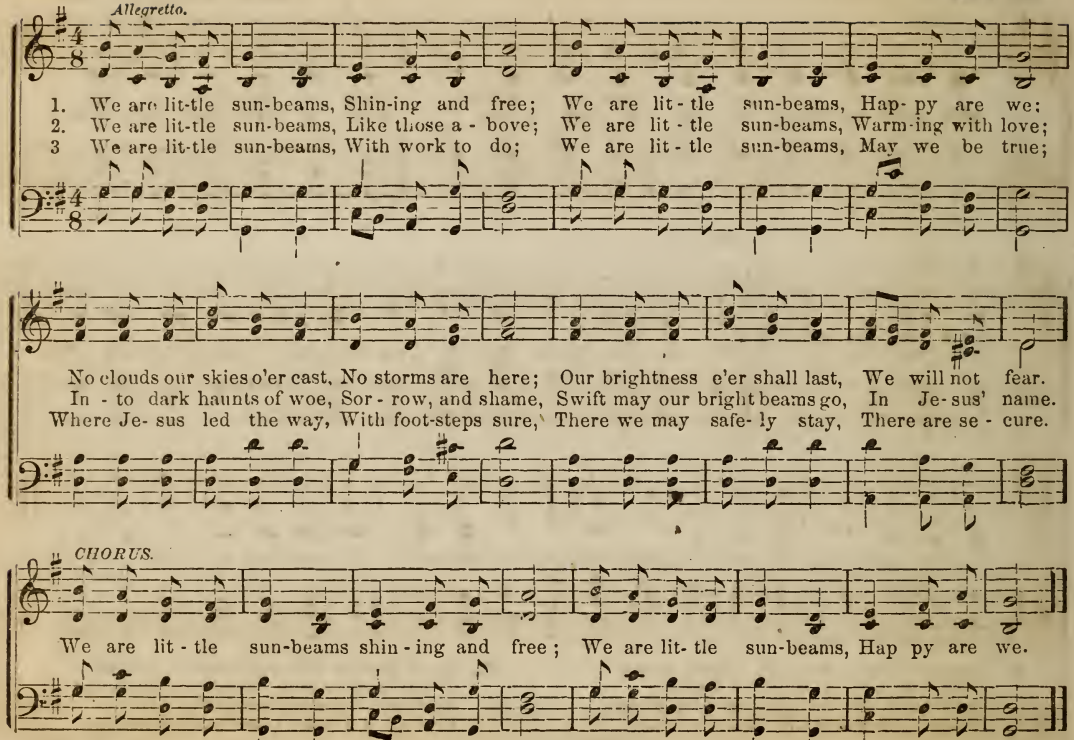
2. Though I forget him and wander away,
Kindly he follows wherever I stray,
Back to his dear loving arms would I flee,
When I remember that Jesus loves me.
Chorus.

3. Oh, if there's only one song I can sing,
When in his beauty I see the great King;
This shall my song in eternity be,
O, what a wonder that Jesus loves me.
Chorus.

WE ARE LITTLE SUNBEAMS.

GEO. F. ROOT.

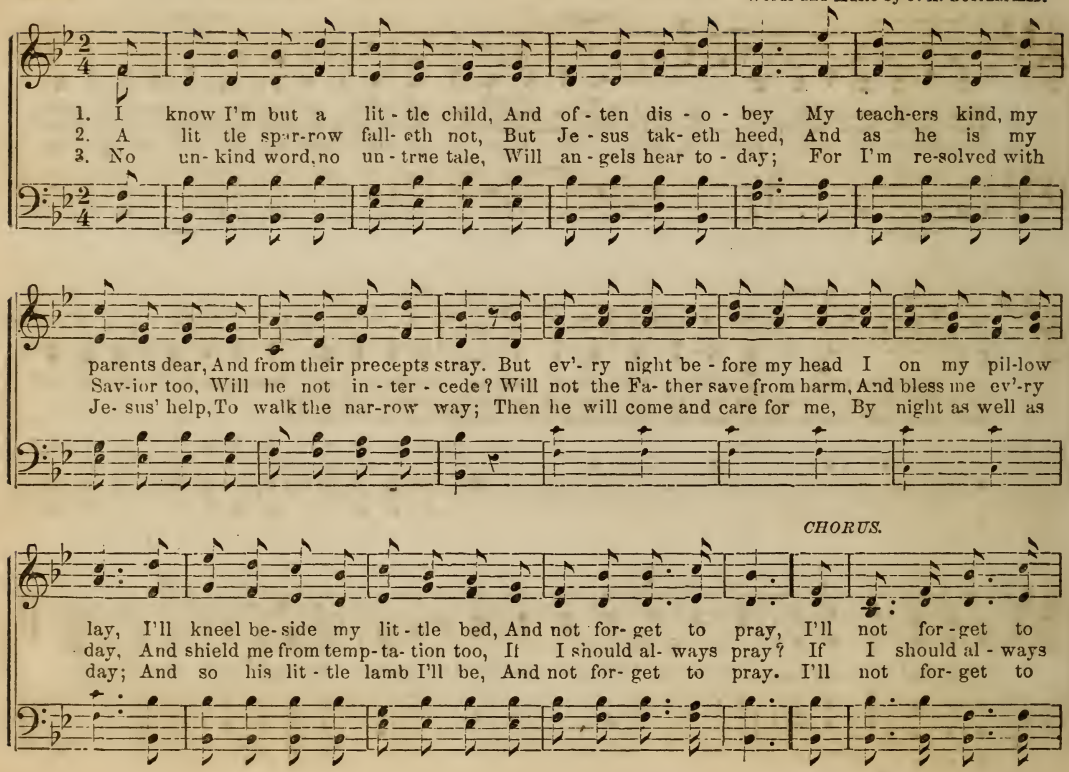
Allegretto.

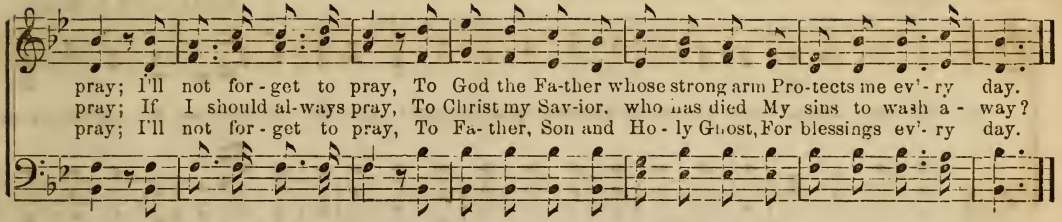


Teacher.
Scholars.
Teacher.
1. What do the beau-ti-ful ros - es say? Sweet is our per-fume, but short is our stay; What says the humming-bird,
2. What says the clock, with its tick-a-tick, tick? Time pass-es swift-ly, be quick, oh be quick! What are the words of the
3. What does the sun in the morn - ing say? O - ver I go for an - oth-er bright day. What does your heart by its
Scholars.
All.
do you know? Win-ter is com-ing and soon I must go. Pass-ing a-way, Pass-ing a-way; Sec-ond and
riv-u-let's song? I can not tar-ry, I must run a-long. Pass-ing a-way, &c.
beat-ing tell? Earth life is pass-ing, then where will I dwell? Pass-ing a-way, &c.
p
minute and hour and day! Bir-die and blos-som, how brief is your stay; Passing away, passing away.

I'LL NOT FORGET TO PRAY.

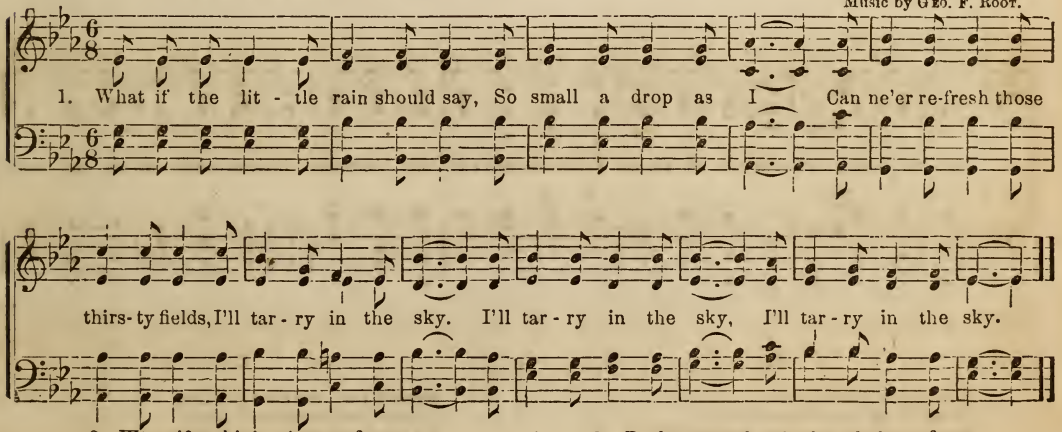
Words and Music by J. A. BUTTERFIELD.





INFLUENCE.

Music by Geo. F. Root.



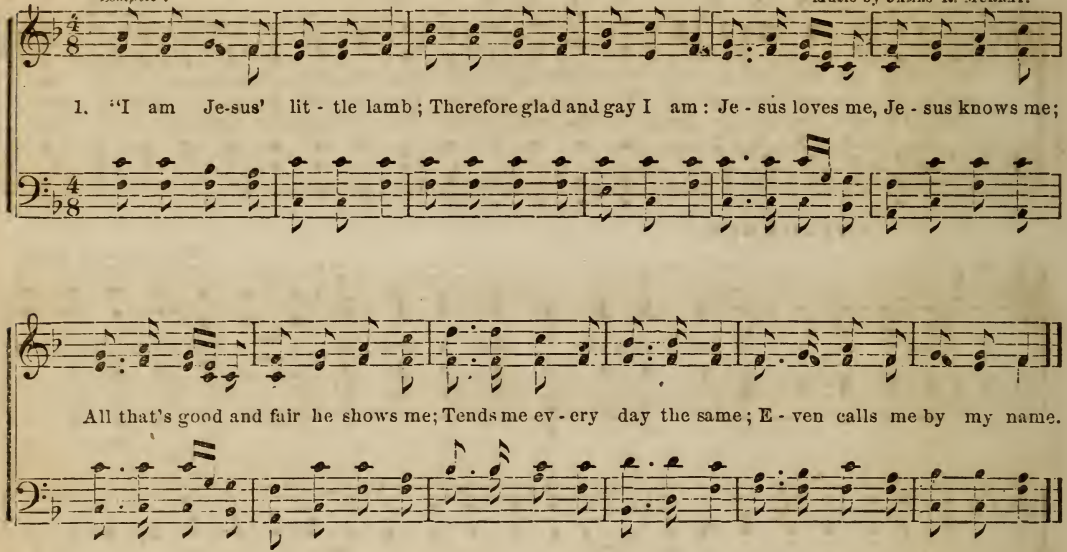
2. What if a shining beam of noon,
Should in its fountain stay,
Because its feeble light alone
‖: Cannot create a day. :‖

3. Doth not each rain drop help to form
The cool, refreshing shower,
And every ray of light to warm
‖: And beautify the flower. :‖

I AM JESUS' LITTLE LAMB.

Semplice.

Music by JAMES R. MURRAY.



2.

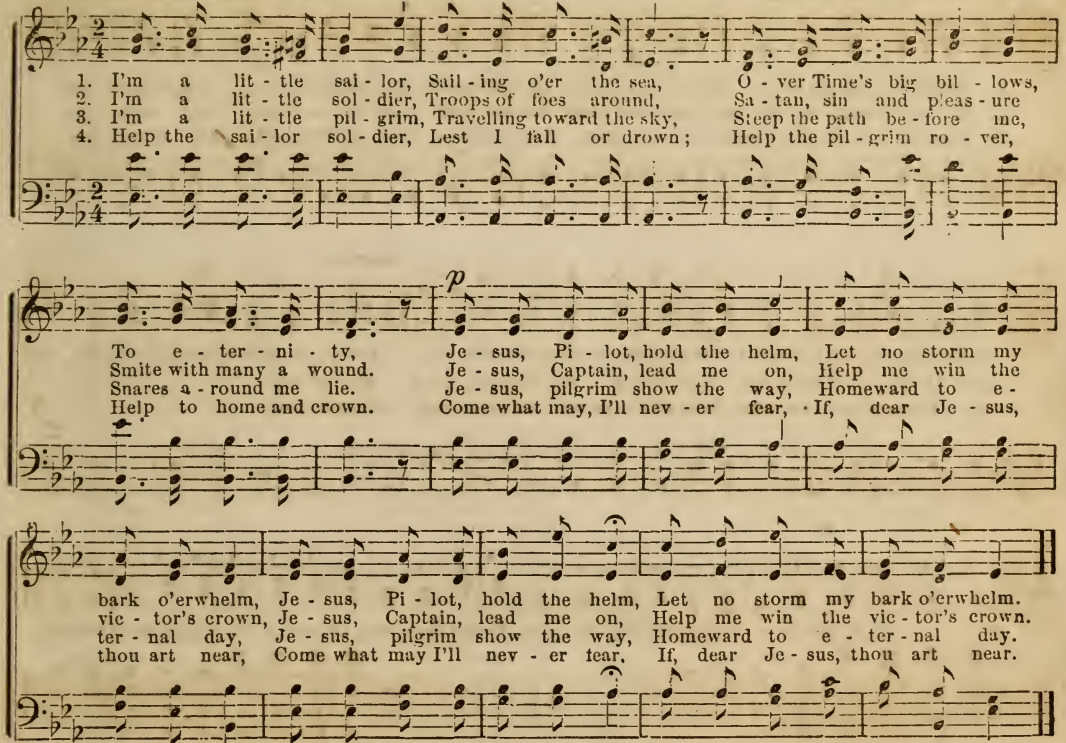
Out and in I safely go;
Want or hunger never know:
Soft, green pastures he discloseth,
Where his happy flock reposeth;
When I faint or thirsty be,
To the brook he leadeth me.

3.

Should I not be glad and gay
In this blessed fold all day,
By this holy Shepherd tended,
Whose kind arms, when life is ended,
Bear me to the world of light?
Yes, oh! yes, my lot is bright."

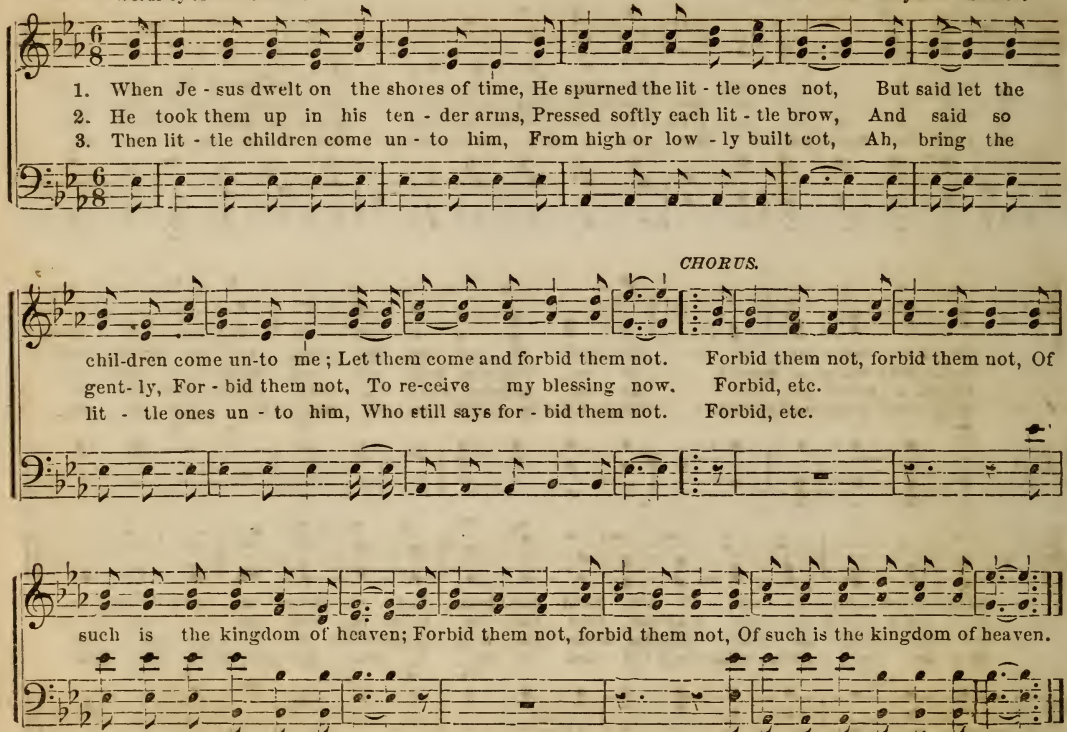
I'M A LITTLE SAILOR.

W. P. B., in "The Child's World." P. P. B.



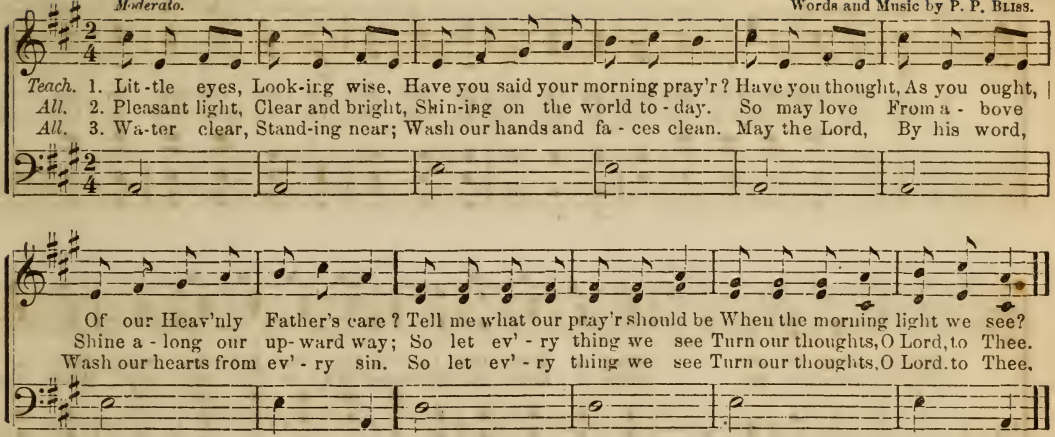
FORBID THEM NOT.

Words by MARIA STRAUB. Music by S. W. STRAUB.



Moderato.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.



4.

Girls. Cloak and hood,
New and good,
Made to keep our bodies warm.
Words of truth,
Learned in youth,
Keep our souls from every harm.
So let every thing we see
Turn our thoughts, O Lord, to Thee.

5.

Boys. Boot or shoe,
Old or new,
Let us keep them clean and neat;
Let us pray,
That we may
Some day walk the golden street;
So let every thing we see
Turn our thoughts, O Lord, to Thee.

6.

Girls. Collar white,
Ribbons bright;
Apron, bonnet, shawl or dress;
So may we
Ever be
Clad in Jesus' righteousness;
So let every thing we see
Turn our thoughts, O Lord, to Thee.

7.

Boys. Top or ball,
Treasures all;
Books and toys I dearly prize;
Yet may I,
When I die,
To my heavenly treasures rise;
So let every thing we see
Turn our thoughts, O Lord, to Thee.

8.

All. Night or day,
Work or play;
In our hearts may be a prayer;
God can see,
If there be—
Well, he knows what thoughts are there;
So let every thing we see
Turn our thoughts, O Lord, to Thee.

LITTLE BIRDIE IN THE TREE.

Lively.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.

1. Lit - tle red - bird in the tree, In the tree, In the tree, Lit - tle red-bird in the tree,
2. Lit - tle snow-bird in the tree, In the tree, In the tree, Lit - tle snow-bird in the tree,

Inst

8 va

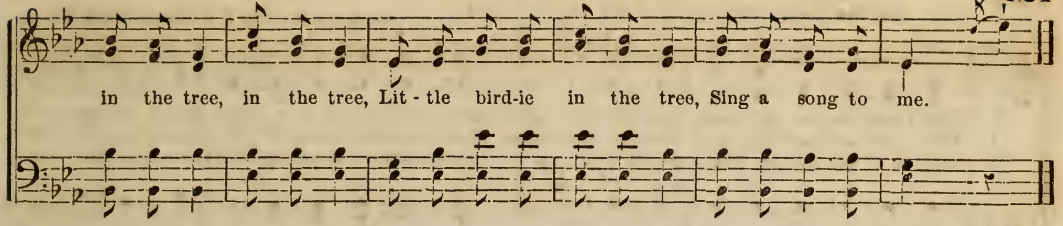
Sing a song to me. Sing a - bout the ro - ses, On the gar - den wall, Sing a -
Sing a song to me. Sing a - bout the cloudland' Way off in the sky; When you

CHORUS.

8 va

bout the bird - swing, On the tree top tall. Lit - tle bird - ie in the tree,
go there call - ing, Do your chil - dren cry? Lit - tle bird - ie, etc.

LITTLE BIRDIE IN THE TREE —Concluded.



3.

Little blue-bird in the tree, In the tree, In the tree,
Little blue-bird in the tree, Sing a song to me;
Sing about the mountain, Sing about the sea,
Sing about the steamboats—Is there one for me?
Chorus.

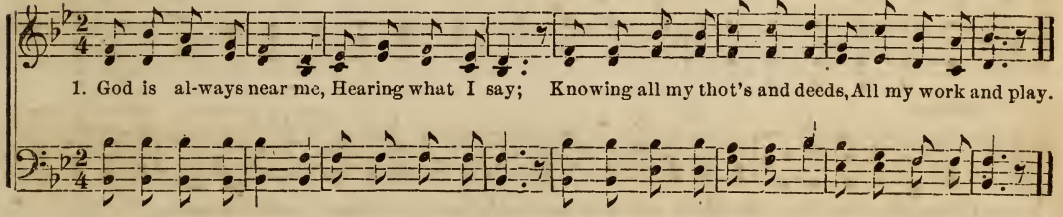
4.

Little black-bird in the tree, In the tree, In the tree,
Little black-bird in the tree, Sing a song to me;
Sing about the farmer Planting corn and beans,
Sing about the harvest—I know what that means.
Chorus.

GOD IS ALWAYS NEAR ME.

Slow and soft.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.



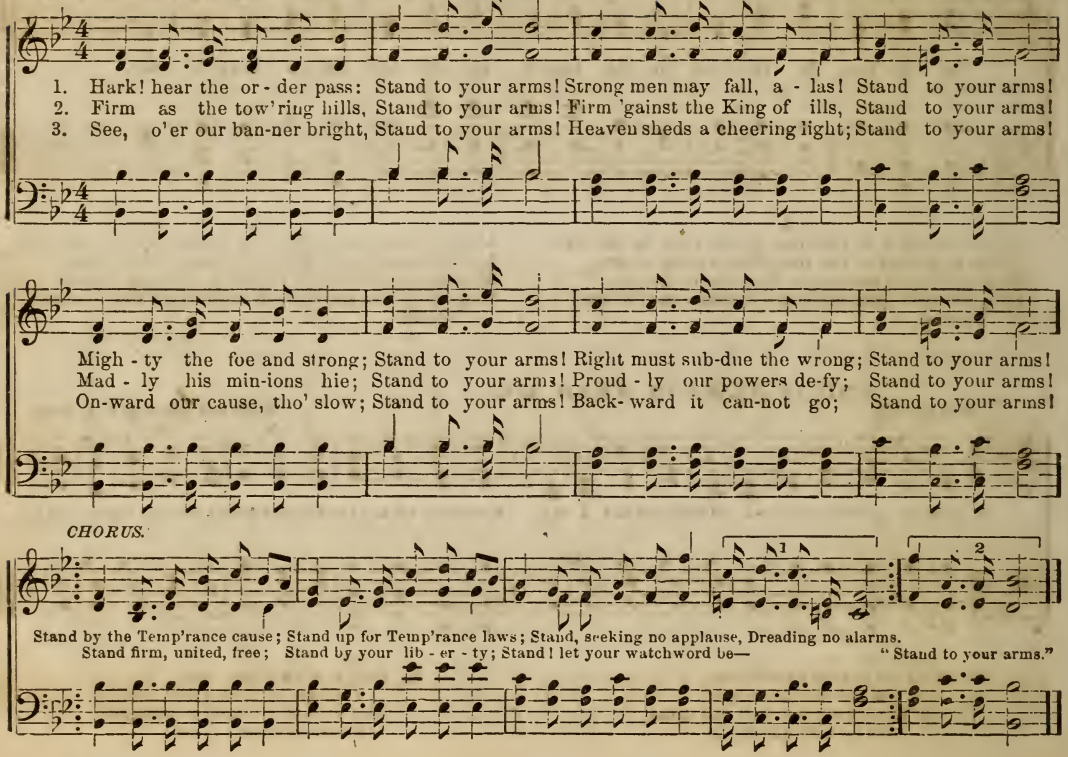
2. God is always near me,
In the darkest night
He can see me just the same
As by mid day light.

3. God is always near me,
Though so young and small;
Not a look or word or thought,
But God knows it all.

STAND TO YOUR ARMS.

TO THE GOOD Ttemplars OF ROME, PENNSYLVANIA.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss and O. W. Young.



Lively

Words by P. P. Bliss. Music arr. by D B. Wood.

1. Hark! I hear the cap - tain call - ing, Ear - nest - ly and long: "Rocks a - head! the
2. Firm a - mid the storm and dan - ger, Faith - ful, tried and true:— Though a might - y
3. Loud the bil - lows dash a - round us, O'er the an - gry sea; Night comes on and

CHORUS.

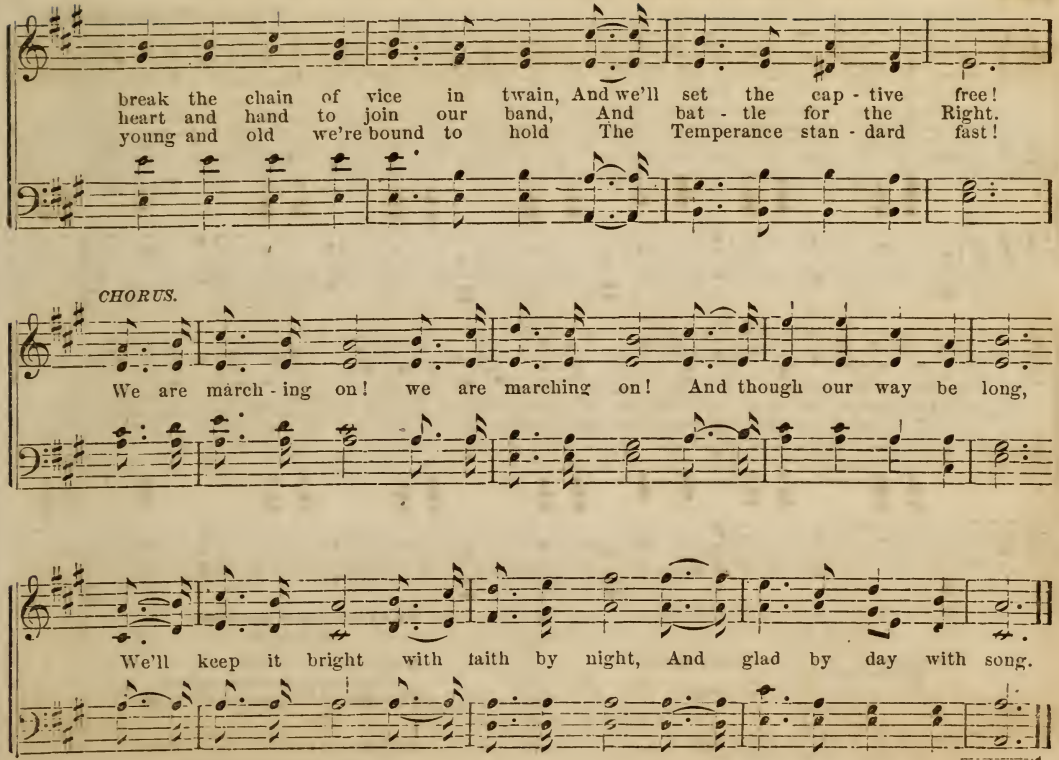
break- ers threat-en! Bear a hand—Be strong!" Man the life - boat, blaze the sig - nal!
host op- pos - es— Stand the Tem-p'rance crew. Man the life - boat, &c.
souls are dy - ing, Will ye i - dle be? Man the life - boat, &c.

Nev - er can we fail; No, the na - tion must be rescued, Temp'rance shall pre- vail!

WE'RE MARCHING ON.

In March time.

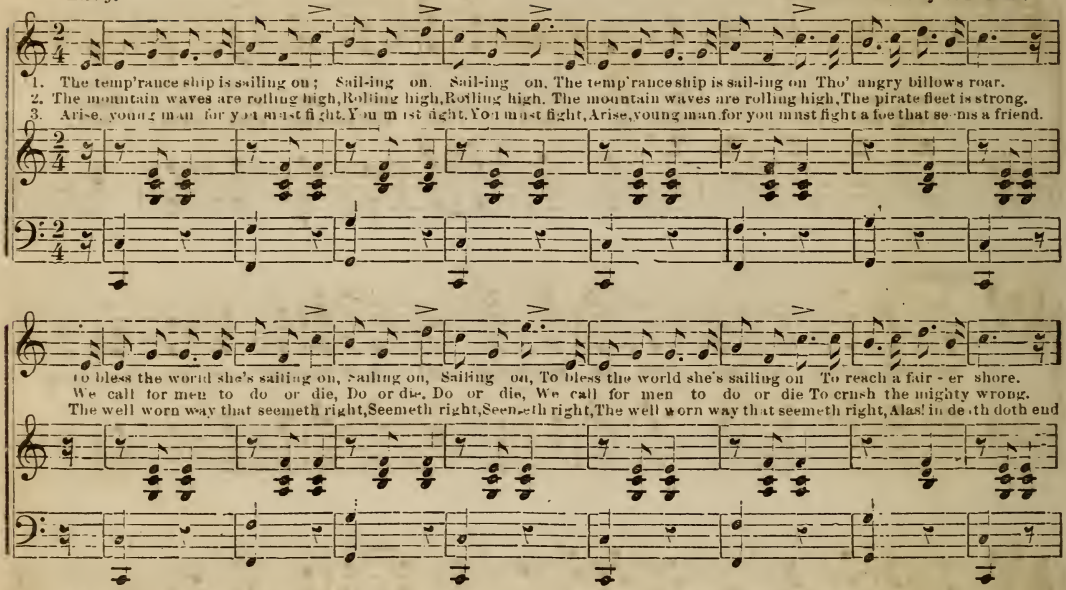
Words by Cousin Molly. Music by James R. Murray.


break the chain of vice in twain, And we'll set the cap - tive free!
heart and hand to join our band, And bat - tle for the Right.
young and old we're bound to hold The Temperance stan - dard fast!
CHORUS.
We are march - ing on! we are marching on! And though our way be long,
We'll keep it bright with faith by night, And glad by day with song.

THE TEMP'RANCE SHIP.

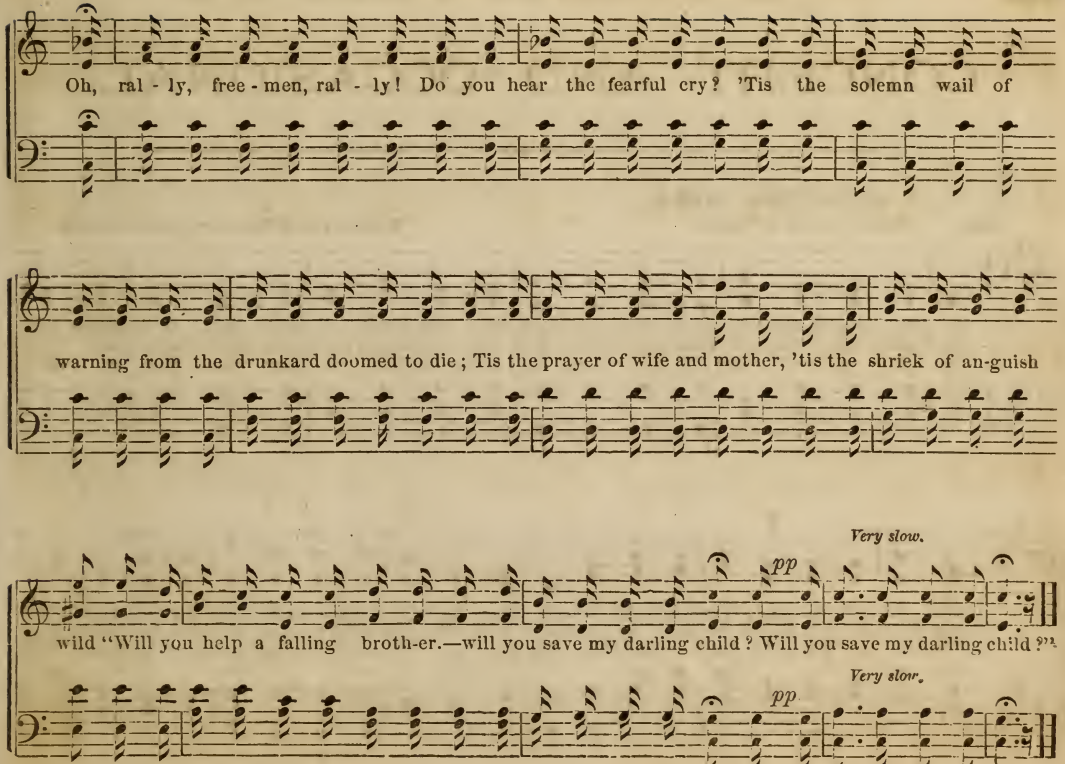
Lively.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.



4. Ho, friends of temp'rance, firmly stand,
Firmly stand,
Firmly stand,
Ho, friends of temp'rance, firmly stand,
To meet the daring foe.
For God, for Truth, for Native land,
Native land,
Native land,
For God, for Truth, for Native land
We dare to strike the blow.

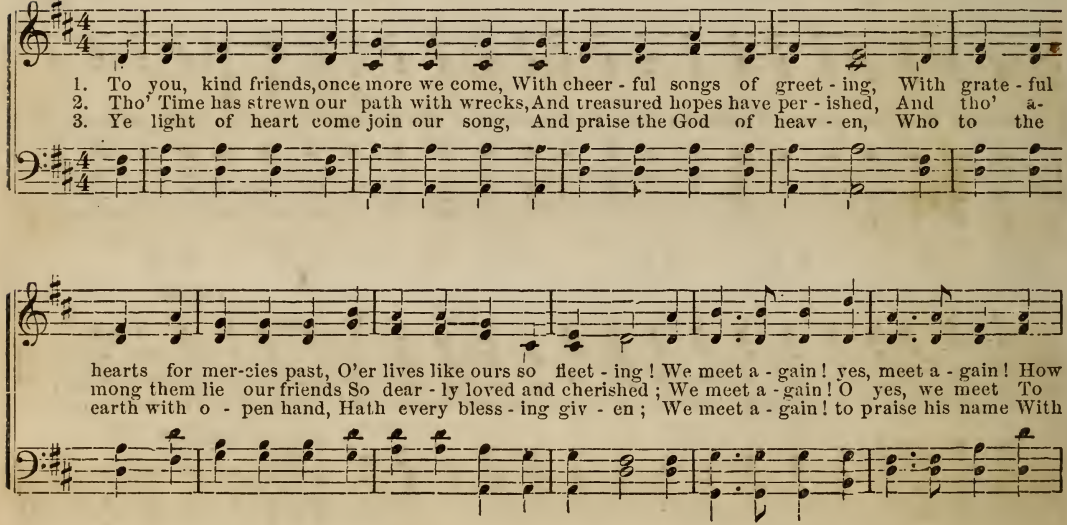
5. We see the blinded rush along,
Rush along,
Rush along,
We see the blinded rush along
The broad and downward way.
Then raise at least a prayer or song,
Prayer or song,
Prayer or song,
Then raise at least a prayer or song
To save them while we may.

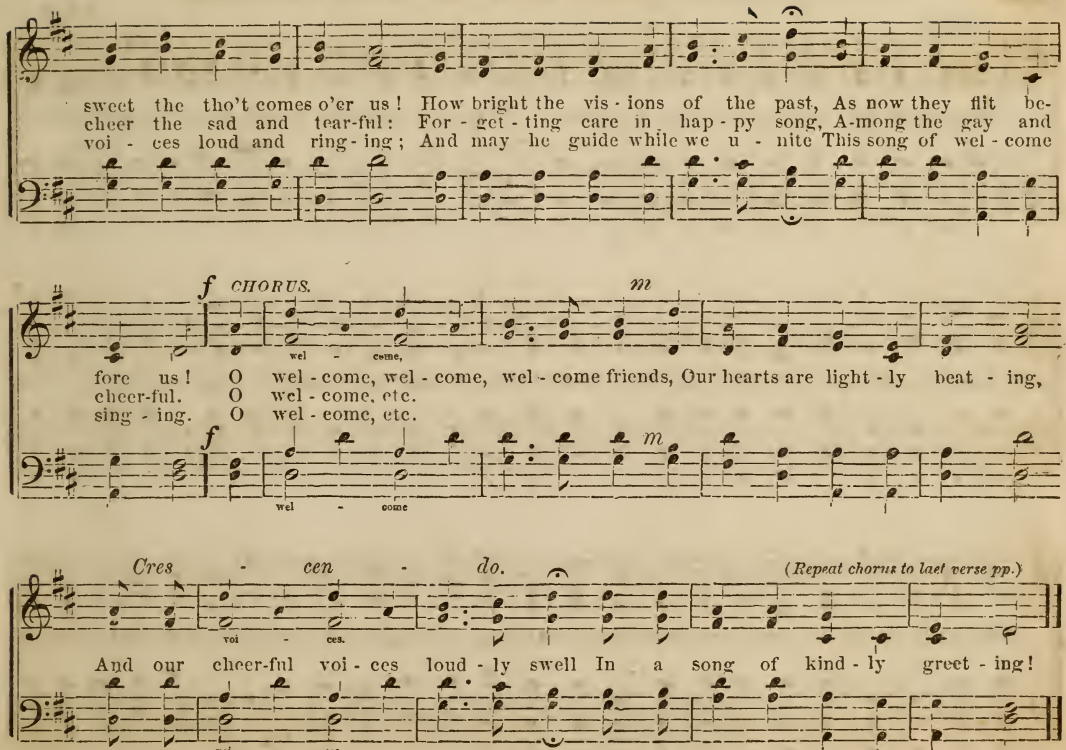

Oh, ral - ly, free - men, ral - ly! Do you hear the fearful cry? 'Tis the solemn wail of
warning from the drunkard doomed to die; Tis the prayer of wife and mother, 'tis the shriek of an-guish
Very slow.
pp
wild "Will you help a falling broth-er.—will you save my darling child? Will you save my darling child?"
Very slow.
pp

CONCERT AND OCCASIONAL.

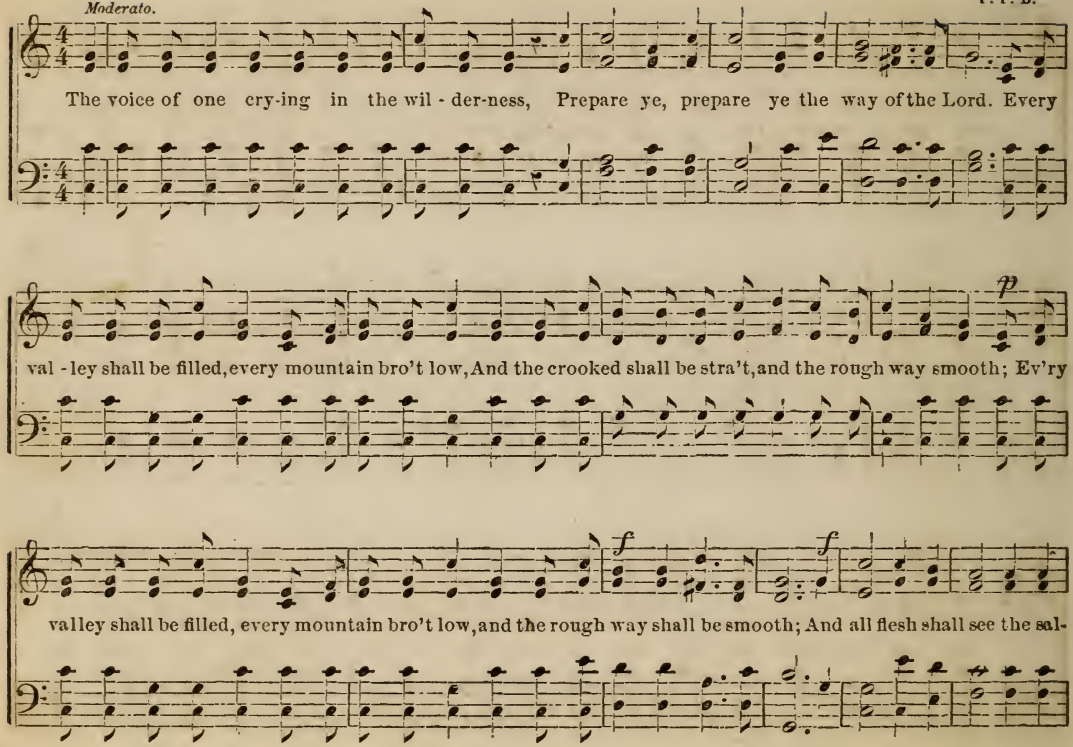
GREETING SONG.

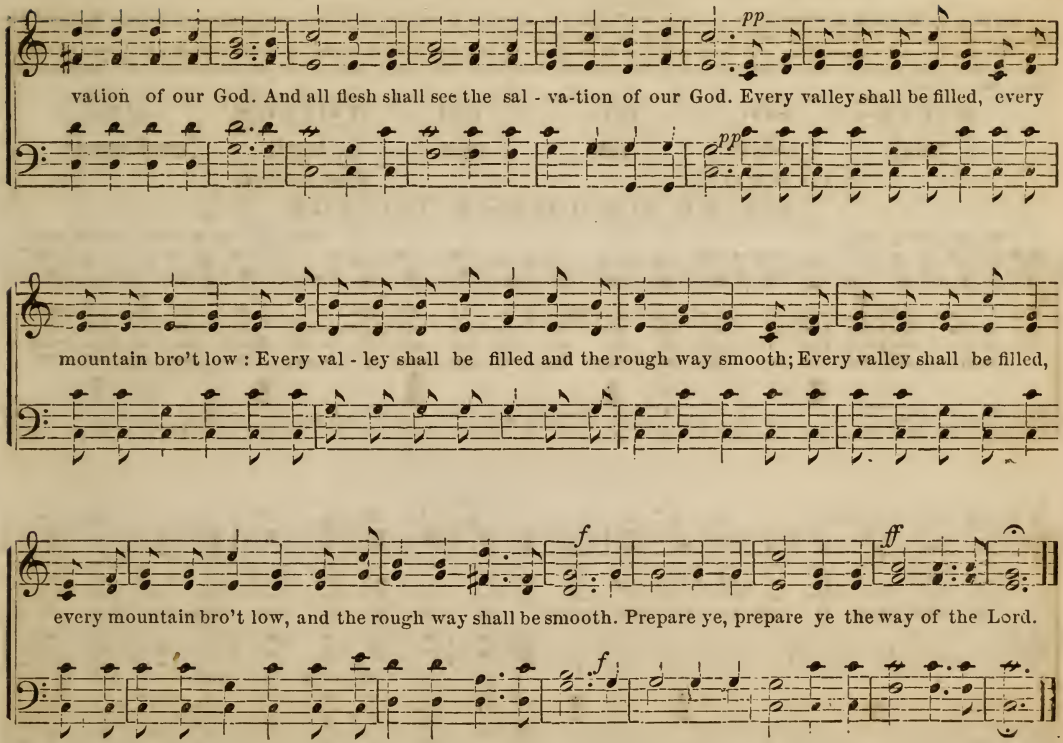
Lively. Words by Dr. J. D. VINTON. Music by JAS. MCGRANAHAN, Lindenville, Ohio.




sweet the tho't comes o'er us! How bright the vis - ions of the past, As now they flit be-
cheer the sad and tear-ful: For - get - ting care in hap - py song, A-mong the gay and
voi - ces loud and ring - ing; And may he guide while we u - nite This song of wel - come
f CHORUS.
m
wel - come,
fore us! O wel - come, wel - come, wel - come friends, Our hearts are light - ly beat - ing,
cheer-ful. O wel - come, etc.
sing - ing. O wel - come, etc.
f
m
wel - come
Cres - cen - do.
(Repeat chorus to last verse pp.)
voi - ces.
And our cheer-ful voi - ces loud - ly swell In a song of kind - ly greet - ing!
voi - ces

P. P. B.


Moderato.
The voice of one cry-ing in the wil - der-ness, Prepare ye, prepare ye the way of the Lord. Every
val - ley shall be filled, every mountain bro't low, And the crooked shall be stra't, and the rough way smooth; Ev'ry
pp
valley shall be filled, every mountain bro't low, and the rough way shall be smooth; And all flesh shall see the sal-
f
f

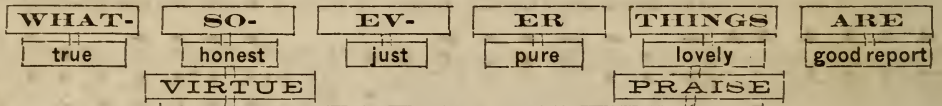

pp
vation of our God. And all flesh shall see the sal - va-tion of our God. Every valley shall be filled, every
pp
mountain bro't low : Every val - ley shall be filled and the rough way smooth; Every valley shall be filled,
f
ff
every mountain bro't low, and the rough way shall be smooth. Prepare ye, prepare ye the way of the Lord.
f

THINK ON THESE THINGS.—Concert Exercise.

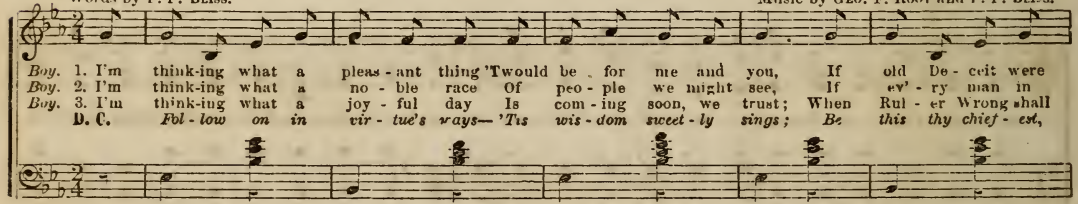
[*Philippians* iv: 8.]

Six large cards, marked—"What-so-ev-er things are," being suspended at a convenient height, each singer, at the conclusion of his stanza, attaches a card bearing *his word* under one of the large syllables.

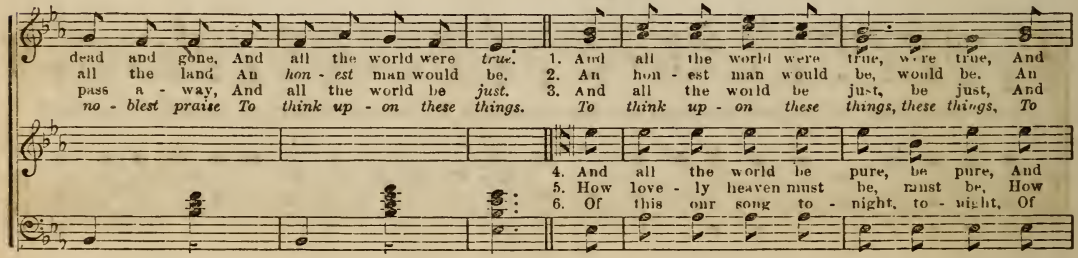
Then a small girl, as she sings, may hang a card marked *Virtue* on the one marked *Honest;* a small boy attach *Praise* to *Lovely;* then another, perhaps still smaller, girl and boy, put on the last long card, while they sing—*Think on these things.* When completed the cards will read:

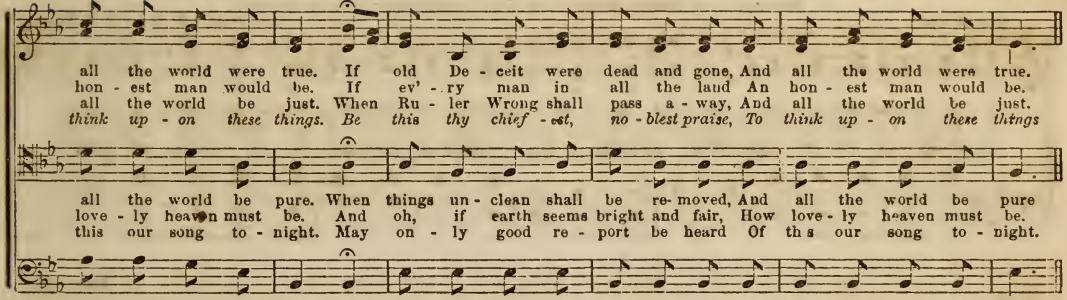


Words by P. P. Bliss. Music by Geo. F. Root and P. P. Bliss.



CHORUS.

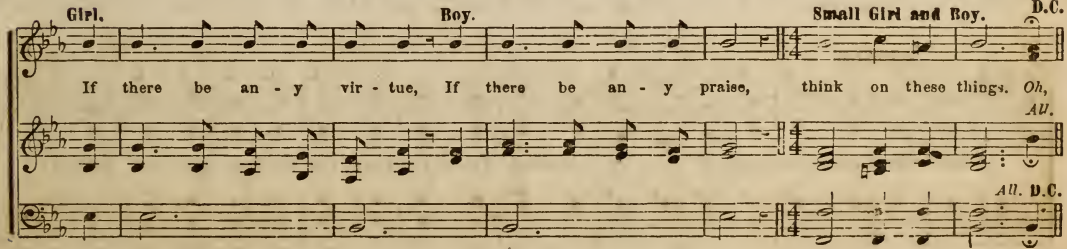




Girl. 4. I'm thinking what a happy time
Is coming some day, sure;
When things unclean shall be removed,
And all the world be *pure.*

Girl. 5. I'm thinking of the lovely things
In this wide world we see;
And, oh, if earth seems bright and fair
How *lovely* heaven must be.

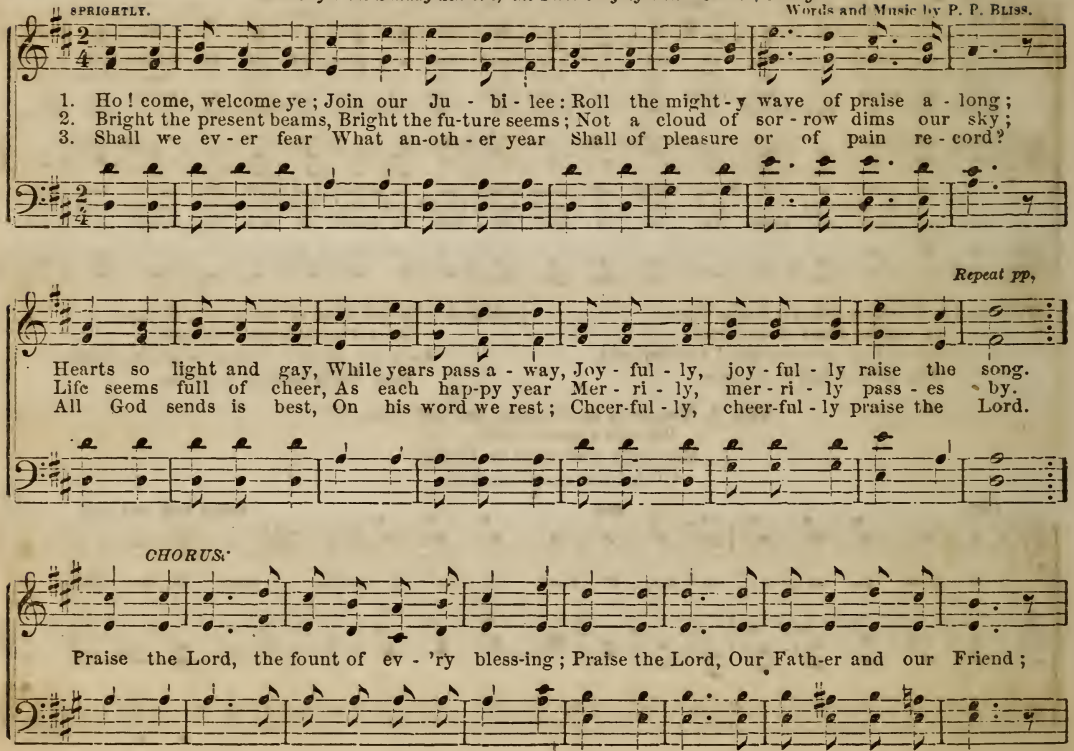
Girl. 6. Yes, true and honest, just and pure,
Present a lovely sight;
May only *good report* be heard
Of this our song to-night.

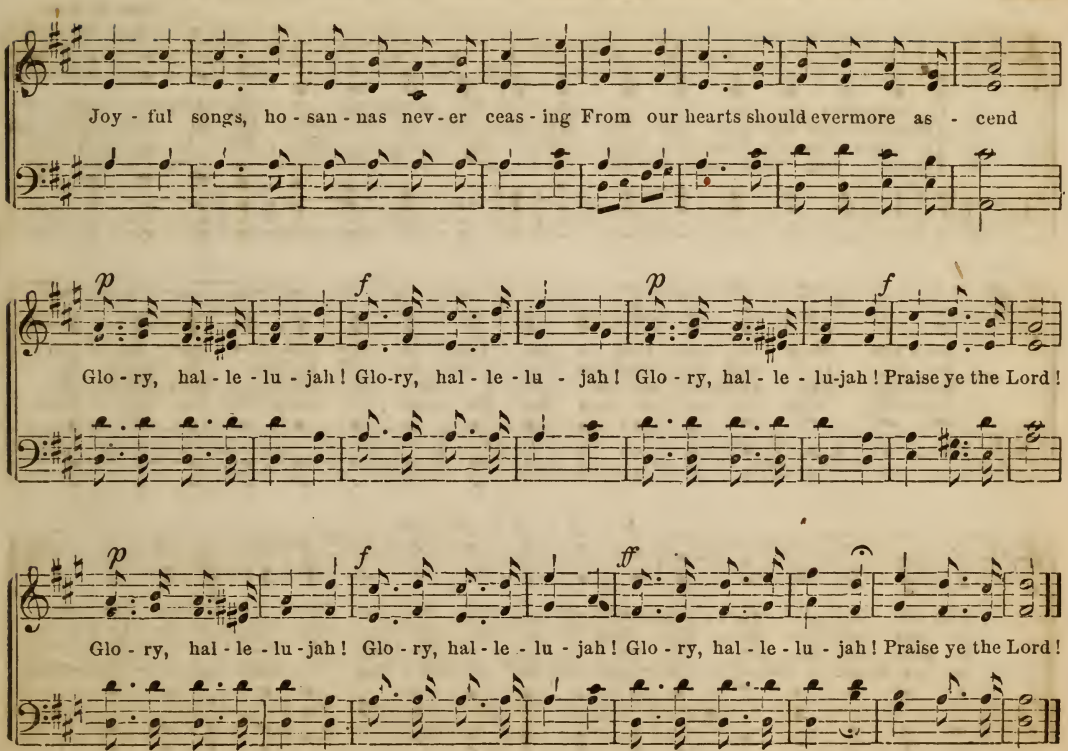


ANNIVERSARY JUBILEE.

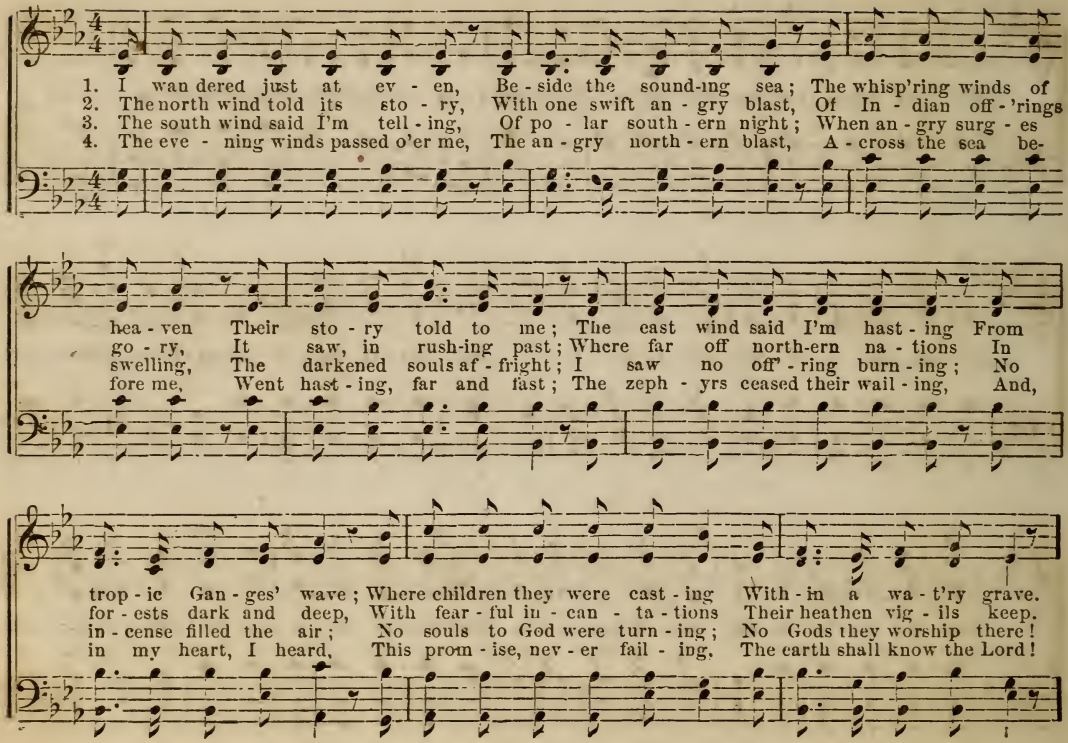
Written for the Sunday School of the First Congregational Church, Chicago.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.

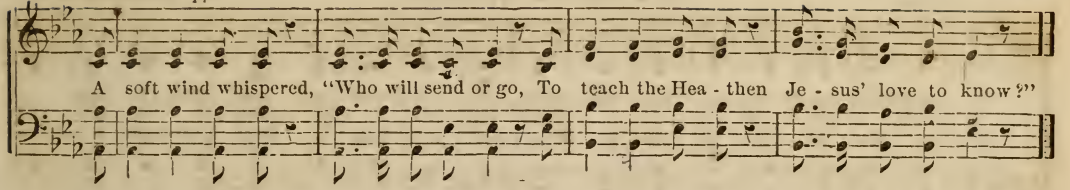



Joy - ful songs, ho - san - nas nev - er ceas - ing From our hearts should evermore as - cend
p
f
p
f
Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo-ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, hal - le - lu-jah! Praise ye the Lord!
p
f
ff
Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Praise ye the Lord!

Geo. F. Root.

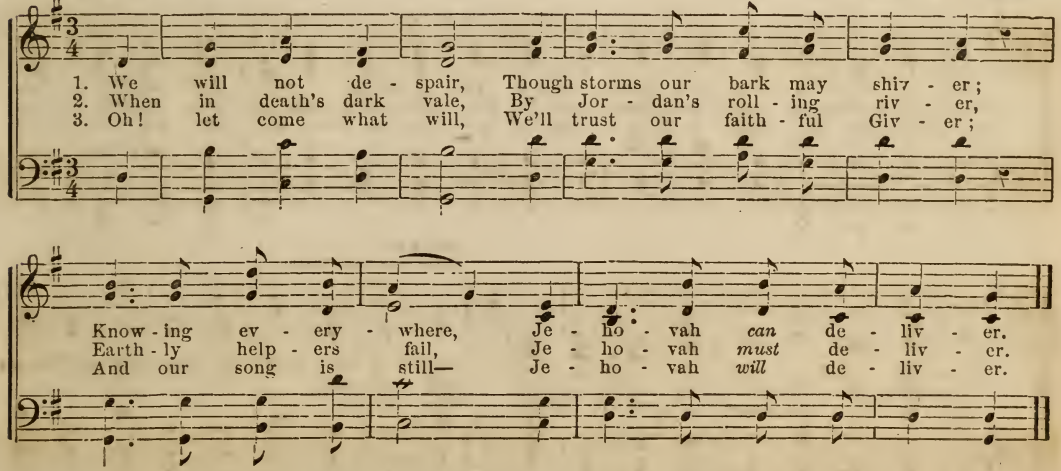

1. I wan dered just at ev - en, Be - side the sound-ing sea; The whisp'ring winds of
2. The north wind told its sto - ry, With one swift an - gry blast, Of In - dian off - 'rings
3. The south wind said I'm tell - ing, Of po - lar south - ern night; When an - gry surg - es
4. The eve - ning winds passed o'er me, The an - gry north - ern blast, A - cross the sea be-
hea - ven Their sto - ry told to me; The east wind said I'm hast - ing From
go - ry, It saw, in rush-ing past; Where far off north-ern na - tions In
swelling, The darkened souls af - fright; I saw no off' - ring burn - ing; No
fore me, Went hast - ing, far and fast; The zeph - yrs ceased their wail - ing, And,
trop - ic Gan - ges' wave; Where children they were cast - ing With - in a wa - t'ry grave.
for - ests dark and deep, With fear - ful in - can - ta - tions Their heathen vig - ils keep.
in - cense filled the air; No souls to God were turn - ing; No Gods they worship there!
in my heart, I heard, This prom - ise, nev - er fail - ing, The earth shall know the Lord!

CHORUS. pp.



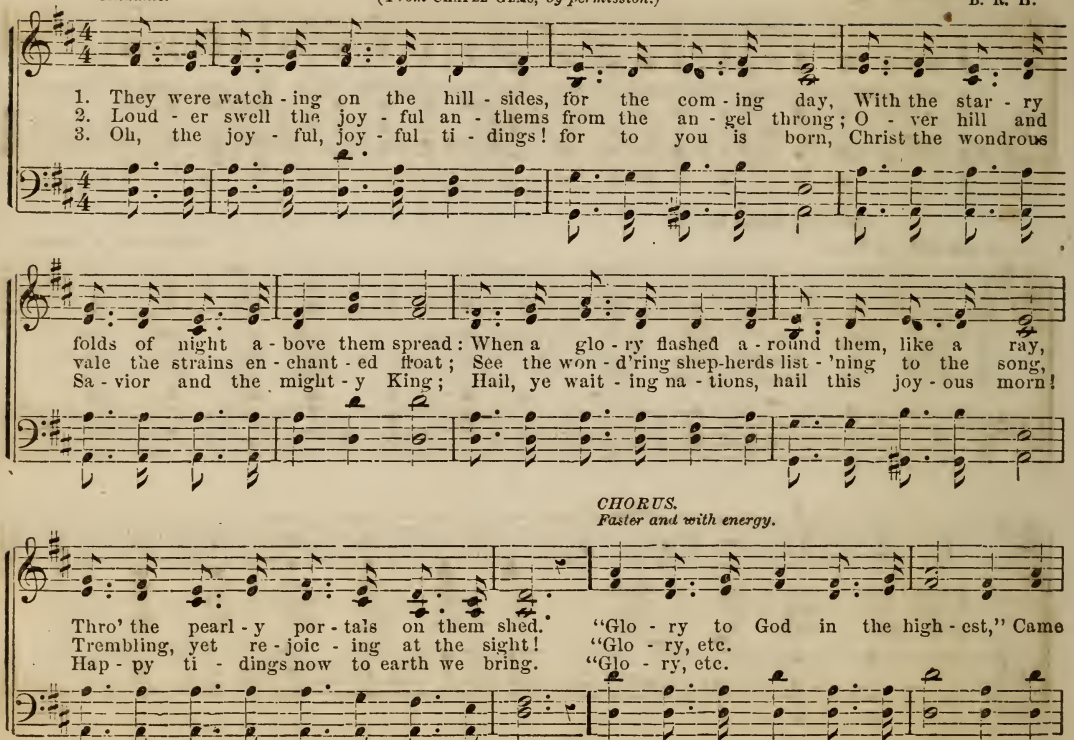
DELIVERANCE.

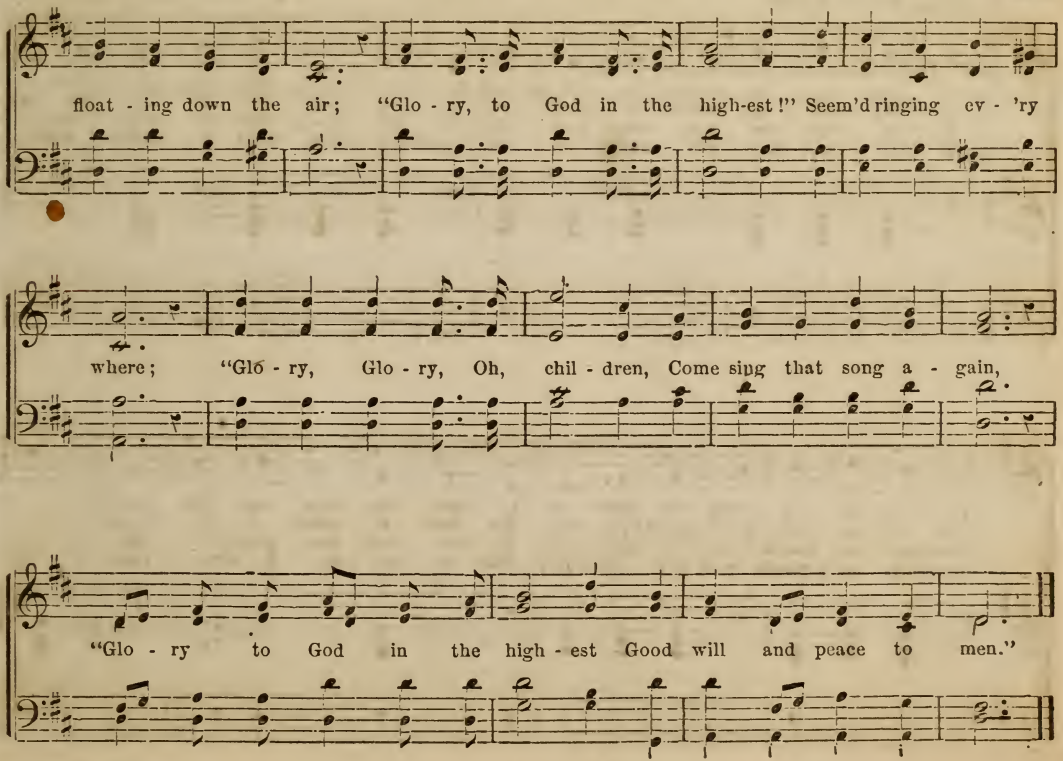
Words by P. W. HILL. Music by P. P. BLISS.



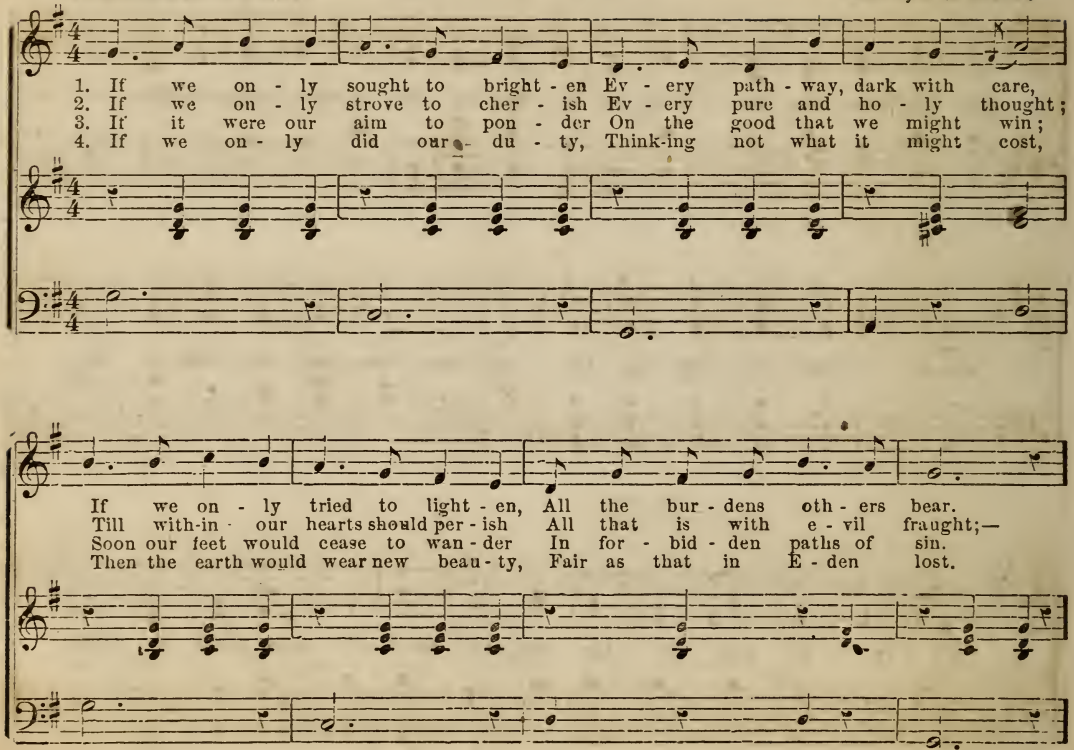
THE SHEPHERDS OF BETHLEHEM.

Andante. (*From* CHAPEL GEMS, *by permission.*) B. R. H.

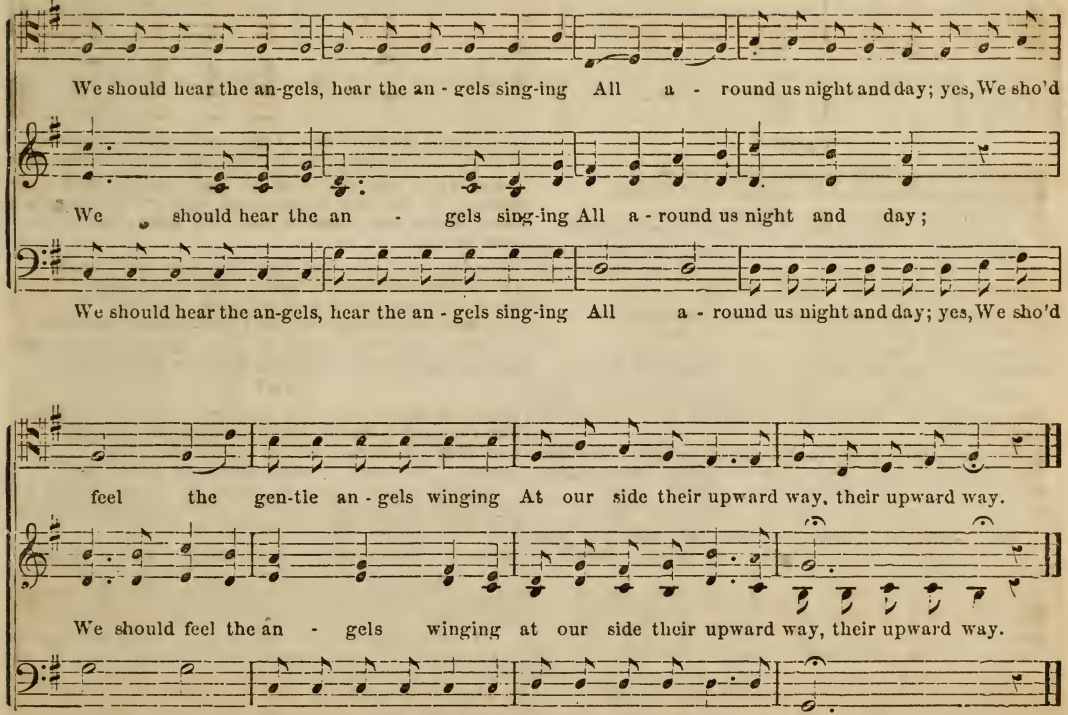



floating down the air; "Glo - ry, to God in the high-est!" Seem'd ringing ev - 'ry
where; "Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Oh, chil - dren, Come sing that song a - gain,
"Glo - ry to God in the high - est Good will and peace to men."

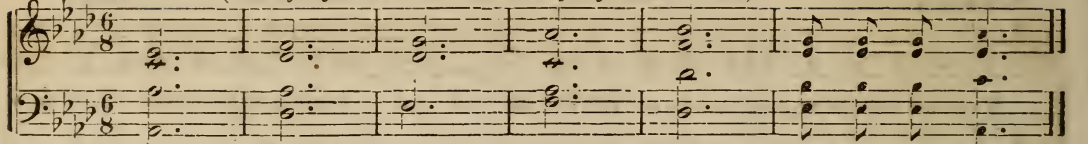
Words from Merry's Museum. Music by Z. M. Parvin.



CHORUS.


We should hear the an-gels, hear the an - gels sing-ing All a - round us night and day; yes, We sho'd
We should hear the an - gels sing-ing All a - round us night and day;
We should hear the an-gels, hear the an - gels sing-ing All a - round us night and day; yes, We sho'd
feel the gen-tle an - gels winging At our side their upward way, their upward way.
We should feel the an - gels winging at our side their upward way, their upward way.
feel the gen - tle an-gels winging At our side their upward way.

PAULINA. *(Chant by a Quartet or Choir. Recitations by single voices or classes.)* P. P. B.



PART I.

The patriarch musing alone in Life's | even,
Remembered the absent in whispers to | Heaven,
As flitted the shadows, one after an | other,
He | called the dear child of a | dearly loved mother.

And he said to him, "Go, I pray thee, see whether it be well with thy brethren, and well with the flocks, and bring me word again."—GEN. 37 : 14.

The land of Judea lay bright in the | morning,
A smile ev'ry valley and hilltop a | dorning,
When Joseph, (unconscious of evil en | deavor,)
Passed | on, and left Hebron, and | childhood forever.

When they saw him afar off, even before he came near unto them, they conspired against him to slay him. GEN. 37 : 18.

And dark as their deed was the pit where they | cast him,
And jeered at the dreamer and scornfully | passed him,
But one with heart cast in a softer mould | rather
Would | fain have delivered the | child to his father,

And Reuben said "Shed no blood but cast him into this pit," that he might rid him out of their hands to deliver him unto his father.—GEN. 37 : 22.

The merchants of Midian passed with their | spices,
The brethren were ready with falsehood's de | vices;
And trusting they never again might be | hold him,
They | drew up their hated young | brother and sold him.

Sold Joseph into Egypt for twenty pieces of silver, and they brought Joseph into Egypt.—GEN. 37 : 28.

But what of the coat that was stripped from the | wearer?
What hand to the father could dare to be | bearer?
Could hold the false dye to the searching of | Heaven,
And | list to the heartbreak—the | one word "bereaven."

And they sent the coat of many colors, and they brought it to their father, and said, "This have we found, know now whether it be thy son's coat or no." GEN. 37 : 32.

They rose up to comfort him, they who had | taken
The light of his life and had left him for- | saken,
But sitting in sackcloth alone in his | sorrow,
He | felt that the night of his | grief had no morrow.

And he said "For I will go down into the grave unto my son mourning? Thus his father wept for him.

PART II.

There's dearth in the land, and the olive tree | faileth,
The vineyard is barren—the husbandman | paleth,
And Jacob of those who regarded each | other
Asked | "why look ye sadly thus | one to another?"

"Behold I have heard that there is corn in Egypt, get you down thither and buy for us from thence that we may live and not die."—GEN. 42 : 2.

The lord of the country spake roughly un | to them,
They knew not the dreamer of old, but he | knew them;
Said he, "Ye are spies, and some tidings would | gather?
Said | they, "We are true men—the | sons of one father."

"If ye be true men, let one of your brethren be bound in the house of your prison; go ye, carry corn for the famine of your houses, but bring your youngest brother, so shall your words be verified."—GEN. 42 : 19, 20.

Remorseful their murmuring one to an | other,
"We're verily guilty concerning our | brother;

We saw the soul anguish with which he be | sought us,
And | heard not, and so the dis | tress hath been wrought us."

And Reuben answered them saying, "Spake I not unto you saying 'Do not sin against the child,' and ye would not hear? therefore behold also his blood is required." Gen. 42 : 22.

Ah! knew they the lord of the country was | weeping,
That griefs of the past to the present were | leaping?
Then each to his father, with heavy heart | carried
The | corn and the money, for | Simeon tarried.

And Jacob said, "Me have ye bereaved of my children. Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take away Benjamin also. My son shall not go down with you." Gen. 42.

Yet sore was the famine. The valley of | Jordan
No more at the vintage time glowed like a | garden,
No grain for the reaper—no grapes for the | pressing,
No | seed for the spring time—no | bread for the blessing.

And it came to pass when they had eaten up the corn which they had brought out of Egypt, their father said unto them—(Gen. 43 : 2.)

"Go again, buy us food." And the little ones | pleaded,
"Go again, buy us food," but the cry was un | heeded,
For sadly the answer passed one to | another,
"We | cannot, exeept we take | with us our brother."

And their father Israel said unto them, "If it must be so now, do this, take of the best fruits of the land in your vessels and carry down the man a present. Take also your brother.

And God give you merey and favor be | fore him,
And shield your young brother, and safely re | store him,
Yea, bring both again to make glad my life's | even—
Be | reaved of my children, O : | I *am bereaven.*

And they took the present and Benjamin, and went down to Egypt and stood before Joseph.

Strange mists in the eyes of the ruler would | gather,
As softly he asked of the "old man," their | father,
Then searehingly glaneing from one to | another,
He | faltered a blessing a | bove the young brother.

And they sat before him the first born according to his birthright, and the youngest according to his youth, and the men marveled one to another. And they drank and were merry with him.

PART III.

A elatter of hoofs that the valley hath | shaken,
A shout and a rush, and the men are o'er | taken,
The dark-browed pursuers severe in dis | pleasure,
The | Canaanites moved and sur | prised beyond measure.

And they said unto him "Wherefore saith my lord these words: God forbid that thy servants should do according to this thing.

We brought back the silver and gold as | we wot of—
The treasure of which my lord's steward knew | not of;
Then how should thy servants do this thing be | fore thee,
How | take from my lord of his | riches or glory?

"With whomsoever it be found, both let him die, and we also will be my lord's bondmen."—Gen. 44 : 9.

The sacks had been opened one after an | other,
With glanees of triumph from brother to | brother,
One only remaining; in haste they sur | round it
And | ope and fall backward, O | God, have they found it?

Then they rent their elothes, and laded every man his ass and returned to the eity.

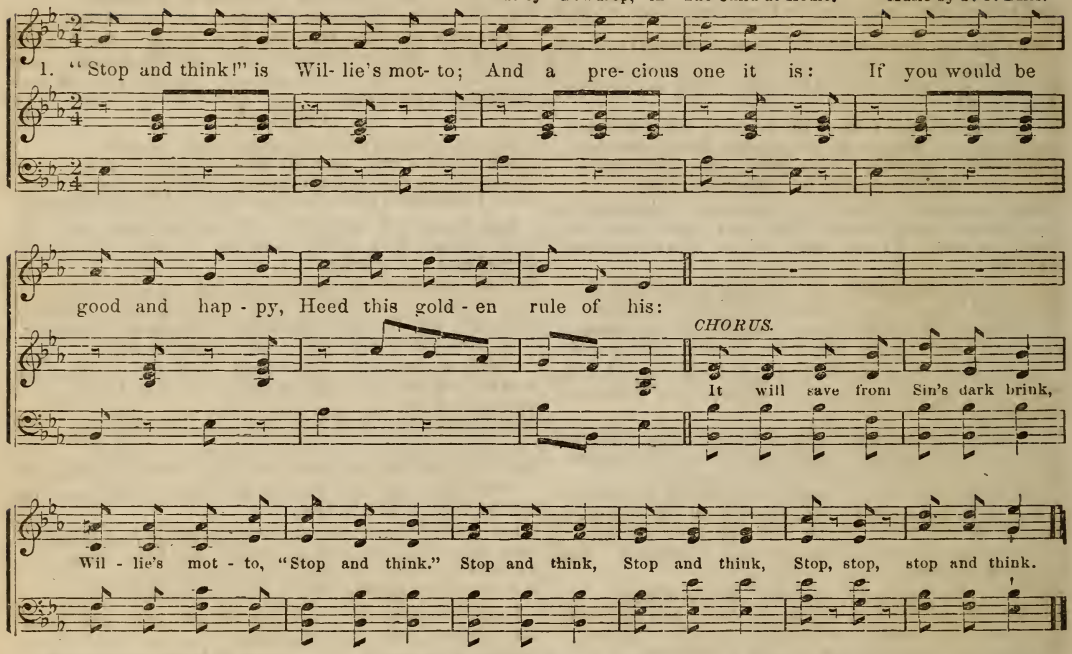
What thoughts are the ruler's as prostrate be | fore him
They eover the face, and in anguish im | plore him,
As Judah all pleas of affeetion would | gather,
In | one grand appeal for the | stricken old father.

Then Joseph could not refrain himself before all them that stood by him, and he eried,

"Cause ev'ry man here to go out." And they left | him.
Some deeming that grief had of reason be | reft him,
As swept the strong tide he no longer might | smother,
They | heard as he eried "I am | Joseph, your brother,
Doth my father yet live?"—Gen. 45 : 35.

STOP AND THINK.

Words by "Dewdrop," in "The Child at Home." Music by P. P. Bliss.



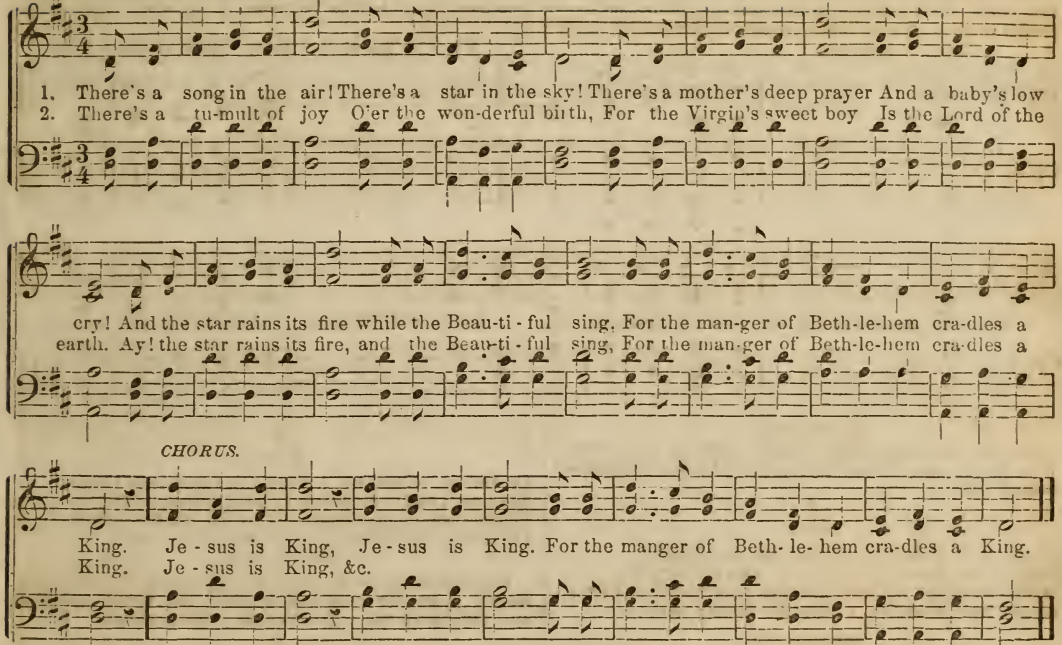
2. When a hasty word he'd utter,
While dark thoughts his bosom fill,
Soon you'll see the sunshine glowing
On the face of darling Will:
It will save from Sin's dark brink,
Willie's motto, "Stop and think!"

3. When his hand is raised in anger
And you'd think the blow must fall,
Look! the shadows quickly vanish;
Peace is brooding over all.
It will save from Sin's dark brink,
Willie's motto, "stop and think!"

4. When temptations hedge your pathway,
And you scarce can see the way,
"Stop and think" before you venture,
Lest you blindly go astray.
It will save from Sin's dark brink,
Willie's motto, "Stop and think!"

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Words by Dr. J. G. Holland. Music by W. S. B. Mathews.



3. In the light of that star
Lie the ages impearled;
And that song from afar
Has swept over the world.
Every hearth is a-flame, and the Beautiful sing
In the homes of the nations that Jesus is King.

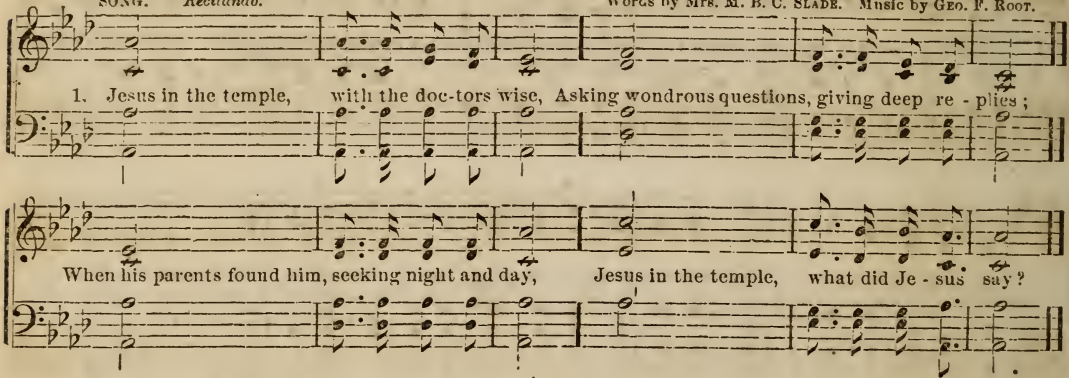
4. We rejoice in the light,
And we echo the song
That comes down through the night
From the heavenly throng.
Ay! we shout to the lovely evangel they bring,
And we greet in His cradle our Savior and King!

(*From* THE PRIZE, *by permission.*)

[The Recitations may be read, or may be recited by scholars, either singly or in classes. It will be very useful to commit these portions of Scripture to memory, and the school might ask and answer these questions, in sections or classes, or individuals might be appointed to do so. It is too long to be performed without some variety of this kind.]

SONG. *Recitando.*

Words by MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. Music by GEO. F. ROOT.



RECITATION.

And He said unto them, How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business? *Luke* ii : 49.

2.

SONG.

At the well of Jacob, | resting by its | brink,
Bidding the Samaritan | give to Him to | drink.
When she asked of Jesus | where men ought to | pray,
At the well of Jacob, | what did Jesus | say?

RECITATION.

Jesus saith unto her, The hour cometh and now is, when the true worshipers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship him. *John* iv : 21, 23.

3.

SONG.

On the sea of Galilee, | when the storm was | high,
Save us, Lord! we perish! | his disciples | cry:
While they marvel greatly, | as the winds o- | bey,
On the sea of Galilee, | what did Jesus | say?

RECITATION.

He saith unto them, Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith? Then he arose and rebuked the winds and the sea, and there was a great calm. *Matt.* viii : 26.

4.

SONG.

Coming unto Bethany, | meeting, full of | gloom,
Martha, mourning Lazarus, | lying in the | tomb,
Of the Resurrection, | and the last Great | Day,
Coming unto Bethany, | what did Jesus | say?

RECITATION.

Jesus saith unto Martha, thy brother shall rise again. Martha saith unto him, I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day. Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life. *John* xi : 23–25.

5.

SONG.

Weeping o'er Jerusalem, | city of the | King,
Whom he would have gathered | 'neath his loving | wing
Mourning for her children, | going all a- | stray,
Weeping o'er Jerusalem, | what did Jesus | say?

RECITATION.

Oh! Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! *Matt.* xxiii : 37.

6.

SONG.

From that cross of sorrow, | ere his soul went | up,
As he drank the fullness | of the bitter | cup,
Looking on his enemies, | in their dark ar- | ray,
From that cross of sorrow, | what did Jesus | say?

RECITATION.

Then said Jesus, Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do. *Luke* xxiii : 34.

7.

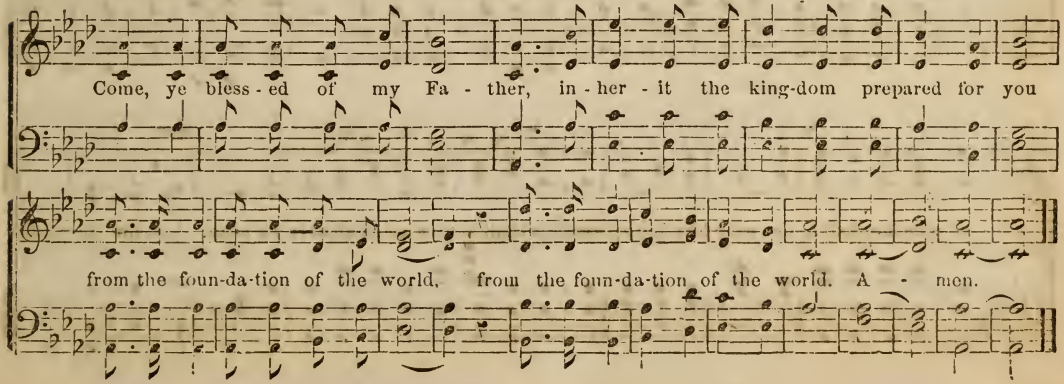
SONG.

On the hills of Heaven, | in the world a- | bove,
Where the little children | learn His wondrous | love;
All their sins forgiven, | in that blessed | day,
On the hills of Heaven, | what will Jesus | say?

RECITATION.

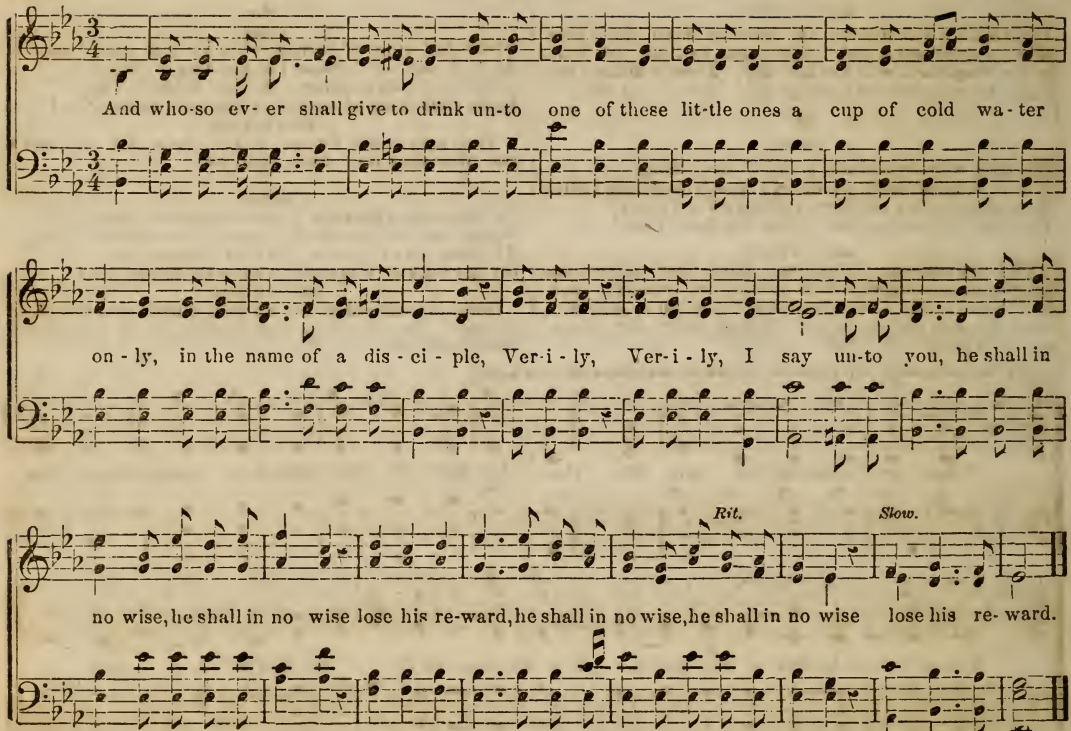
Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. *Matt.* xxv : 34.

[Let the last answer be repeated as follows, in full chorus, to close with.]



A CUP OF COLD WATER.

P. P. Bliss.



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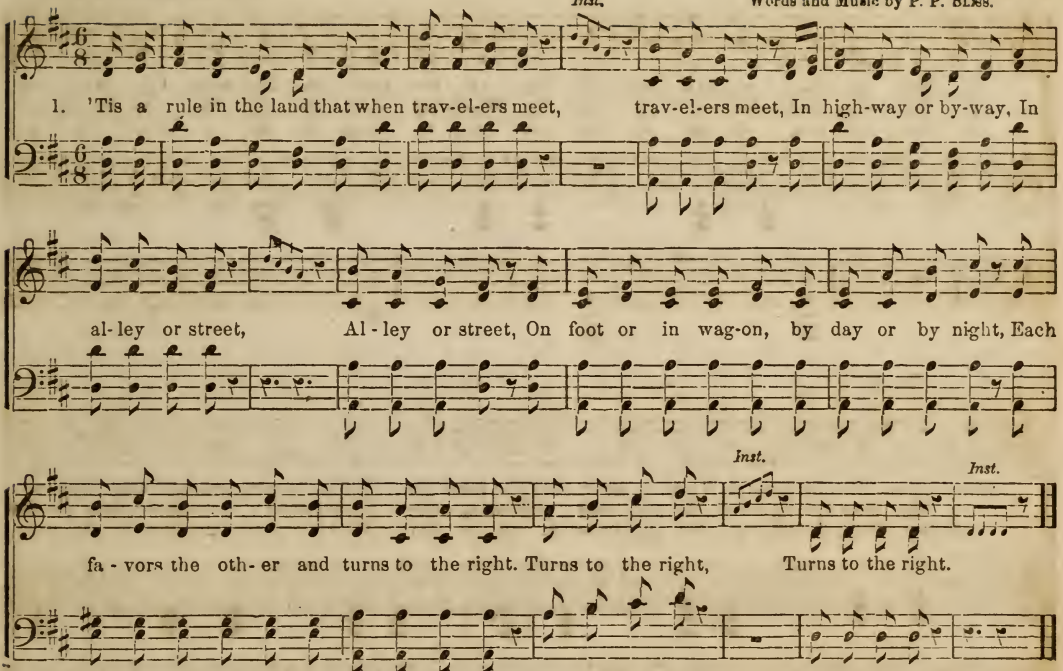
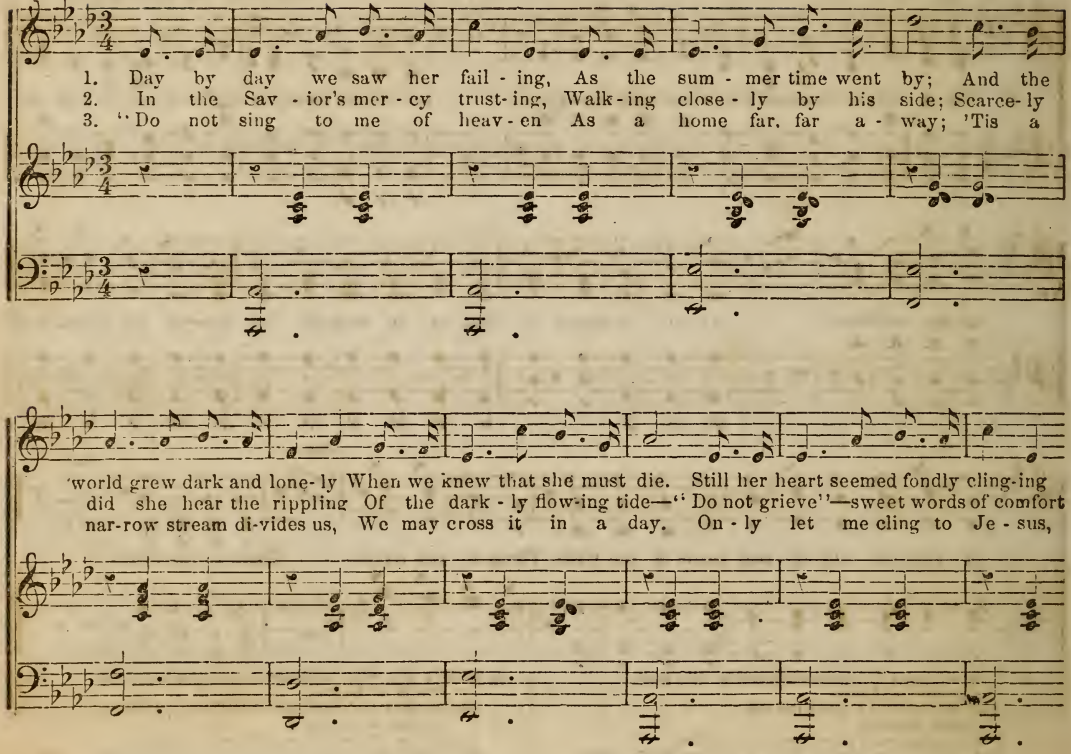


2. What a wonderful measure of trouble we'd shun,
Trouble we'd shun.
If all the humanity under the sun,
Under the sun,
While passing each other were truly polite,
And wishing "Good morrow," would turn to the right.

3. What a pity when selfishness stands in the way,
Stands in the way,
And hinders one's hearing what Wisdom would say,
Wisdom would say;
There's joy on the journey, the end is delight,
To those in life's highway who turn to the right.

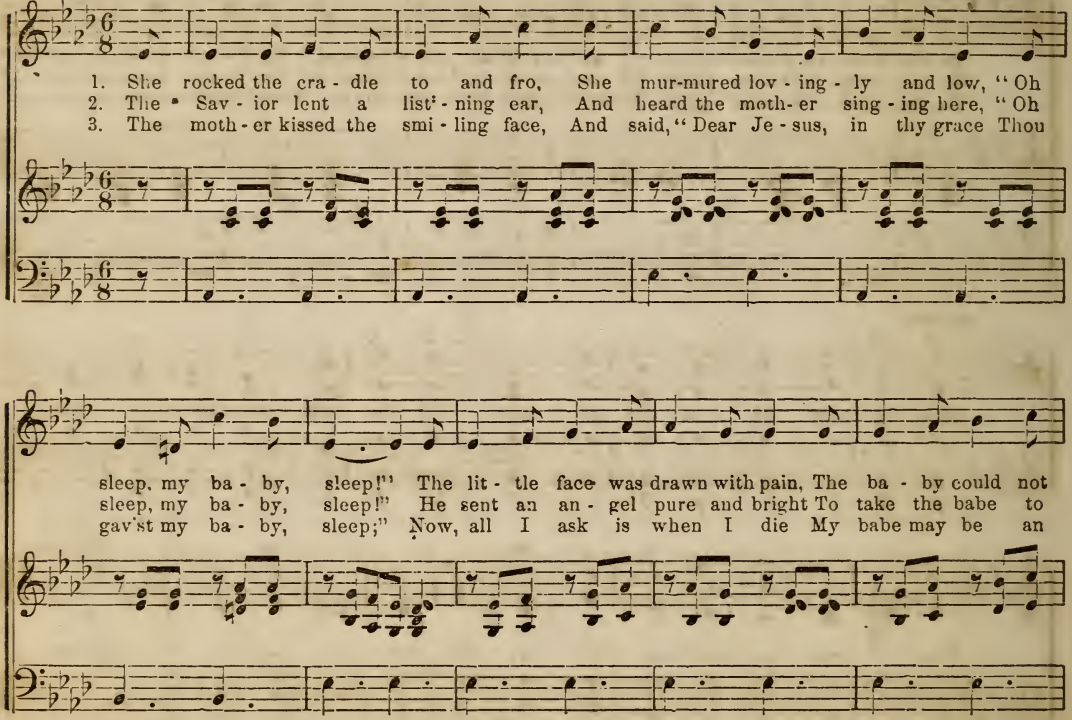
ONLY A STEP TO HEAVEN.

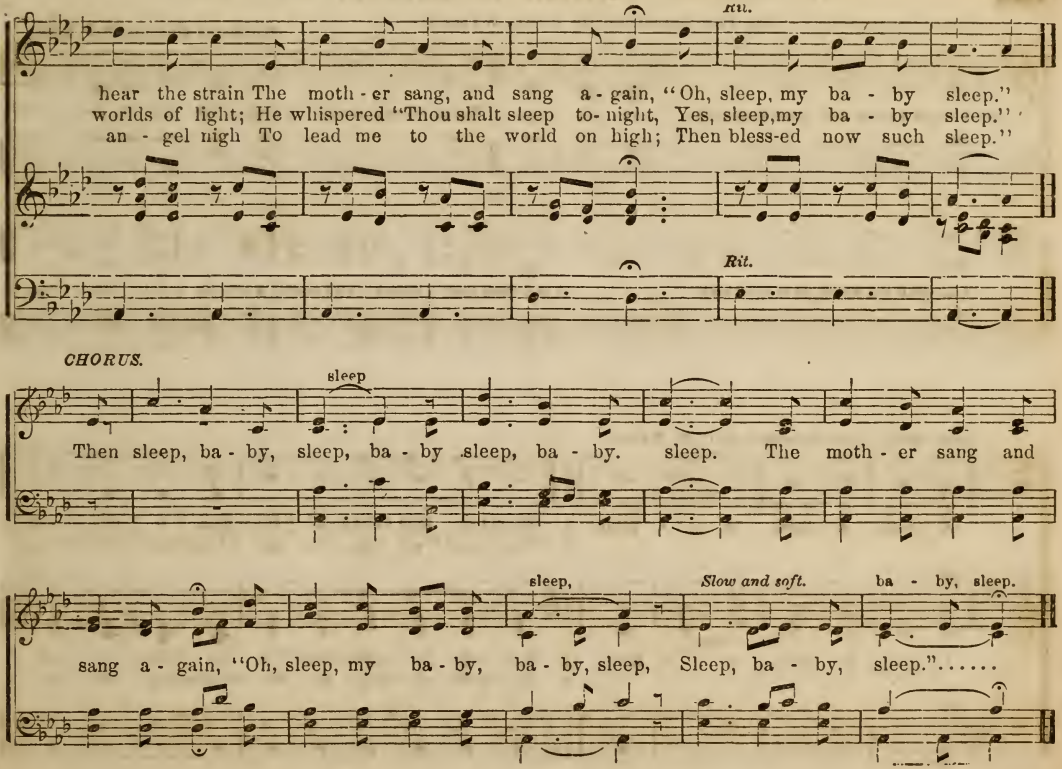
Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.



To the bless - ed promise given: "I am not afraid," she whispered, "For 'tis but a step to heaven."
To her weep- ing mother given: "I am not afraid," she whispered, "For 'tis but a step to heaven."
To the bless- ed word he's given; Then my soul is filled with glo - ry, Then 'tis but a step to heaven."
CHORUS.
Near - er, near - er come the an - gels, Till the earth - worn bands are riven;
Repeat pp.
Near - er, near - er, seems the glo - ry, Till 'tis but a step to heaven.

Words by Miss MAGGIE WARREN. Music by P. P. BLISS.

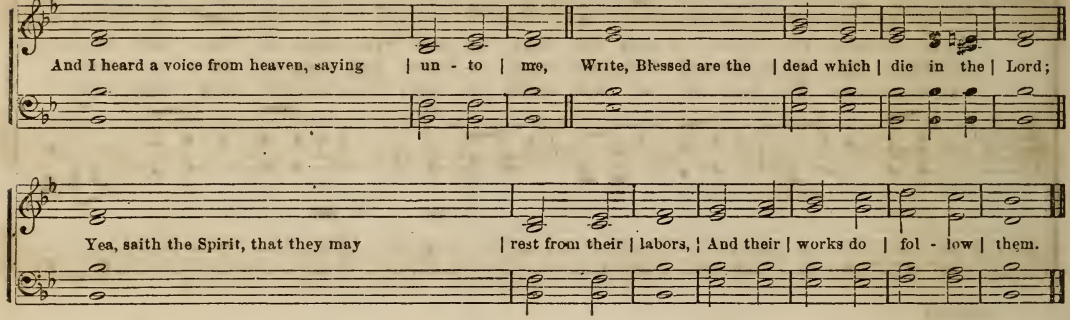



Rit.
hear the strain The moth - er sang, and sang a - gain, "Oh, sleep, my ba - by sleep."
worlds of light; He whispered "Thou shalt sleep to- night, Yes, sleep,my ba - by sleep."
an - gel nigh To lead me to the world on high; Then bless-ed now such sleep."
Rit.
CHORUS.
sleep
Then sleep, ba - by, sleep, ba - by sleep, ba - by. sleep. The moth - er sang and
sleep, Slow and soft. ba - by, sleep.
sang a - gain, "Oh, sleep, my ba - by, ba - by, sleep, Sleep, ba - by, sleep."

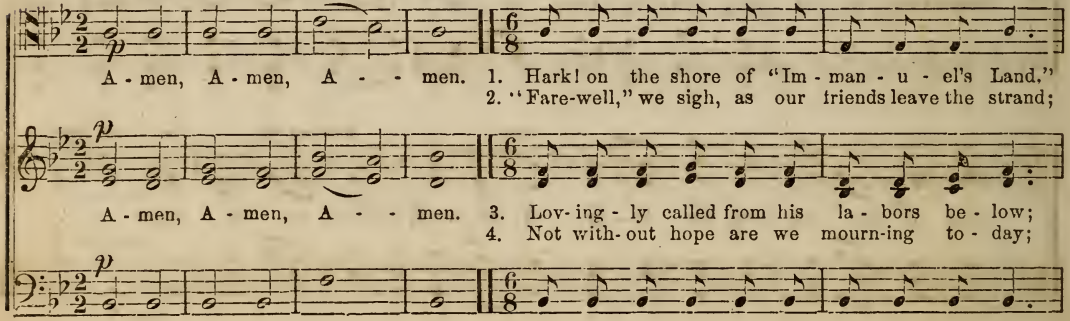
"TO DEPART....WHICH IS BETTER."

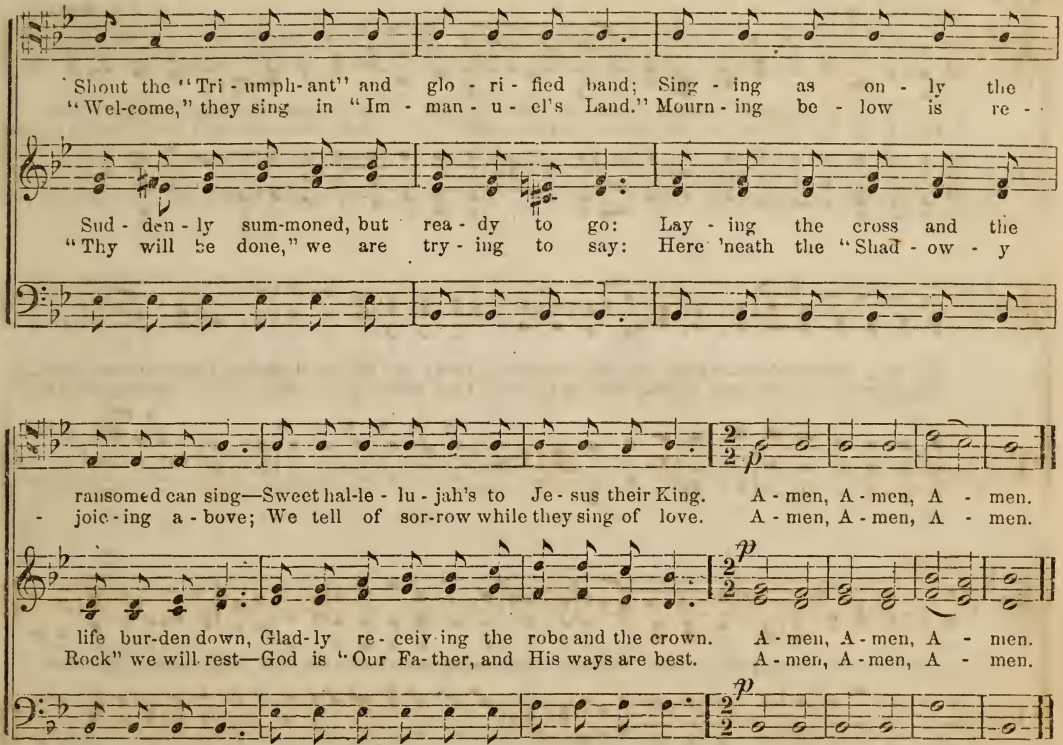
TO THE MEMORY OF C. M. WYMAN.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.



From "Song of the Redeemed, by C. M. Wyman.

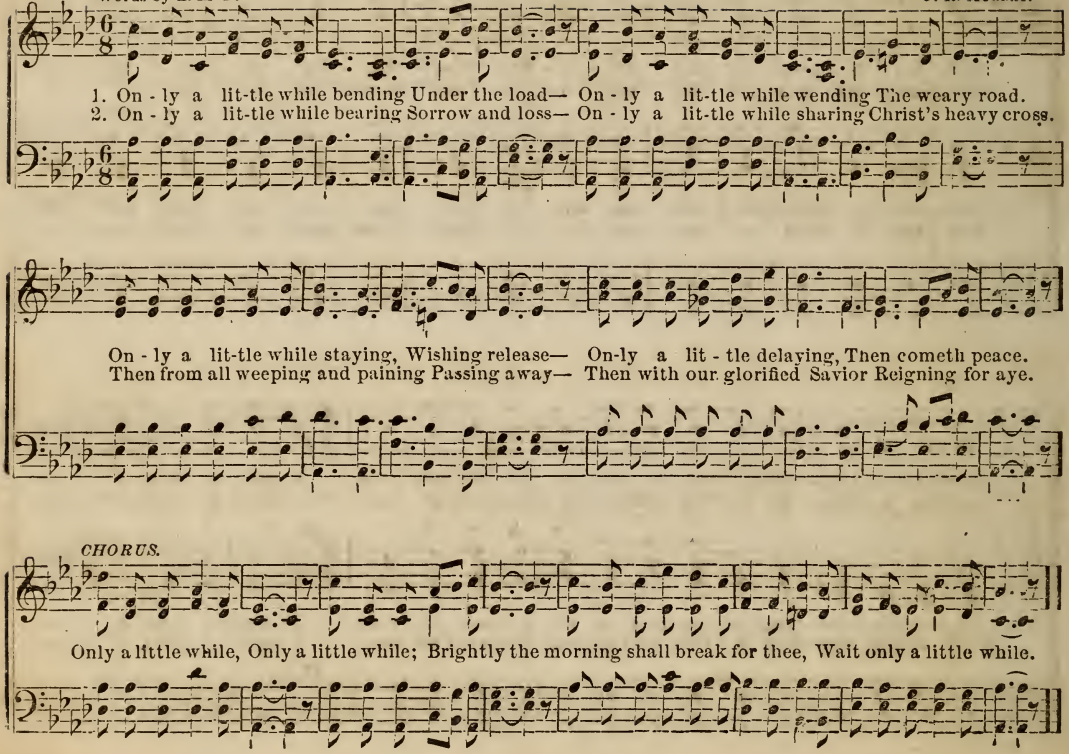



Shout the "Tri - umph-ant" and glo - ri - fied band; Sing - ing as on - ly the
"Wel-come," they sing in "Im - man - u - el's Land." Mourn - ing be - low is re - -
Sud - den - ly sum-moned, but rea - dy to go: Lay - ing the cross and the
"Thy will be done," we are try - ing to say: Here 'neath the "Shad - ow - y
ransomed can sing—Sweet hal-le - lu - jah's to Je - sus their King. A - men, A - men, A - men.
- joic - ing a - bove; We tell of sor-row while they sing of love. A - men, A - men, A - men.
p
life bur-den down, Glad-ly re - ceiv - ing the robe and the crown. A - men, A - men, A - men.
Rock" we will rest—God is "Our Fa-ther, and His ways are best. A - men, A - men, A - men.
p

ONLY A LITTLE WHILE.

Words by L. M. D.

J. R. MURRAY.



Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.

2.

Only a few more wrongs,
Only a few more sighs;
Only a few more earthly songs,
Only a few good-byes:

3.

Then an eternal stay,
Then an eternal throng;
Then an eternal glorious day,
Then an eternal song.

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